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Contents

THE SUNGS INT LOVE SINGS	. A. Newberry Choyce	4
ARE OUR GENIUSES GENUINE?	. Stanley Dearstyne	3
A NICE LITTLE COUPLE [complete novelette] .	. Thyra Samter Winslow .	5
OBSERVA DIEM SABBATI, UT SANCITI-	THE RESERVE AND ADDRESS OF	
		8
THE FRATERNAL SPIRIT	. Ford Douglas 2	9
REPETITION GENERALE	. George Jean Nathan and H. L. Mencken 4	1
THE WILD-SWAN	. George Sterling 4	19
VARIATIONS ON A THEME	. Ruth W. Bosley 5	0
"KEATS"	. Walter E. Sagmaster 5	51
HEADLINES	. Oscar Graeve 5	55
THE HIGHER LEARNING IN AMERICA [VI. Chicago]	. John Gunther 6	57
THE HEART-BREAKER	. Hartley H. Hepler 7	78
A WONDERFUL WOMAN [one-act play]	. Percival Wilde 7	79
TRAITORS	. Albert Kinross 9	93
ART FOR ART'S SAKE	. Richmond Brooks Barrett 10	13
EVA BIANCA'S FAITHFUL LOVER	. L. M. Hussey 11	3
THE NIETZSCHEAN FOLLIES [IV.]	. Arthur Symons 12	!3
FURTHER REFLECTIONS	. Walter E. Sagmaster 12	8
ART AFTER 8:30	. George Jean Nathan 13	1
THE NIAGARA OF NOVELS	. H. L. Mencken 13	8

And Various Burlesques, Epigrams, Poems, Short Satires, Etc.

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The Songs My Love Sings

By A. Newberry Choyce

THE songs my love sings Are brighter than glass, Like trumpets in a place Where proud ones pass.

They break on the walls
And echo at my feet . .
But a little quiet flute
I think would be sweet.

Sweeter than the wind In a very tall tree, If my love but knew If my love could see.

The songs my love sings Are bright gold bars But I would go loose again And listen to the stars.





Are Our Geniuses Genuine?

By Stanley Dearstyne

OES Eugene O'Neill love little children? Is Knut Hamsun kind to animals? How good a golf player is Romain Rolland? Was Andreyev a Baptist or a Methodist? Is Frank Harris a he-man? Is Mme. Did Ibsen Curie a good woman? go to Heaven or the Bad Place? Are Freud, Conrad and Schnitzler "just folks"? How broad are Thomas Hardy's shoulders? Are Lenin and Trotzky red-blooded men? Has Arnold Bennett a square jaw? Did Frank Norris belong to the Y. M. C. A.? Is Theodore Dreiser an Elk or a Shriner? Was Chekhov sober and God-fearing? Has Richard Strauss ever sinned? How much did Shakespeare make? Did Wagner help the poor? Are H. G. Wells's trousers always well-pressed? Is James Branch Cabell a 100% American? Does Margot Asquith use powder and paint, or is she a moral woman? Does George Bernard Shaw believe that it's all for the best? What did Walt Whitman think of Prohibition? Is Hugo von Hofmannsthal a good mixer? Anatole France ever told a lie? Has Gerhart Hauptmann ever used profane language? Does Arthur James Balfour believe in Santa Claus? Is Georg Brandes a go-getter? Has Maxim Gorky taken his stand against birthcontrol? Did General Pershing buy Liberty Bonds?



Inspiration

By Norris Hodgins

THE train was crowded, so I shared my seat with a flabby-faced minister of the gospel with catarrh. It was early October and the Laurentian woods flamed red and green and gold like the fresh-preened wing of a tropic bird. Great skelps of riotous colors followed each other across the window-framed screen, pounding upon bleak northern hearts as the surf pounds upon a rocky headland. Beauty out-

beautied beauty with every train-length. The climax came as a soft green glade, set well up on a knoll, swept into view — a dance-floor for nymphs, surrounded on three sides in court-martial fashion by the brilliantly uniformed minions of nature. A masterpiece, it moved the Man of God to speech.

"What a wonderful site for a graveyard!" he said.



Spectacle

By David Morton

THE white, amazing moon comes up the sky,
And finds these houses and these hills asleep,
Dark hollows hidden from her passing by,
And pastures blurred with dim, slow-moving sheep.
One lifted spire against the purple dark.
And roadways and the wide fields where they go,
Receive a sheen of silver for a mark . . .
A sheen of silver . . . that is all we know.

But moons are long remembered for their light
By men who walk a silent watch at sea,
And men who tend their cropping herds by night—
All such as know how lonely worlds may be,
Turning beneath a wide and purple sky,
Where white amazing moons go proudly by.



A Nice Little Couple

[A Complete Novelette]

By Thyra Samter Winslow

CHAPTER I

THE Landreths were a nice little couple. You probably would have thought so if you had met them. "Nice little couple," in fact, was the phrase applied to them by practically everyone with whom they came in contact. Their friends called them that, even when there was no chance that it would get back to them. They were well dressed, prosperous, indistinguishable from thousands of other nice little couples of New York's upper middle class.

The Landreths had an apartment in the Wendholm, a huge apartment building in West End Avenue, discreetly below One Hundredth Street, which they knew well enough was the social dividing line. One doesn't live above the park. The Wendholm was of yellow brick, twelve stories high. It looked like a factory building from the outside and had a façade of white stone. Its adjoining neighbors were of red brick, but then, the apartments on the other sides were of yellow and white again, so its color did not distinguish it.

Great double doors of glass with wrought-iron grills led to an entrance hall with a marble floor. The walls were of tan plaster, marked with white paint in imitation of Caen stone. There were Persian rugs on the floor, benches of stone, three chairs upholstered in red, and a table, elaborately carved. A machine-made tapestry hung on the wall. In a little cave in one wall, the apartment-house telephone switchboard was discreetly placed. The one elevator

was small and silent. Rather insolent West Indian colored boys in blue uniforms, gilt-braid trimmed, were in charge of the door, the elevator and the telephone. The service was always slow and poor. Out in front an automobile stood, nearly always, and the engine was usually chugging. The car was most frequently a limousine. Residents of the Wendholm usually kept two maid-servants and a chauffeur and were the sort who complained about taxis—had a pretended dread of riding in them—dirty upholstery, germs, that kind of thing.

The Landreth apartment was on the seventh floor. It was a six-room apartment and you could see the Hudson River from the front windows. There was a fover hall large enough to contain the Landreth's books in a double bookcase. They were sets of books, mostly, and quite unread, with one shelf of modern, light fiction and half a shelf of the standard poets. In the foyer, too, was a table for hats and canes, a telephone table, a couple of chairs. The living-room was done in rather hit-andmiss mahogany of near-Colonial design, a ponderous George Washington desk, an upright piano, a three-piece upholstered set of blue velour, some mahogany chairs, two of them rockers, a huge talking machine, looking, in its corner, like an up-ended coffin. The walls were tan, the woodwork white. There were floor-lamps with rose-colored silk shades trimmed in gilt fringe, curtains of white net with rose-silk overdrapes. Landreth was rather proud of her rose and blue color scheme.

The dining-room was in mission oak, a set the Landreths had bought when they were married, eight years before. They knew it was out of style and were always talking of getting a new set, but there were always things they wanted more. There were curtains here of a peculiarly unpleasant brown and tanfigured material and an oak plate-rail, though plates were no longer kept on it, with a flowered paper above and brown leatherette below.

Jean and Bob Landreth occupied one bedroom, which was furnished in Circassian walnut, purchased three years before. The dressing-table, the dresser, the chest of drawers had covers of rose-colored brocade edged with gilt braid and this in turn was protected from the wear and tear of everyday usage by beveled-edged glass coverings. There was a guest-room, too, with furniture in mahogany, which included a four-poster bed. Here the decorations were blue, similarly protected with glass. One bathroom served for the two rooms.

The third bedroom was off the kitchen and was for the maids. The Landreths said, when anyone asked about their domestic arrangements, that they kept two maids and this was true, at infrequent intervals. At these times, onehalf of the domestic help was a cook, who also helped with the cleaning. The second half devoted her time to housework and waiting on table. Usually, however, there was but one maid, who did nearly everything, assisted by Jean Landreth, who made beds and salads, and a woman-by-the-day, who came in for washing and scrubbing. The maid's room was furnished with a double bed of white enamel and odds and ends of furniture, an oak dresser, an imitation walnut table.

The kitchen was the usual apartmenthouse kitchen, white enameled, with built-in cupboards and closets. It was kept in fair order, though the usual smell of an apartment kitchen, a combination of leaking gas, incomplete ventilation and wet foodstuffs, always lingered in it.

The Landreths had one car, a small,

black limousine of moderate price and domestic manufacture. Neither Jean nor her husband drove. Their chauffeur was usually an undersized little fellow with an assumed servility, who got drunk occasionally, grafted by unnecessary repairs, prices of tires and similar small dishonesties, got fired for these and other offenses and was replaced by another of his kind. drove fairly well and carefully. Neither of the Landreths cared about speed. The chauffeur usually lived with his family in Harlem, but succeeded in eating most of his meals in the Landreth kitchen. He completed the Landreth ménage.

Bob Landreth was tall, rather attractive looking and thirty-five. He had brown hair and eyes and was just a trifle too stout. There was something a bit weak about his mouth and chin. which matched a certain indecisiveness in his character. He was pleasant spoken in rather a slow way and did not have an especially brilliant mind. He had come from a small town in the Middle West, where his people had been socially prominent. He had three years at the State University, where he had studied to be an engineer, but had abandoned this idea of a career before graduation and come to New York. His coming to New York had been the most radical step he had ever made. He probably would not have come even then if he had not been urged by two of his friends from the university. He had no desire for any sort of a career that could not have been adequately furthered in the Middle West, but he liked the idea of a big city and New York seemed more romantic than Chicago, which, because it was near his home town, he had visited frequently.

In New York at first he had tried selling insurance. Then he got with a firm that made automobile supplies.

He had been with this firm, now, for ten years. He was sales and advertising manager, though the actual placing and writing of the advertising done by the company was taken care of by an advertising agency. As the firm had more than quadrupled in size since Landreth had joined it, and as the owners thought he had a good business head and that some of this growth was due to his efforts, his salary had been raised frequently and he had been given some shares in the business, so that now he was able to live comfortably and even put aside a little each year.

He was a quiet fellow. He liked the theatre when the plays were not too serious. He liked a novel, when it was full of exciting incidents. He thought Kipling was the only poet really worth reading, scoffed at more sentimental writers and read the Times each morning and the Sun at night. He didn't like to play cards, but he liked a good piece of gossip about his friends. He believed in the theory of prohibition, though he had a great deal to drink in his college days and felt that it had not hurt him. He objected, now, to the prices charged by bootleggers, but he bought a bottle of something occasionally, and never refused a drink when it was offered to him by any of his friends.

He was proud and fond of his wife and never gave other women a thought, beyond rather clumsy compliments. He had talked patriotically during the war and had bought a number of Liberty bonds, paying for his automobile with them, later, but he was glad of the opportunity of applying for deferred classification allowed him under the draft regulations. He was liberal with his wife, usually, though he had a streak of stinginess which manifested itself when his checks came for restaurant meals. He hated being overcharged and would add up the columns with exasperating thoroughness, tipping as little as possible. He was prompt at business appointments, never missed a day at the office on account of illness or laziness, got up promptly in the morning and was thoroughly honorable in all business dealings.

Jean Landreth was thirty-one. She was a pretty little woman of medium height with rather vacant, large, light

eyes, a fair skin and a lot of soft, lightbrown hair. She was a bit too plump and was always talking about adopting a severe reducing diet and forever getting weighed.

She had been born in Montaigne, a little town quite near New York, and had always been coming into New York for matinées and for holiday vacation treats when she was at school. She had three brothers and a sister several years older than she was. At eighteen she had developed temperament. It was a yearning to express herself combined with a dissatisfaction with the boys in Montaigne. Her father died about that time and her sister got married. She persuaded her mother and her brothers to move to New York.

Jean wanted to be an artist. attended the Art Students League after they were in New York. A famous foreign artist visiting the League and probably attracted by Jean's youth and prettiness admired her work one day, though it was thoroughly bad, and told her that if she devoted the next seven years to drawing, alone, there was nothing she couldn't accomplish. She took this praise to heart and though she did not devote any of the seven years to drawing or to any serious work, she always quoted the artist and felt that she had turned her back on a real career

Jean studied, off and on, for about two years. At the end of that time she developed a knack of making rather quaint little black-and-white drawings, in a combination of wash and pen and ink. She wrote nonsense verses to go with these and, during the next year or so, she sold a number of them to some of the humorous weeklies and attained among her acquaintances a reputation as a success, though she never did a really good thing nor made enough money to be self-supporting.

Of course she longed for romance. At the League she met a number of young men who answered some of her needs. She managed a couple of lukewarm love affairs, devoted mostly to talk and to the reading of poetry and the

writing of sentimental letters. After she stopped going to the League she met other men, but none of them interested ' her very much or were much interested. Then, when she was twenty-two, she fell in love with a man named Groverman, a married man, who was temporarily separated from his wife. Groverman dabbled in the arts, doing rather poor landscapes in oils, which he presented to his friends. He made a living, more prosaically, in the manufacture of gas stoves.

Jean's mother got tired of New York. One of Jean's brothers married. They gave up the New York apartment. Iean's mother went to live with the married sister, the married brother had his own household, and the other two brothers started out for themselves. They gave Jean enough money to live on, if she lived economically, and, as she convinced them by her few sales and her pose that she was a real artist, they allowed her to take a small apartment in Greenwich Village and pursue Art. She pursued it not at all diligently. She was naturally lazy. Even the little black-and-white drawings took time and effort. She preferred emotions, and when she was having a love affair, no matter how slight, she could give no thought to anything else.

Because she was, in a sense, free, the affair with Groverman threatened to become serious. Groverman would come up to the apartment, a tiny two-roomand-kitchenette affair, and they would have dinner there, alone, or go out to one of the neighborhood places, eating uncertain food in unpleasant cellars. Jean persuaded herself that she was in love with him. Her rather shallow affections did seem, in a measure, satisfied. Groverman was a pompous, rather wordy little man, but he took himself seriously and Jean accepted him the same way. He tried to convince her that she ought to have a more intimate affair with him, even suggesting an arrangement of sharing an elaborate studio.

Jean was at heart conventional. Her small-town training and her own rather narrow views did not allow her to really

consider a liaison of this sort. If she had loved Groverman more deeply she might have yielded. But even when he appeared most attractive, when, in her apartment, she allowed him to take her into his arms, she really only pretended

to consider his desires.

One at a time, Jean's friends got mar-They married, all of them, inartistic, conventional men of means. They began to blossom with new possessions, to brag about smart clothes bought in good shops, cars even. Jean's income allowed only "artistic" clothes of the most sketchy sort, and those could be bought only when she was clever about getting her dinners bought for her. If she had an affair with Groverman her friends would-well, not cut her exactly, but they wouldn't approve, either, in spite of their boasts of broadmindedness.

Groverman said he "couldn't stand it," that he wouldn't see Jean any more unless she would come to some agreement based on his idea of a continuation of their relationship. No other men interested her at all, just then. She was twenty-three. Her girl friends were all married, or about to be married. Her art had been neglected for some time. She could never do anything with it seriously, anyhow. She knew that. It bored her to work, excepting at intervals or when she felt she needed to be "understood."

She didn't know what to do.

Then she met Bob Landreth. met him at an informal studio party, the sort of a party she usually attended, where you sat on cushions and smoked . poor cigarettes and talked about art and

psychology.

She liked Landreth from the start. If she hadn't been in love with Groverman she might even have fallen in love with him. Even as it was, she used all of her charms to attract him, and she was rather charming at twenty-threeslender, big-eyed, fair. She did attract him.

Landreth was getting lonely for girls. The girls he had met casually during his few years in New York had not appealed to him. He wanted the small-town type of girl, giggly, flirty, friendly, simple. Jean, sensing his needs, gave him just the side of her he wanted. She hid from him her too-modern ideas. He came to see her, began taking her places. She talked bravely about her art. She told him about her mother and her brothers.

All this time she was seeing Groverman, wondering what to do about him. She hated to give him up. She did love him, really, in her way. Yet she hadn't the courage nor the depths of affection to yield herself to him. With Groverman, she hesitated, promised, fooled, pretended. To Bob Landreth she showed herself as a jolly, modern, ambitious little girl.

Groverman, at the end of his patience, deserted her, if simply to quit coming to see her can be called desertion. He wouldn't write to her, wouldn't come to the telephone when she called. He

had "thrown her down."

Jean, of course, was miserable. She threatened suicide, she did a hundred little temperamental things. Here she was, twenty-three, the man she was in love with gone, her girl friends married, her art a disappointment and a bore, her other friends uninteresting and without

possibilities.

Landreth, spurred on by Jean's indifference to his attentions, her aloofness, by the sadness in her eyes, misinterpreted all of them and fell in After all, Jean was sweet at twenty-three, rather fragrant and powdery, with a nice little giggle and a clever answer. Bob Landreth, in love, was decent, earnest, upright. As soon as he became aware of his own feeling he asked Jean to marry him. Jean, delighted at the thought of a way out, a sensible, almost-too-good way out, was delighted to accept him. They were married three weeks later in Montaigne in her sister's home, a nice little wedding.

CHAPTER II

JEAN didn't even try to see Groverman after her marriage. In fact, she saw him only twice after that, and both times by accident. Years later, she heard from a mutual friend that he had moved out of town. She always thought herself, as indeed she was, lucky to have come out so well with her affairs.

Married, Jean decided to settle down and enjoy matrimony. Bob Landreth had been with the automobile accessories company for two years at that time. He was already developing into a steady business man. His salary was small, but he was ambitious and dependable.

Jean and Bob took a small apartment pretty far uptown, and Jean did her own work and wore cheap ready-made clothes. She was delighted at being married. She liked playing at house-keeping. She learned to cook and, borrowing cook books from the public library, experimented with new, inexpensive dishes. She kept in touch with her old friends who had married men of not too much wealth. Those who were too rich or too poor or still single did not appeal to her. She didn't want to be patronized and she didn't know quite how to patronize.

Landreth, like most unattached men, had made few enough friends in New York, so Jean's friends of her own financial and social status made up their circle. Occasionally Bob invited an extra man in, and Jean found among her old friends an unattached girl, but these two scarcely ever got along well together. Jean's friends were all "artistic" in some fashion. Bob's were always business men, not interested in art or literature, and preferring pretty, stupid girls to the pseudo-thinkers, rather plain, usually, who remained of Jean's

single feminine friends.

From the first, Jean and Bob Landreth were a "nice little couple," like the thousands of other nice little couples in their own neighborhood. As Bob's salary grew and they rose from walk-up apartment to elevator, from doing-your-own-work to two maids, from subways to taxis and to their own car, this phrase remained as adequate description.

For the first few years of her marriage matrimony itself occupied Jean. When there's little money to spend, it is easy enough to take time in the planning and spending of it. Too, Bob proved far more pleasant than Jean had expected. She really grew to love him, and in a deeper way than she had thought possible, though she always despised him just a little, too, because it had been so easy to marry him.

Jean and Bob went everywhere together. Bob never made an engagement without Jean. Jean saw her women friends in the afternoon and hurried home so as to arrive before Bob. They and the young couples like themselves who had proved most congenial led a pleasant sort of a life: dinner at one another's homes occasionally, with talks about how little the dinner had cost, clothes and gossip; the theatre about once a week, when they sat in the gallery, unless one of the crowd knew an obliging or friendly press agent.

Tean did not touch her drawingboard after her marriage, though she spoke of her work frequently enough. From what she said you might have gained the idea that she had given up a career for matrimony. She talked of the visiting artist who had praised her work years before, and spoke of what she might have accomplished if she had kept on studying. The fact that she had stopped studying long before her marriage and that marriage as in her case-without children and with few household responsibilities-offered her just as much freedom to pursue her career as being single could have done, seemed never to occur to her. The truth was, Jean was lazy. She was glad of a definite reason for having given up her work. But she liked to think about it, to weave a romance over her dead career.

As the years passed and Jean grew accustomed to matrimony, and as luxuries were added and she did not have to plan ahead for little desires, she found more time for other things. Men, who for years had been definitely impersonal, began to resume their original place as

attractive fellows who could be spoken to, played with a bit mildly even. Jean's friends, as Bob became more prosperous, became more prosperous, too. That is, those who did not get ahead were dropped or dropped themselves automatically when they could not go to places or spend money as the others desired to do. New friends were added, an occasional neighbor, a woman met at a tea who had some especial attraction, a "nice little couple," friends of some other nice little couple they already knew.

Now the Landreths had been married for eight years and lived in the Wendholm in West End Avenue. Jean Landreth was plump at thirty-one, but her large light eyes were still attractive and her hair was abundant and fair

and her skin good.

Her days were much alike. She rose usually at half-past seven, when Bob did. Minnie, the maid, knocked on the door to wake them. Bob made a complete toilet, with great splashings of water and growls over cuts in his face, as he shaved, always emerging from the bathroom fresh and red-faced. He sang as he bathed and dressed, little tuneless, meaningless versions of things from new musical comedies or favorite songs of his childhood.

Jean took a hurried shower, dabbed a bit of cream on her face and a bit of powder over that and got into a negligée, always a bit tawdry, always of silk and always slightly stained from previous breakfasts. She thought it right, as did Bob, that husband and wife should have breakfast together, though they really gained little enough during

this brief companionship.

Minnie, the one maid at this time, prepared the breakfast now, and served it. It was simple enough, fruit always, usually grapefruit, prepared by cutting it, scooping out the seeds, making an attempt at cutting the fruit from the skin, and adding powdered sugar. There was toast, which Jean made at table, her task consisting of putting the cut bread into the electric toaster and taking it out again when it was toasted and buttering

it. She usually left it in too long, so that it was burned on the edges. There was breakfast food, too, and occasionally eggs or sausages and, of course, coffee with cream.

The Landreths took two newspapers, which was considered a bit literary by some of their friends. Bob read the Times both at breakfast and during his ride to his office. Jean read the Tribune and later changed to the World. glanced at and ignored the pages devoted to news, but read the theatrical criticisms, F. P. A. and Heywood She hardly ever read a book Broun. Broun referred to and caught only about half of F. P. A.'s column, but thought it smart to say "Did you see that thing in the Conning Tower?" She thought Bob a lowbrow and lacking in the better understanding of higher things because he stuck to the Times.

After Bob left—Jean always accompanied him to the door, gave him one rather indifferent kiss and called after him, "Good-bye, telephone me if anything happens"—she went back into the dining-room and finished whatever happened to be on her plate. Bob had to eat rapidly. He drove to his office and liked to get down a little after nine.

Breakfast finished, Jean went into the living-room to wait for the mailman. Waiting for the mailman was always a distinct something to do, though she got little enough mail, and none of it of any importance. While she waited she read a magazine story or a few pages of a book or looked over letters. Jean usually kept up with the lighter new fiction. She read, too, each month, the Cosmopolitan, the Metropolitan, Vanity Fair, Harper's Bazar, Ainslee's and the Motion Picture Magazine. She looked over the Saturday Evening Post, which Bob brought home, and sometimes read one of the stories, though they usually seemed awfully long. When she was interested in getting things for the house she bought House and Garden or The House Beautiful, and showed the pictures to Bob, though she never read the articles. She bought, at intervals, after hearing people talk about them, copies of the New Republic and the Nation, and always wondered, later, if anybody really read them, after all. She never could read anything in them.

Always when the hallboy brought up the mail Jean seized it eagerly and looked it over, finding a miscellany of bills and notices of the meetings of unexclusive clubs, changes of addresses of tradespeople, occasionally picture postcards from traveling friends, once in a while a personal letter of interest. Then she glanced at the watch she always wore, a small platinum one on a grey wrist ribbon, a Christmas gift from Bob. If it were before ten, she read again; if after, she went to the telephone, which stood in the hall and started her daily routine of telephoning to "the girls."

"The girls" included all of Jean's feminine acquaintances. She usually telephoned to two or three, and the same number telephoned to her. Her intimate group consisted of only four couples, but there were always other women to talk to, outsiders, to whom you didn't tell intimate things, but who were pleasant to talk to, to boast to a bit, even.

Each of "the girls" was married to a man who supported her in above-theaverage comfort. Yet each one was bored with her husband and was interested in some other man. Just at this time none of these affairs was really dramatic, though each woman felt that hers was important—that she had a problem. Her method of solving it was to talk it over, intimately, with each of her dear women friends. Things that men would hesitate about, even before referring to them at all, were cut to bits, explored, eagerly investigated. These women, as other women of their class, knew absolutely nothing of discretion. The men whom they went with, their newest "flairs," might hesitate, discreetly, about even mentioning their names, but the women, among themselves, dragged the men into every conversation.

CHAPTER III

Today Jean telephoned first to Rosina Brace. Rosina was really her best

friend. She lived perhaps ten blocks from Jean, across the park and in a slightly smarter neighborhood. They saw each other nearly every day. Yet it was necessary to spend at least half an hour on the telephone, talking over

their affairs each morning.

Rosina was tall and slender and dark, quite attractive in an Oriental sort of way. She accentuated her type as much as she possibly could. She wore, usually, earrings of jade with a bit of carved jade at her throat, and gowns with flowing sleeves. She wore her hair sleek and plain, and, as her eyelashes were long and thick, she needed very little makeup. But she constantly carried a lip-stick with her. She had a little chased gold case for it and she would take out her vanity case and apply powder and the lip-stick about every half-hour, until the lip-stick had become definitely a part of her personality.

Rosina's husband, Tom Brace, was a lawyer, a big hearty fellow with rather sandy hair. He was devoted to his wife, but had a rather flirty way with other women, too, though no one ever had "got anything on him." Rosina was always so much interested in other men that she paid no attention at all to Tom

and his little affairs.

At present Rosina was fond of a youth named Freddie Phipps. Freddie was a dapper little fellow, with dark curly hair and a bit of a swagger and rather red lips. Rosina called him "the boy"

Jean got Rosina on the telephone at once. Although Rosina knew that Jean or other friends would telephone her, according to the rites of her clan, she did not answer the telephone when it rang, but waited until her maid called her, though if she had wanted to call anyone on the telephone she, herself, would have asked for the number.

When she and Jean got to talking, she had to tell Jean a long tale about Freddie. She had met Freddie by appointment at the opera and he had brought another man with him and they had not had a moment together, and now Freddie threatened to come in to-

night after dinner. But tonight Rosina's mother-in-law was coming to dinner and she didn't dare have Freddie. If Freddie knew the reason, he'd come anyhow, and if she told him a fib he'd think there was another man and get jealous. Mrs. Brace, senior, was an old-fashioned cat who would get terribly wrought up if Freddie appeared, for he had been there the last time she was at dinner—and she'd put awful ideas into

Tom's mind. . . .

"Tom is as bad as I can stand him "You know now," Rosina went on. what an old bore he is, with his great blah ways, always talking about himself and what he does. I just hate his mother, and he knows it, but he insists on having her in to dinner, and I have to break all my dates and sit around listening to how women treated their husbands during the Civil War. Freddie feels that if I really cared for him I'd be glad to have him whether my motherin-law was there or not-that I'm ashamed of our friendship. He's jealous of that Frederickson midge, whom I haven't seen since the Taylor tea. Listen, couldn't you and Bob drop in after dinner, sort of accidental. . . . "

But Jean and Bob had a dinner engagement. Why not come over to tea and ask Freddie? He could get off. He'd feel flattered and not care about coming again in the evening. Jean would have some little cakes and some marrons . . . and tell Freddie to stop at Constantin's for some of those

good French chocolates. .

After talking to Rosina, Jean went into the kitchen to discuss with Minnie details of the day's work. There would be no dinner, of course . . . yes, there was enough roast left for Minnie. And, because there was no dinner, Minnie could get up some nice sandwiches and things for tea—a smile for Minnie, who didn't care about elaborate teas. What did Minnie need? Eggs . . . soap . . . bread . . . anchovies for sandwiches . . . some of that new Swiss cheese. . .

Jean did the marketing herself. She liked doing it. Jean's marketing con-

sisted of visiting, in person, the grocer and the butcher on nice days when she was going out, anyhow, and of telephoning her orders the rest of the time. She patronized rather expensive shops near her apartment, on Broadway. She could have saved money by trading a few blocks farther away, but then she would never have done any of her own marketing, and for some reason she felt that she was being peculiarly virtuous because she did this herself, sometimes. Her maid could have done as well or better, but Jean liked the actual contact with the men in the shops, the spending of money. She always managed to be waited on by the best-looking clerks, always smiled at them and called them by name.

Jean telephoned now to the grocer, waiting until "Martin" answered the telephone, insisting, "Pick out nice things for me, yourself, Martin; you know the kind of lettuce I like."

Just after she had finished, her telephone rang. She waited, of course, for Minnie to answer it.

"Mrs. Harrington for you, Mrs. Lan-

dreth," Minnie reported.

Eva Harrington was a slender little thing with big dark eyes and a lovely skin, but otherwise rather plain. She was good-natured and always full of funny anecdotes. Her friends thought her "a scream" and said "the fun starts as soon as Eva gets in." As a matter of fact, she was rather talky and stupid, but those in her set rather put up with her on account of her husband. He was Tracy Harrington, the illustrator.

To be sure, Harrington sold most of his things to advertising agencies, but he illustrated for the magazines, too, and had had a few cover designs on some little-known publications. He was in no way a brilliant fellow, but because he was, in a way, an artist, his friends looked up to him. He did not go with artists, as most of his craft did. In fact, he was always calling the others narrow fellows who could talk only shop. He didn't refer to his work very frequently. Jean had known the Harringtons since her League days. They were one of the

few couples she had kept up with, and she had met several of her other friends

through them.

Eva Harrington, just now, was getting over a quarrel with her husband. The quarrel had been brought on by a chap named Andrews, whom Tracy Harrington had thought quite too friendly with Eva. While Eva was always interested in some man besides her husband, she denied that she cared anything about Andrews and resented Harrington's attitude. She told Jean the details.

"We were sitting there talking, in the studio, you know, just the two of us, and Billy was telling me about a story he was writing, the plot, you know. That was absolutely all. And Tracy came home. I thought he was going to be out with an automobile man all day, doing some drawings for some advertisements. But he came home. Well, I never saw a man act so funny in all my life. He took off his coat and hat and just stalked into the studio, his arms crossed and simply roared out: 'Haven't you anything to do all day but stick around here and waste my wife's time?' Imagine that! And you know how sensitive Billy is. I could just see him quiver.

"'I asked Mr. Andrews in,' I said. 'He's not wasting my time. He's interesting me instead of allowing me to be bored the way I am so much.' I thought that would quiet Tracy, but it

didn't.

"'Interesting you,' he roared again. 'I want to say that from now on my wife can find something better to do than to sit around with a lot of tea-lice and listen to unpublished masterpieces.'

"Of course there was nothing I could say. You know how sensitive Billy is. I managed to get him out, somehow. I'm

simply all broken up over it."

"Come over to tea," urged Jean. "Rosina's coming and Freddie may drop in. Billy could come, if you like. You could talk with him—he wouldn't feel so badly."

"All right," said Eva, "though I won't be good company. I'm simply

broken up—scenes like that about nothing. Tracy is getting simply unbearable . . . if there was anything for him to feel that way about . . . but the way things are . . . I don't care anything about Billy . . . but I don't see how I can stand Tracy. . . ."

CHAPTER IV

PHOEBE MUNSON was Jean's nextbest friend. She and Phoebe had been inseparable several years before, but there was just nothing about Phoebe to take hold of. In the first place, she had no domestic troubles. Jean could hardly admit there were women like that.

Phoebe seemed actually to like Jeffry Munson. She never had any complaints to make against him. She was not in love with nor even fond of any other man. She never seemed to have anything to talk about! Jeffry Munson had inherited some money, so business depressions did not matter greatly with him. Phoebe got along well with the servants, so they seldom left her. Jeffry was in love with his wife, so there were never any accounts of his having gone with other women.

Altogether, Jean thought Phoebe rather impossible. Phoebe bored her. But, partly from habit and partly because she didn't have anything else to do, she got her on the telephone. Jean did not telephone to all of her women friends every day, but this morning she had nothing to do until "the girls" arrived for tea. Days when she had an early luncheon engagement or something like that she didn't have time for

morning telephone calls.

The talk with Phoebe was not long and was curiously dispirited. Jean listened to Phoebe's story of her cousin's visit and how tired she was of visiting relatives. They compared a play they had seen and thought that the male star was at least ten years older looking than he had been the year before, and that his leading woman was greatly overrated. Phoebe had met Olga Petrova at tea a few days before and added the one interesting bit to the conversation by

describing her. Jean really was interested in knowing how Madame Petrova

looked off stage.

"My dear, she is perfectly beautiful; wasn't made up at all, except her lips, maybe, and she has the most wonderful profile I've ever seen in all my life. It's her nose, really. But then her eyes are perfectly wonderful, sort of green. She had on a black hat and great enameled earrings and a sort of a high ruching at her throat and a jade chain. She talked in the most wonderful voice about the most fascinating things, not caring about death and not believing in any future life . . . things like that . . . the most fascinating woman."

No, Phoebe didn't remember any exact quotations or anything else, but she'd try to think up some more later. Yes, she thought she could come to tea—if Jeffry didn't telephone for her to meet him in town. She was planning to get a couple of chairs for the living-room and wanted Jeffry to look at them, and if he had time he was going to telephone her . . . otherwise she'd come . . . about four. . . .

Jean telephoned Marian Archibald

last of all.

Marian was just the opposite of Phoebe. Marian had too much of a problem and she insisted on talking about it every minute. Marian was in love, really in love, horribly in love, not having a mere flair like the others. The man was Dr. Frank Chambers, a chubby, most unromantic little fellow with a round, red little face, a round, red little nose, receding hair, receding forehead, receding chin. Dr. Chambers was too polite, too pompous, generally unpleasant.

Marian's husband, Joe, was a decent, quiet fellow, who seemed awfully fond of her. Marian had three children—a boy of seven and two girls of two and five—and she was always threatening to elope with the doctor. Her conversations were punctuated with "the doctor said." She quoted him, thought of him, believed in him. The only reason that none of Marian's friends gossiped about her was because she anæsthetized them

by her steady talk. There was nothing they could say about her that she hadn't said. The very mention of Marian's doctor bored them.

"Don't tell us one word the doctor said," they would beg, in chorus, when

she joined them.

They didn't think the doctor was good enough for her. Everyone liked Marian. She was tall and attractive-looking. "The girls" talked about her, among themselves, solemnly, and hoped she wouldn't do anything really serious, break up her home or anything like that.

Over the telephone Marian started in on a long story about the doctor. Yes, she had tried to give him up, really She hasn't seen him for four days, though he'd telephoned, of course. Then he had had to drive out to Peekskill and he'd phoned and begged her to go, so she'd consented . . . that was Tuesday—and, well she just didn't see what she was going to do about it. She didn't care for Joe . . . simply couldn't keep on with him any more. And she simply could not give up the children, even for the doctor, and of course she couldn't keep the children if she left Toe and went with the doctor—and she simply couldn't give up the doctor. What could she do? She was just getting desperate about things.

Jean asked her to come in to tea. She couldn't get much excited over Marian's state of mind. She had known Marian for two years, and Marian had been desperate and just about to do

something definite all that time.

CHAPTER V

Her telephoning over, Jean took her magazine and lay down on the living-room couch. She didn't read, exactly, just sort of thought about things. These women with their flairs. . . . Still, why not? She didn't have a flair for anyone. Oh, she had liked men in the past, since she'd been married . . . not seriously, perhaps. . . . Still, it did seem funny, men liked other women. Was it that she wasn't attractive to men? Or didn't she try to be attrac-

tive. She wondered if that was the

matter, really.

She went into her bedroom and looked at herself in the mirror. She wasn't fat, really, just a little plump. Not nearly so fat as other women whom men liked. Her complexion was good and everyone was always telling her what nice eyes and hair she had. Since she had quit wearing corsets her figure really was better, sort of straight up and down and boyish and not stiff. She looked young, not nearly her age, since she'd been going to that really clever woman in East Fifty-fourth Street.

Yes—she was as attractive as other women. Yet she didn't care for anyone, really. And no one cared for her, at all. Of course Bob cared. Why shouldn't he? Wasn't she always jolly and pleasant, always home when he wanted her, always ready to go to places? But Bob, after all . . . eight years of marriage . . . Bob didn't count. She didn't rave over Bob the way Phoebe did over Jeffry. Still, she was probably as big a bore to her friends as Phoebe was.

She felt, though, that she had been smart enough to pretend, to make up scenes, to act as though men thought her attractive. The girls told her things because of that pretense. But what was the use of pretense if there wasn't anything back of it? At that she might make men like her, if she tried. What was the use? What was the use of anything, anyhow? Still, if she tried to attract men, the way other women did. . . .

She went back into the living-room and wrote a letter to her mother, using her next-best paper, asking her mother to spend next week with her. She knew her mother liked to get up to New York

occasionally.

Minnie came in to tell her that lunch was ready. As always, Jean had wasted her morning over nothing. After all,

what was there to do?

She ate alone in the dining-room, a salad, a bit of cold lamb, a cup of hot chocolate. After luncheon she went back to the living-room, wrote a business letter, telephoned to another woman

she knew, a negative sort of woman whom she just happened to think of. She wasted another hour reading . . . she wanted to finish a book Eva had loaned her, one Eva had borrowed from someone else.

It was not a pleasant book. Jean liked books with gorgeous love scenes in them, elaborate phrases, bits she could quote to the girls, later. She hated unhappy endings. She hated stories of unpleasant people of the middle or lower class. She liked to read about luxury, prosperity, pleasant, rather exotic adventures, mystery, big love scenes, a touch of immorality. The book she was reading seemed to her too "realistic." She meant sordid, but she disliked the book anyhow.

It was time to dress, then. Before dressing, she went into the kitchen. Minnie was starting things for tea. She begged Minnie to "make lots of sandwiches" and thought that those of cream cheese, nuts and olives would be best. And would Minnie mind going out and getting a pound of those little French cakes, the kind with all the nuts on top? After all, with no dinner

to prepare. . . .

It took Jean a long time to dress, as it always did. She massaged her face, using the upward strokes she had been taught would keep her young looking. She powdered her face and put on rouge, darkened her eyebrows, added a purple shadow above her eyes, a liquid eye-lash dye and lip-paste. She arranged her hair, was dissatisfied with the way it looked, did it over again. She put on a dress of black silk crêpe, with flowing sleeves, the sort of dress half of the women she knew were wearing.

Marian Archibald came before Jean had finished dressing. Minnie opened the door and Jean called for her to

"come right in here."

Marian took off her coat and hat, flung them on Jean's bed, sat down at Jean's dressing table and proceeded to make up, over again, though she had probably completed the process just before leaving her own home a few

minutes before. Marian had recently had her hair bobbed in the new "pine-apple shingle" and she thought it made her look years younger. She admired her hair and her profile in the mirrors and then launched into her problem

again.

"I absolutely don't know what I'm going to do. I simply will not and cannot give up the doctor. I don't like to say this-but that man has the weirdest sort of a fascination for me. Why, as soon as he comes into the room I just want to get up and throw my arms around him—call it physical, chemical, whatever you want to: I simply can't give him up. Why, do you know, sometimes, when I think that he is with women patients, sitting at their bedsides, looking at them, I get absolutely ill all over. I just have got to do something about all this. But I can't give up the children. You're not a mother. You can't imagine how I feel about them. If Joe would let me have the children I'd go away with the doctor in one minute. But of course Joe wouldn't. I've found out that. If I went away with the doctor he'd say I wasn't the right sort of a mother for the children and I'd have to give them up. I wish I could take the children and go out and support them myself. I can't do that. There's just no way I could earn a cent, the way I was brought up. You know that. So I just stay on with Joe and pretend to take an interest in him and his terrible little affairs. But I can't keep on-something has got to happen -that's all there is about that. . . . "

They went into the living room. Marian was still talking about her problem when Eva Harrington arrived. Eva was smouldering and indignant at

Tracy, her husband.

For a moment, as women with problems always do, when they meet one another, there was a slight aloofness, a tiny period of formality. Then, as if a dam had broken, they started in again, each interested only in her own affair.

"It's just too much," said Eva. "If

Tracy hadn't preferred a home to a successful wife, I could have been every bit as good an illustrator as he is. I was just as clever, you know that, Jean, but he happened to have the knack of cashing in on his talents and he didn't believe in both of us doing things-said he could do twice as much if the house ran smoothly, so I put my time in keeping house-and see the result. Now, he calls Billy Andrews, Billy who is as sensitive as a child, one of those tea-lice. Can you imagine that? And what chance has anyone to fight with Tracy? Tracy—an artist -and he looks and acts like a prizefighter. Not that I care a thing about Billy, but just think—coming home, taking off his coat and saying to Billy. . . . "

Eva didn't care for Billy. She kept repeating that. It was just the principle of the thing. She wanted men friends and Tracy was too narrow to allow her to have them in the right way. Well, she'd have her friends or

she'd know why.

Marian interrupted to show how different her case was. With her it wasn't just theory or principle. She started in, then, with an account of the doctor. It wasn't as if the doctor didn't respect her. He did. But he didn't want her at a distance. He wanted her to come to him, get a divorce, marry him—he kept on saying she didn't care for him because of the way she acted. . . .

Rosina arrived. Jean went into the bedroom with her, as she took off her wraps, for Rosina was her best friend and of course there were things they had to discuss that they didn't care to say in front of the other women. Rosina's story had to do with Freddie Phipps, of course. Freddie was jealous of everyone Rosina looked at. Tom Brace, Rosina's husband, was an old bore but a good provider, and Tom objected, in turn, to Freddie. However, if enough other men were around and he didn't think it was just Freddie Rosina cared for, Tom thought things were all right. But Freddie, instead of

being satisfied with that, hated the others who hung around, though they were really just brought in for his sake. Yes, it was annoying. And now Freddie was acting up again. If Rosina only had enough money, so that she didn't have to stand for Tom—but of course Freddie didn't have any money, and, after all, Freddie wasn't a marrying man and, even so, she didn't know that she would have wanted to marry Freddie, if he were a marrying man. If only men were simply to handle. . . .

They joined the others. A few minutes later Phoebe Munson came in. They had tea. Phoebe told about meeting Madame Petrova all over again.

CHAPTER VI

THEY sat there, five women typical of their class, well-fed, well-groomed, fairly well educated. Their husbands supported them in a sort of luxury. All five professed some artistic leanings-Rosina had written little things for magazines, Phoebe had had some household articles published, Marian had sung in concerts. Yet not one of them could actually support herself nor was willing to support herself in any decent, self-respecting way. All five had servants, four had cars. lived in expensive apartments, wore rather good-looking or at least expensive looking clothes. And, of the five, four were thoroughly dissatisfied. Three were interested in men other than their husbands, one was bored with her husband but, at the time, uninterested in anyone else, and the fifth made an attempt at marital loyalty and happiness.

The conversation, of course, was mostly about husbands and "the other man," though it touched, too, on life, on "what are we getting out of things" and "is anything really worth while." Each woman cared only to talk about herself and her own affairs. No one liked to listen. There was some talk about "here we are, getting old and this is all we are doing, after all,"

but nothing pleasant or clever or interesting was offered. On the whole, the talk was of what "he" had said and how stupid the husbands had been. All of the voices were a bit too high, a bit strained. And what one said the others could have said and did echo. If you had not known the women and the slight peculiarities of their voices, by their choice of words, their pronunciations, their philosophies, you would never have been able to distinguish one speaker from the other.

They came to certain definite conclusions but they were the same conclusions they had come to many times before. They reached no definite line of action, because they did not desire

definite action.

As a matter of fact, they were as satisfied as they could be. Their problems were the very things they enjoyed about life. Excepting for the fact that they were beyond their first youth and worried about it, they would have been decidedly happy. But one had found a gray hair or two, another was having trouble with a double chin, another feared that her age was the thing that was keeping attention away from her. They all liked men just about their own ages or a little younger. In a few years they would like men much younger, just as, a few years before, they had been flattered by the attentions of middle-aged men. Only two of the five had children, and children took up little of the conversation. Rosina told something about her small Marian talked of her three children, but it was of their relation to her problem and not about them as children, as her contribution to any future civilization.

Husbands, of course, formed one of the chief topics of conversation. Husbands were stupid, boring. They were inartistic, lacking in understanding, in sex attraction, in charm. They were good enough because they earned money, but, at that, these women felt that their own husbands did not do as good a job of supporting them as did the husbands of hundreds of other women. Their husbands were negatively good; that is, they did not spend their money on drinking or on other women. But, at that, they were definitely boobish, saying the wrong things all the time, coming home when they weren't wanted, interfering when they shouldn't have interfered.

The men they liked—they were dif-The fact that the husbands were at work, making money for them, while the other men were able, during the husbands' office hours, to gain a veneer of artistic knowledge, did not alter their opinion of the other men's charms. The other men, as a rule, did not "mean well by them," would have been frightened off by any suggestion of matrimony, could not have supported them. That was not what What did count was that counted. the women were dissatisfied, that these men offered cheap stimulation, enabled them to pretend a lost girlhood and yet were not, usually, dangerous. They talked, pretended they were about to leave their husbands, but held on firmly, even while they talked.

The conversation these women held would have been unconceivable among a gathering of men. Men, even when in love with other women, keep up, among themselves, a pretence of loyalty toward their wives. These women took an actual delight in holding up their

own men to ridicule.

"The poor potato," one of the shrill voices said, "thinks I can go on, leading the life he lays out for me. Why, there is absolutely nothing that that shrimp-face can say that can interest me at all in any way. He's about as uninteresting as a door-knob or a wooden chair. But, just because at the age of consent I was fool enough to want to get married and happened to be slightly fond of him at the time, I have to go through life watching my best years fade away and not daring to talk interestingly to any other man for fear the potato will have something to say about it. . . . "

Or, "He said, 'How long is this going

on?' and I said, 'I don't know what you mean by going on, but if you think it's any fun keeping house for you and getting meals ready and then having you nag me when you get home, well, you aren't exactly right, I'll admit. If you ever read a good book or cared about a serious play, it might be different, but you don't give me any of the mental stimulation I need and then you complain because I attract people who do. . . . '"

At five, Doctor Chambers came in. He looked even rounder and redder when he saw all the women but he retained his breezy, pompous little manner. No, he couldn't stay-positively no—he just happened to be driving by and he remembered that Mrs. Archibald had said something about dropping in to tea and he thought that he might as well drop in for a word with the ladies . . . no-nothing to eat, really . . . sorry he couldn't stay. And how were the ladies, this fine day? The weather was lovely, wasn't it? early Spring, more than likely. there was something about Spring, wasn't there? . . .

"The ladies" dropped their former manner and were smiling, twittering, even. Doctor Chambers' bedside manner was a success even outside of the sick-room. He stayed just a few minutes. As soon as he had gone—Marian went to the door with him and chatted for a little while, very low—all of "the girls" started in on a new discussion.

"I can't see what you see in him," Eva Harrington contributed. "He—he isn't even artistic. At least, if you care for anyone else he ought to have some quality your husband hasn't got."

"He's pleasant enough, but a bone-head," added Rosina, and then, more dreamily, "but I know how it is . . . love . . . if you love a person it doesn't make any difference what charms he has or hasn't. You're right, Marian, it is chemical. Wasn't it Theodore Dreiser who said it was chemical? If you don't love a person, all of the charm in the world won't stir you an inch—but if you do care for anyone,

why, it's their faults you care for most
—Freddie, now. Of course—"

Just then the bell rang again and it was Freddie Phipps, himself. Freddie was accompanied by a young man no one but Freddie knew, a slender young man with blue eyes and sleek blond hair, a pale young man with rather full lips and thin cheeks and a chin that could have been stronger.

"Happened to run across Oliver Henderson," Freddie explained, curling his red lips into a pleasant smile, "and I knew an extra man wouldn't be out of place. He's really quite a lad. I warned him I was bringing him into a den of growling lionesses and he didn't hesitate even for a second. Girls, Oliver Henderson!"

In five minutes, Oliver Henderson was eating sandwiches and drinking Ten minutes more and he was talking, pleasantly intimate, to every-Ten minutes more and he and one. Jean were a bit apart from the others. Half an hour—and Jean felt a decided tug at her emotions. She began to study the man beside her, began to be a trifle more careful about what she said. How interesting he was. knew so many interesting people, did such pleasant things. She knew what was happening. She was, well, yes, she was going to have a flair for Oliver Henderson.

The conversation became general again, but it was a different conversation. It sparkled a trifle. The women coquetted, the men smiled encouragement. There was something delightfully immature about the whole thing. It smacked more of adolescence than of settled matrimony.

But dinners were at seven. Rosina and Freddie strolled off, together. Eva telephoned Billy, who would meet her half way and walk almost home with her. Marian and Phoebe left. Only Oliver Henderson lingered.

"I say," he said, "you aren't going to turn me out, without a word about 'come again'? I may come back, mayn't I? I've a thousand things I want to talk with you about. And I want to

ask all about you. And me, I've a shop of my own. I'd love you to see it. There are a lot of things you don't know about me, you see. What about tomorrow? Friday, then? Tea? At four? Lovely. Shall I telephone you earlier in the afternoon, to remind

you?"

While she put on a dinner dress, Jean thought of Henderson. Her welcoming of Bob was rather vague. She put him off with, "Yes, the girls were here for tea. I'll tell you all about it on the way to the Howells'. I've a slight headache—not very entertaining, I'm afraid." All during dinner at the Howells' she felt pleasantly exhilarated as if something lovely were happening. The Howells—what stupid people they were. Middle-aged. Why, Mrs. Howell must be almost forty—her hair was awfully gray. What could a woman like that know about romance, emotions?

What a dear fellow Oliver Henderson was-so sleek and blond and good-Nothing like Bob. cleverly he talked about books and people and art. He was an interior decorator. He had told her that. He had promised to tell her a lot about decoration, too. He had said something about attending an exhibition of Elizabethan furniture. Jean didn't know what Elizabethan furniture was, exactly. The period of Queen Elizabeth, of course, and the tables rather knobby-she'd heard of it, vaguely at art school. Still, things like that couldn't be hard to learn.

She wondered if Oliver Henderson—pleasant name—had a girl. If he had, of course he wouldn't be interested in her. But, perhaps he didn't have one. He acted interested, anyhow. Well, you can't tell. Unexpected, pleasant things could happen to anyone. Things like this. At the beginning of the afternoon, she hadn't dreamed....

CHAPTER VII

THREE months passed. Perhaps they took as long in passing as months usually take, but they hurried, for Jean.

No longer, when she answered Rosina's telephone call, did she have to simulate an interest in Rosina's affair. longer did she have to fake incidents about her own days. No. Now, she really was interested in Freddie and Rosina. She felt almost a kinship with them. Wasn't it Freddie who had introduced her to Oliver? She could exchange confidence for confidence, Oliver took her to teas and luncheons. Oliver came to see her, afternoons. Oliver met her "by accident" when she and some of the girls went to the matinée. Oliver took her to studio parties. Bob Landreth was jealous, but she could get around Bob. He was stupid to allow it, of course. But Bob was just a husband, didn't understand anything. Jean could compete with any of the girls in telling tales about stupid husbands now.

Of course, it seemed almost too wonderful.

To think that Oliver Henderson, young, handsome, attractive, should care for her! She had thought that no one could care for her, again, that she had passed the age when men could fall in love with her. It was like receiving a wonderful new gift to find that she was still young and lovable. Some of the girls hinted, cattily, that Oliver cared for her because of what she could do—had done—for him. That was all nonsense. Of course she had done what she could. But then, other women would have done just as much or more.

After all, she had only introduced him to a few people who had allowed him to redecorate their homes. And they gained just as much as Oliver did, for he certainly had made their homes look wonderfully well—better than any other decorator would have done. To be sure, he had decorated Jean's own apartment. But then, didn't she have the pleasure of it, and of knowing that it suited her own personality? Of course, it had cost a lot of money, but Oliver had got most of the things for her at cost. He had told her so. After all, Bob made money. Little enough

he did for her, anyhow. If he couldn't do that—give her a small city apartment decorated nicely to suit her, what

could he do?

Now, the apartment was finished. In the process, Jean had received quite an education in decoration. No longer was Elizabethan furniture a mystery to her. She could recognize, at sight, furniture of nearly all of the periods. She could discuss, prettily, colors and backgrounds, woods and carvings. She felt she could talk with Oliver quite on his own ground. Poor Bob! How little he understood things! Why, he had laughed, actually, when she had tried to explain to him about the things in his own home.

Jean was quite satisfied with the finished apartment. The living-room was no longer a hodge-podge of near-Colonial. Gone were the tan walls and the white woodwork and the blue

and-rose color scheme.

"This is middle-class, commonplace, not for you," Oliver had told her about her apartment. "You need something vital, something real—colorful and yet not too brilliant, something to bring out the opalescent changes in you and yet not hide any of your depth and softness. How I hate to think of you among these commercial things."

Jean had learned about "commercial" furniture. "Commercial" things include everything purchased from department stores or regulation furniture

places.

Jean, in her middle-class ignorance, had thought that the logical place to buy furniture was at a furniture Oliver showed her her error. Furniture stores, it seems, keep only the lowest kinds of furniture, horrible "commercial" things, "Grand Rapids stuff" turned out by factories by the thousand. The thing to do, of course, is to get real antiques, things with the real "feel" to them. If you can't find a genuine antique to suit your needs, the next best thing is to have something made. You patronize a "little shop" and the proprietor trails around at second-hand places and cabinetmakers and locates "something good," often a piece of old wood out of which the reproduction can be made, or he finds you an already-made "really nice"

reproduction.

Oliver owned a little shop. There were no "commercial" things in Oliver's place. The shop was in a basement in the East Fifties, near the Avenue. In the window one chair usually stood, preferably of the Italian or Spanish Renaissance, together with a bit of tapestry or a taffeta cushion. Inside, you would find a few unusual chairs, a cabinet made during the reign of Louis XV, an old English tapestry, a few bits of Venetian glass, lengths of draperies borrowed from wholesale houses, some "amusing" oddities of painted tin, an early American mirror.

Everything to Oliver was either "awful good" or "amusing," if he liked it, or "impossible" or "painful" or "dreadful" in condemnation. Oliver was not liberal in his views. A thing was either good or bad, and most things were bad. He thought that Jean's friends' homes—with the exception of one or two which had been done by other decorators and were "rather nicely done"—were "pretty dreadful" or "unspeakable." He laughed deprecatingly over women's attempts to "do their own places."

The walls of Jean's apartment were now a pale gold color. The woodwork was the same tone, "rubbed down" with bits of Venetian blues and greens. The doors especially, Oliver admitted, were "awful good." Jean had had to get special permission from the landlord to change the red mahogany of the original finish to these mottled Vene-

tian colorings.

The living-room was done in the American decorators' version of the Italian of the Renaissance which, Oliver said, perfectly fitted Jean's personality and her blue eyes and brown hair. The curtains were of a coarse, rather dirty-looking tan silk, with overdrapes of red and gold brocade. The furniture was heavily carved

walnut, upholstered, not too comfortably, in blues and reds, with touches of purple. The lights were parchment shaded. The bookcase had given way to black-enameled bookshelves.

In the dining-room there was a long refectory table with branched. wrought-iron candlesticks at the ends. Walnut and mahogany had disappeared from the bedrooms. These were done in enamel, now; Jean's and Bob's room in a dull blue-green, the guest-room in a pale yellow. At the foot of each bed was a chaise longue. though Jean was not quite used to them. All over the house, on couches and before the fireplace and in all sorts of unexpected places, were cushions, threecornered cushions, round cushions, square cushions with taffeta fruit in the corners. Jean thought the new furnishings were simply wonderful.

Jean's days passed quite as they had done, except for the addition of Oliver. It was Oliver's telephone call she

waited for, now.

One sight of Oliver made her happy all day. She loved Oliver, of course. She admitted that. She wanted to run away with him, though he hadn't asked her to. But, of course, there was Bob and the apartment and the comfort of little things. Besides, as she said to her women friends, when they talked it over:

"After all, I'm all Bob has got. He works so hard all day just for me. I simply know he couldn't stand it if I were to leave him. So I'll go on sacrificing myself, I suppose, always, as I always have done for him. Oliver says it is simply criminal, the way I gave up my career. But, after all, that's over and done with . . one can't really leave nor deceive a person as dependent and as good and as stupid as Bob."

The touch of excitement that Oliver brought to Jean made her life seem decidedly worth living. Bob objected to Oliver, of course. But he wasn't like Marian's Joe nor Eva's Tracy. He hadn't threatened to leave Jean nor to throw Oliver out. He had just listened to her arguments about freedom for married people and the individual

rights of the New Generation.

At the beginning, Bob had been jealous, of course. Jealous and hurt. But, after all, that was flattering. Jean was rather pleased at Bob's attitude. Now, Bob was getting trained. He didn't say much. He spent a few more nights downtown, perhaps, and was a little more silent when he was at home, but that was all. Bob, after all, Jean knew, was an American husband—stupid, good, willing to stand for almost anything.

CHAPTER VIII

JEAN was giving a party to show off the newly decorated apartment. It was given in honor of Oliver, as much as anything. Oliver had rather hinted that it might be good for him, in a business way, if he met the rest of Jean's friends, if they saw her apartment and

him together.

She was dressed, now, waiting for her guests. She wore a new gown, rather long and blue-green, made of layer upon layer of chiffon, caught at the waist with a girdle of dull gold and green. It was a gown designed for her by Nan Talbot, a friend of Oliver's. Nan was young, about twenty-two. She had an odd little shop that Oliver had decorated for her and made "personality gowns" that brought out the best points of the wearer. Nan herself had sleek bobbed blonde hair and big brown eyes. and did quite well for herself both with her own gowns and the prices she charged others.

Jean had been jealous of Nan—Oliver had known her for years—until Oliver explained that it was really a business friendship, that each one sort of gave the other opportunities, "when anything comes our way." Jean thought it quite all right when Oliver had taken her to Nan for gowns. Nan really had made her some awfully nice

things.

Bob was just finishing dressing. Jean stood at the door of the bedroom and watched him as he put on his collar. What a big, stupid fellow he was! Were the girls right? Was it just about impossible to stand him any longer? That's the way they all felt about their husbands. Still, she had been fond of Bob, awfully fond. He'd been terribly good—was good. But what a bore—what did he know about furniture—and color and poetry—about beauty and

living . . . !

The bell rang. The guests began to arrive, the first guests, with their assumed gayety, their nervous laughter to hide the humiliating fact that, in their eagerness, they were too early. In the guest-room, the men's black overcoats piled up. In the Landreths' bedroom were the women's wraps. On the dressing-table stood a huge basket of tiny, colored individual powder-puffs, bought at Nan's shop. At the door stood Minnie, in cap and apron. In the dining-room the new second girl and the chauffeur were quarreling over what Jean had told them to do about the punch.

Eva came with a new man, Ronald Parks. Billy Andrews had been dropped some time ago and she professed being tired of Ronald now, though Tracy was calling him a tealouse and threatening to throw him out. Rosina and Tom Brace came together, but Rosina whispered to Jean that Fred-

die would drop in later.

"He's bringing little Ruth White, so Tom won't get angry, and I'm nearly dying of jealousy. Imagine driving all the way here with that little thing—she's only about eighteen and cute. If he doesn't get here early I'll—I'll simply be dead. How spiffy you look! The Talbot certainly knows clothes—and prices."

Marian and Joe came together, too.
Marian, as usual, was quite in a flutter. She called the girls aside and asked them, one at a time, what she should do. She simply couldn't stand Joe another moment. "Just look at him now, the stupid, awful thing. There isn't one thing right about that man. When he puts his arm on my shoulder I think I'll scream. And yet—because

of the children— The doctor rang up tonight, just before Joe came home, and he said he just couldn't stand things much longer—that I had to decide. Yet, what can I do? Just before I left, Junior said the dearest thing. He called me to him and whispered, 'Muvver, I fink. . . .'"

Jean was happy. Here she was—with everything—a lovely home that just suited her personality; Oliver, whom she cared for and who cared for her; Bob, stupid, stolid, but really dependable underneath, who would provide things always—she really was fortunate.

Of course she didn't really love Oliver. Didn't she? He had told her he loved her. She had kissed him perhaps a half dozen times. He had held her in his arms, called her "little dear," talked to her with his lips pressed close against hers . . "Little dear, I love you—you know that." Oliver—she couldn't give Oliver up—but then she didn't have to give him up—didn't have to give up anything. Of course not

More guests came—more twitterings and laughter. Then Oliver—with Nan Talbot. Jean had rather thought they would come together, but it hurt her to see them. She knew just how Rosina felt about Freddie. How young Nan looked! And, after all, if Nan knew the secret of "personality gowns" for others, she knew the secret for herself, too. Nan wore a little frock of black silk, a straight little frock with short puffed sleeves and a very plain round collar of organdie with a little hand-run hem. Her hair was short and sleek and her eyes were big and brown—why, she looked seventeen.

Guests—they were all here now—Lois Darring, Rosina's cousin, with the red-haired Brooksher boy; the Purdetts, a young couple whom Jean had met a couple of weeks before; a dozen other people—the apartment seemed overflowing. Everyone drank punch and talked. It was quite jolly.

Then the telephone rang. The call was for Rosina. Rosina gave little yips

of surprise as she listened to the mes-

sage, then rushed to Jean.

"I—I can't believe it," she whispered.
"Guess what has happened. Guess—quick—one guess—you can't imagine—"
"No," said Jean. "Hurry up, tell

me___'

"Phoebe Munson has left Jeffry or Jeffry has left her or something. Her cousin just phoned me; you know, Mildred Wray. I went to school with her. I thought Phoebe would be here. Mildred just found it out. Phoebe's going out West and get a divorce. Jeffry's been running around and she found out about it. Of all people-why, she never even looked at another man. Of course, she could easily enough have overlooked what Jeffry did, but Mildred said she simply couldn't forgive him. I don't know that I blame her. Still- But Phoebe of all people. Didn't you think it would be anyone else in the crowd except her?"

Jean did think so. The news buzzed through the crowd. People mouthed it over, a luscious bit. It made Jean ill, just a little. Phoebe had seemed so satisfied, so settled, one of the few placed people. Phoebe getting a divorce because Jeffry was interested in another woman. Oh, well, if other people wanted to get their lives all messed

up. . .

She called Oliver into the hall. She wanted a moment alone with him. Was it imagination or was Oliver a bit—well, indifferent—lately? She didn't know. She had been the one, for days, who had been doing most of the telephoning. Still, he always was aloof, a bit indifferent. Yet he had told her he cared. Did he care? She had to find out.

"Having a good time?" she asked.
"Of course," said Oliver. "Only you know I hate crowds."

"But you-you wanted this crowd,"

reminded Jean.

"I know I did—but there isn't anyone here that I could get—that understands things. All this noise—this stupid talk—it makes my head ache." He pressed a pale hand to his forehead.

"I know," said Jean. "They'll go early. I wish that you and I were here, talking, alone, instead. I've that little book of poems you spoke of, the French verses. If you like, to-morrow afternoon—I could call for you."

"I'd like you to," said Oliver.

"You are a dear. You really—do like me, then?"

"Like you? Little dear, you know I do." Oliver took one of her hands, pressed it quickly, dropped it again.

Someone came into the hall. Jean talked prettily about nothing, mingled

with her guests.

She was worried, though. It wasn't only about Oliver. It was more than

that. It was Bob.

She didn't like to admit, even to herself, that Bob could worry her. Yet Bob was acting peculiarly tonight. Had he ever acted that way before? Every time she looked around she found him talking, alone, with Eva Harrington. Of course Eva was married and one of her best friends and Eva was having a mild affair with Ronald Parke. But then, Eva was tired of Parke and her affairs were never very deep nor very lasting. And as for friendship—when it came to Eva and a man. . . .

Bob had never looked at a woman before, at any woman, married or single. To be sure, he liked married women best, said "they spoke the same language." But Eva! Jean knew all of Eva's cheap, stupid little ways. How could Bob fall for her? Of course Eva was pretty enough, younger than she was by three years or so, and full of little feminine tricks—but Bob! Why, Bob had seemed so solid, so dependable. Of course he bored her. But Bob was one of the big things, one of the steady, background things of life.

Jealous of Bob? It wasn't that. Yes, it was that, too. But of course Bob didn't care for Eva, for anyone else; couldn't care for anyone else. Hadn't he laughed at her flairs, declared his superiority to the type of person who went in for that sort of thing? Of

course.

CHAPTER IX

THE evening wasn't a success, though. There was the talk about the Munsons. In theory, everybody admired the woman who was willing to be free, willing to let her husband go, if he wanted to. Phoebe Munson had been the one woman in the crowd who had never spoken against her mate. now the tide swung suddenly. most radical of the gathering had things to say about "Phoebe is a fool to let him go so easily," and "You just watch, Jeffry will keep on going out and having a good time, but, divorced, Phoebe will be nothing at all," and "She's too old to get anyone as good as Jeffry again. It's probably her own fault if she couldn't hold him."

Jean wandered about, wondering if the laughing, chattering groups were really enjoying themselves. She went into her bedroom and rearranged her hair, powdered her face. She shivered about nothing at all. A curtain hung in front of her bedroom door, a new curtain, one of Oliver's inspirations. It was of shot silk, green and cream, with touches of orange. She had put her hand out to push it aside to go into the hall, when she heard voices just outside the room. Oliver's voice. She waited. She didn't know why. Oliver was talking with Nan Talbot. Nan Talbot! That little thing! As if Oliver—

"Don't be a little goosie," Oliver was saying, in his rather affected voice. "You know good and well I don't care anything about the Fat One. Can't you trust me well enough for that? After all, a business deal is a business deal."

The high "girly" voice of Nan interrupted.

"Maybe so. But aren't you carrying on this one a little too far—mooning around at teas and things? I'm not the jealous sort, you know that. A girl can't really be sure, these days—"

"Little goose, there's nothing to even think about, really. You're a million times too dear, that's all. Don't you see it's for you as much as for me? This

thing is over now, absolutely. You know you can believe me. When I say it's over, it is. I've been easing out gently already. This four-flush bunch haven't got any real money. I've done all I can and I'm through. At that, she's got a better-looking place than anyone else would have given her for the price or that she'd ever have had under any other circumstances, even if I did get rid of those two hoodoo chairs and the round table. Why, when I think what I found in this place-red mahogany and rocking-chairs, really! But it's a business deal and it's over. You believe that, don't you?"

"Of course I do. Only you see how I felt, don't you—with you always—"

The voices moved away. Jean pushed aside an evening coat from the edge of the bed and sat down. So—so it was over. To Oliver she was a business deal. He hadn't cared at all!

She got up, looked at herself in the mirror. She compared her face, rather drawn, just a bit flabby at the chin in spite of "the wonderful woman in East Fifty-fourth Street," with Nan's face, young, firm, vital. Of course Oliver hadn't cared for her. Who was Oliver, though, after all? A young, rather effeminate interior decorator. Did she care for him, really? Of course not! Still, she had acted that way. things she had said to Oliver! The conceited, laughable things! The things she had let him say to her! It was humiliating. That was it. It was her pride, not her heart, that was hurt. Still, that was bad enough. And there wasn't a single thing she could do.

There was Bob. She was sure of Bob. Sure? After the way he'd been acting over Eva? Well, pretty sure. After all, eight years of married life! She'd ask him, just to satisfy herself, after the guests left.

She joined the others in the livingroom. She looked with new eyes at the redecorated apartment. After all, wasn't it a little garish and overdone? Did it really suit her personality in any way?

Jean saw, suddenly, that it was ex-

actly like the apartments Oliver was doing for everyone else, with small changes in color and arrangement. Oliver "went in for" Italian things, so her things were Italian. If she had chosen a decorator who preferred Georgian or French. . . . Bob didn't even like the new things, and the chairs weren't as comfortable as the old ones had been. Oh, well, the apartment was done, the money—Bob's money—was spent. Yes, it was "correct," good-looking, better looking than it was before, anyhow.

CHAPTER X

THE guests left, with a great clatter and buzzing. . . . What a wonderful success the apartment was! . . . How well Jean looked in the new gown! . . . Wasn't it exciting about the Munsons? Give me a ring in the morning. . . . Yes . . . everything. . . . Wasn't it . . .

How ugly the place looked after the guests had gone, with chairs awry, cigarette ashes over everything, the smells of punch and cigars and stale perfumes and food! A shell without life—such a cheap, faked shell—her home—nothing in it worth while or real. Still . . . Bob. . . .

Bob was in the bedroom, taking off

his coat.

"Party went off pretty well, didn't

it?" he commented, pleasantly.

"Yes," said Jean, tonelessly, and then, without warning, "Bob, do you care anything about Eva Harrington?"

"About Eva? Nice girl," said Bob. "I know she is. One of my best friends. I don't mean that. I mean do you—like her especially? You hung around her tonight and at the Delafields'. . . ."

"Well, if you want to know, yes, I

do like her."

"You mean-you-care for her?"

"Why the melodrama? I'm not leaving home for her or anything like that. Eva wouldn't leave Tracy on a bet, you know that. Only, you've talked so much about flairs and things like that—always ragging me because I

don't understand your emotions, because I never do anything. So you got me to noticing women. Yes, I've rather a fondness for, a sentimental flair, I believe you call it, for Eva—nice, human little thing with good eyes and a pretty skin. . . ."

"You're-in love with Eva Harring-

ton?"

"Oh, come now, none of the thirdact stuff. I like the girl. She gets close to me, flatters me. I like it. She phoned me the other day, wanted some advice about a car Tracy was thinking of getting. We had lunch together. I guess she mentioned it. I'd have told you if I'd thought of it. Considering the number of lunches you have with people. . . ."

Jean had a bit of mild hysterics then. She accused Bob rather crudely of things he hadn't thought of doing. She rather expected, every minute, that Bob would put his arms around her and tell her she had imagined the whole thing, that he "didn't see a thing in Eva," that

he cared only for her.

Bob did nothing of the sort. He did soothe her, of course. But he held his ground. He didn't say the things she wanted to hear. He repeated that he "didn't expect to cut loose or do anything to get riled over." He admitted "being human" and having waked up to the fact that there were pretty women in the world besides his wife and that, with the present freedom for married people, he didn't see why he couldn't take some advantage of it.

After all, as he himself said, he never would have looked at another woman if Jean hadn't talked continually about the freedom men and women both ought to have, after marriage, and of what terrible bores husbands were. That was about all—he wasn't going to do any-

thing she hadn't done. . . .

Jean undressed, got into bed. Bob turned out the light, got into bed, too.

That was it—Bob wouldn't do anything she hadn't done. Perhaps not. But that was it. Jean thought of all the stupid things she had said to Oliver, had let him say to her. She had let him

kiss her, things like that. Bob, her Bob—the one big, dependable thing in the world. . . He had bored her, but not as much as she had pretended, for the other girls. She couldn't stand it, if Bob acted the way she had done. Why, from now on, she'd even have to be careful about Bob—Bob would start comparing her to other women—younger women—and she was past thirty and didn't look awfully young mornings and late at night.

Bob had been the one thing she was surest of. For years now—eight years—and Bob would need thinking about.

Oliver—that was over. It hurt now, a mixture of pride and misplaced affection. Oliver had made a fool of her. But she could get used to that—sort of wipe Oliver off her slate, forget Oliver. She wouldn't even worry about other young men. She knew men, now. She wouldn't trust any of them, ever. She would be careful.

But Bob. That was different. Was it different? After all, Bob was a man. She had thought that he was certain, absolute. He wasn't, that was all. Now she'd have to try to keep Bob interested, if she could. Could she? Could she even do that? Suddenly Jean saw that, after all, she wasn't attractive to men. Before her marriage—why Bob was the best chance she had ever had. Now, since her marriage, no man had looked at her a second time.

If she hadn't waked Bob up. . . . She saw things clearly now. She had assumed the airs of a girl whom men like. She'd pretended to be a conqueror and she hadn't known how. . . .

The other women she knew—did men really like them? A few, maybe. They all just talked on about men and pretended. They didn't mean anything. None of them meant anything. It was the quiet ones, like Phoebe, who did The rest just talked. Still, things. maybe that was better than doing like Phoebe. Here, she had talked and talked—with nothing back of her to talk for. She had talked too much, had got Bob to thinking about freedom and other women. She had had a few things-comforts, support, securityand she had nearly talked away thoseeverything.

Oh, well, Bob was still here. Eva would get tired of him, if she liked him at all. After that—a succession of years of trying to keep Bob interested, of ugly, unpleasant things stretched out. Oh, well, it was life, her life. She turned on her pillow away from Bob. She reached under her pillow for her handkerchief to dry her eyes. After all, maybe her life wasn't so different from other women's. All the women she knew were alike—their husbands, too—little married women—nice little couples.

(The End)



IT is easy enough to convince both women that you love each of them. The hard thing is to convince each one that you don't love the other.



A married man is rarely the captain of his soul. In fact he is lucky if he is a deckhand.



Observa Diem Sabbati, Ut Sanctifices Eum

By Arthur T. Munyan

SUNDAY . . . early rising and feverish activity on the part of all milkmen, furnace-men, men who tune up motorcycles in the street outside, chambermaids who beat on doors, little darlings who shout with glee over their pretty games . . . Sunday papers . . . newsboys with reinforced concrete throats bawling extras all about what hasn't happened and wouldn't matter if it were to happen . . . more Sunday papers . . . one million four hundred thousand gramophones in apartment house courts yammering "Old Pal-blaa-blaa-Old Pal" . . . the Rev. Florian Dogrobber dealing out his weekly offering of tripe on the topic of female attire and kindred salacious subjects which are duly advertised in yesterday's and tomorrow's pages of the Great Press . . . prosperous gunmen, stockbrokers, insurance agents and scions of Spanish war fortunes exercising spats and top hats on the Avenue . . . sixteen more eminent D.D.'s delivering red-blooded attacks from the pulpit on birth-control with an eye on tomorrow's slush pages . . . Augustine Aspirin, world renowned yogi, preaching nincompoop theosophy to a select circle of half-wits in the East Sixties . . . a new feature movie at the Central Theatre with Rudolph Fuzzydome in the screen version of "The Last Days of Pompeii" by some unknown writer, adapted for the screen

by the famous Jno. Schwefelsauer under the title "Passionate Women" . . . Salvation Army street exhorters rescuing the drab souls of a dejected rabble from the depths of some secret and unguessable form of vice that someone hopefully believes still to exist . . . concerts . . . John McCormack singing in an armory. . . . Sunday concerts, reiterated wheezes older than Jehovah by blackface comedians, idols of all the infra-morons in town . . . soap-box orators larly supposed to be damning the Government, the Press, and the System, and actually never achieving a sentence that would be intelligible to a Postal clerk . . . people in the Park watching the senseless gambols of the squirrels . . . squirrels in the Park watching . . . Wall street suddenly deserted by bankers, scrubwomen, brokers, telegraph boys, bomb-throwers . . . chimes . . . week-enders . . . window-shoppers . . . visiting Elks trying to find Greenwich Village . . . lonesome puppies in the windows of locked animal stores ... a splendid meeting of the Boosters' Teams at the Y. M. C. A. . . . people riding 472 blocks on the Fifth Avenue buses to find something to think about . . . people reading the book review section of the New York Times . . . lectures . . . more concerts . . . extra drill for the monkeys in the Zoo . . . Sunday, the day of rest and peace.



The Fraternal Spirit

By Ford Douglas

T

TT was only a short run down to Crystal Springs, less than an hour, yet martialed on the station platform were a general passenger agent, his three assistants and a half-dozen redcaps to see that Elias P. Hawper was safely and comfortably loaded on the train. For Hawper was a federal judge and, as all transportation men know, a federal judge is a person to be handled with the utmost care. There was a delay at starting, a tedious period in which there was a great deal of respectful leavetaking and godspeeding by the passenger agents. To all this Judge Hawper made ponderous reply, selecting his words with the same grave deliberation that he used in his court room.

At the annual meeting of the State Bar Association at Crystal Springs the Judge was, to use a theatrical term, billed as a headliner. He was to deliver his well-worn address, "Ethics of the Profession," some five thousand words of elephantine platitude and juridic sentimentality. The lawyers would listen to it gravely; all of them

had heard it before.

Hawper, J., was a man of impressive size, a man with a huge head and a vast expanse of jowl. No one ever saw him laugh. He was calm, ponderous, austere, with a presence that both chilled and awed. His court was highly ritualistic. It opened with a sort of high mass in a din of pounding gavels, hosannas, shouts of "Hear ye, hear ye," and fervid supplications to the Almighty to "save the honorable Court." In this pontifical splendor few lawyers could remember the slightest thing about their cases; when called, they often rose

shakily to their feet and stuttered pleas for continuance. Had they known, however, some of the more intimate and delicate phases of Judge Hawper's character they might have exhibited more confidence and composure. Had they even dreamed, for example, that beneath his somber gown and Prince Albert were a red flannel union suit and a pair of hand-painted suspenders; had they known of the Judge's secret passion for fried catfish and mustard greens, or that he carried a buckeye in his pocket to ward off rheumatism and was a half convert to spiritualism; had they learned of an ambition that he cherished almost to manhood to be a professional ventriloquist, or had they been able to delve into his nonage and uncover a certain melodramatic liaison that he had had with a one-legged schoolmarm, they would have regarded him more as a human being and one of themselves, and less the "Grand Lama" that they called him.

The train pulled out finally and Hawper, J., with a majestic wave to the wretched passenger agents, turned and entered the solitary Pullman. Here he found the colored porter in a losing battle with a woman and three young banana-eating children who occupied the seat the porter told her was "preserved for the Jedge." He watched the unequal struggle for a few moments and then, consulting his timepiece, summoned the porter with an imperious

snap of his finger.

"It is now one o'clock," he said impressively, "my usual hour for luncheon. I shall go into the diningcar, and when I return I trust that a seat may be found for me without undue discomfort or inconvenience to

29

either the passengers or the employes of the company."

"Yes, sah. It sho'ly is," said the porter, himself a lodge member and given

to large words.

A few moments later Judge Hawper entered the dining-car, where the first of a series of curious and sinister catastrophes awaited him.

II

ALL the tables, to the Judge's annoyance, seemed to be taken. He was an exclusive person and liked to dine alone. Moreover, he had looked forward to a quiet half-hour in the car over a pot of tea, a period that would enable him to burnish up some of the half-forgotten spots of his address and perhaps furnish him with some new leads. As he walked down the aisle he regretted rather keenly that he had not brought something with him in his rear trousers pocket. He was well supplied at home. It was his practice to divide with the district attorney all the "evidence" accumulated in certain cases, and it does not concern us that there was usually an excess of a thousand of these cases on the docket and that, at the distribution of the exhibits, the district attorney was usually allotted the moonshine variety and the Judge garnered the bonded stuff.

On the left side of the aisle, about the middle of the car, the steward indicated a table at which there were three vacant chairs, the fourth being occupied by a gentleman who appeared at a casual glance to be engaged in some devotional exercise. The stranger was crouched over the table, his head at a reverential angle. Not wishing to intrude his gaze, Hawper, J., sank into a seat by the window and looked out on the passing landscape.

How long the pleasing vista of farm and field engaged his attention he was afterward unable to tell, for there was a sudden hissing noise of escaping air under high compression, and he involuntarily clutched at the table the better to sustain the shock of an emergency

To his surprise, however, the stop. car continued to roll smoothly along. Then, after glancing, he discovered that the hiss was not caused by the air brakes, but that it had emanated from his fellow diner across the table. The gentleman was cooling his soup, a ladleful of which he held immediately under

his lower lip.

For a dazed moment Judge Hawper stared, only to be the witness of another and different gustatory feat. For now there came a blubbing and gurgling sound, like that made by a bathtub when the plug is suddenly withdrawn, and the stranger, by reversing the former process, created a vacuum above the ladle, causing its content to rise, water-spout fashion, into the mouth, and presently, no doubt, to descend into his viscera.

The soupist, if we may so call him, was a man of middle age, partly bald. He had an obviously dyed mustache, and wore a suit of clothes best described by mail-order house catalogues "snappy."

He looked up after the third ladle and

smiled in friendly fashion.

"I bet you're going down to the bar meeting at the Springs," he ventured. Judge Hawper nodded coldly.

"So'm I." He reached into the cracker bowl for a handful of oyster crackers and dexterously shot three of them into his mouth in rapid succes-"I'm a lawyer, too." And with this statement he pulled from his pocket a glittering metal device from which he tore a card.

"Here," he said, thrusting it in Harper's unresisting hand, "read that."

Thus commanded, Judge Hawper permitted his eyes to rest for a moment on the bit of cardboard. Printed in flowing script was the following:

> CHARLES MONTAGUE FOSS Lawyer and Notary Public

Author of "Baby's Moo-cow," "Uncle Jim's Christmas," "Springtime in Cass County," and 300 other poems.

The author watched with evident satisfaction the look of amazement that showed on Judge Hawper's face.

"Neat, I call it," he ventured. "Nifty! It kinda combines business and pleasure. you might say. That middle name, 'Montague,' is only added for effect. I put that in 'cause I've noticed that all writers have got a classy middle name. In my home town, though, they just call me Charley Foss."

With thumb and forefinger he flipped three more crackers with unerring aim into his mouth, shooting, one might say, "Ever write any?" he from the hip.

presently inquired.

Judge Hawper shook his head. "Well, it's great business. ought to try it. Of course, though, it ain't everybody that can get the swing of the thing. It takes years sometimes. But it's great fun-makes you popular, and you get invited around. Of course, they ask you to recite some of your own stuff, but I don't mind. In fact, I kinda like it. I usually give 'em as a starter my first long poem, 'Baby's Moocow,' in some respects, I think, about the best thing I ever done." And then, before the horrified Hawper could protest, he added, "It goes like this."

"Baby's Moo-cow" proved, indeed, to be a long poem. Stanza after stanza Mr. Foss reeled off, gesturing at times with his hand and again with the ladle. Moreover, it was delivered in the lisping dialect of an infant, richly larded with babyish prattle and loud and long imi-

tations of the cow's m-o-o!

Now poetry meant nothing to Judge Hawper. He could fathom the simplest of jingles no more than he could interpret a page of logarithms, and he had the utmost dislike for versifications of any kind. He recalled now that he had never but once before met a poet in the flesh, and that on that occasion he had had the intense satisfaction of sending him to jail for the theft of a fiddle.

The final stanza was concluded at last with great emphasis on the last line, "Th' ole blue cow goes 'm-o-o! M-o-o!" delivered with such force and effect that

it sent a shower of cracker crumbs over

Judge Hawper's waistcoat.

"Say, that's great!" A red-faced gentleman with a napkin festooned Bill Hart fashion about his neck suddenly appeared at the other end of the

"I was settin' there acrost the aisle," continued the newcomer, "and I just couldn't help but come over. I don't want to butt in on you, gents, but when a stunt like that is pulled off I'm generally on the front seat. That's me! In fact, I got a turn of my own. Right now I'm on my way down to Centerville, where the Elks' Lodge is goin' to put on a show—I suppose you're both brother Elks-and I'm going to be end man."

Judge Hawper, now beyond words, said nothing, and the poet only nodded an irritated greeting. Mr. Foss had three hundred and two other poems that he was eager to unload, and an interruption was annoying. Moreover, he sensed competitive effort on the part of the accomplished Elk.

"You can tell the world I'm there when it comes to bein' an end man," said the new arrival proudly. He drew up a chair and seated himself, thereby blocking a possible escape by Judge Hawper. "I'm there with bells on! Tell

it, wagon, you got a tongue!"

Slowly Judge Hawper's befuddled brain resumed something like its normal functioning, and instinctively his reasoning was along judicial lines. He was thinking of crime and punishment; and as he glared at the two men he regretted the abandonment of medieval torture.

The stranger—he gave his name as Elmer Johnson—pulled from his pocket a number of short ebony sticks and laced his fingers about them. "When it comes to rattlin' the bones, gents, I don't take my hat off to no one!'

He held his arms dramatically aloft for an instant and then, with a wide swoop, executed a deafening tattoo that startled even the chef in the kitchen.

"Now you," he said, addressing Mr. Foss, "whistle 'Turkey in the Straw' an' I'll show you what I can do with

these here little playthings."

There was a fanatical gleam in Johnson's eye, and the poet, physically a timid man, feared to refuse. The resulting uproar was terrific. Foss whistled, Johnson rattled, and a shoe drummer at an adjacent table, getting into the spirit of the thing, supplied bass drum effects by thumping energetically on the table, with later a more ambitious effort on an improvised xylophone made of a hastily assembled row of goblets, which he struck with a tablespoon and which, alas, he shattered one after the other in rapid succession.

Judge Hawper felt his dignity and his reason slipping. Pinned against the side of the car by the bone-rattling Johnson, he looked wildly about for a possible weapon. Frantically he searched his pockets, finding only a couple of cigars, a small key and a packet of postage stamps. The tableware was light and fragile, the knives notoriously dull and easily bent—poor weapons at best for a fight against odds, so he turned to a passing waiter.

"Boy," he shouted, "run into the kitchen and fetch me the largest butcher knife you've got—or a cleaver or a

hatchet if you can find one."

"Now, fellows," yelled the demoniacal Johnson, "once more with the

chorus!"

But it was more than mere flesh could stand and, with a wild cry, Judge Hawper sprang to his feet and, pushing the bone-rattler headlong into the aisle, fled the car. Through five coaches Hawper left a smoking trail of profanity and mangled feet, and when he pulled up breathlessly at his own seat he noted that the train had stopped, and through the window he could see a beribboned reception committee. It was only the work of a moment to snatch his suitcase and get off the train.

III

"Here he is, boys!" shouted a tall, whiskered man, rushing up with wide-spread hand. "Welcome, sir! Wel-

come to the metropolis of Fishback county, the fairest country under God's footstool."

The train was pulling out and Hawper could hear but ill above the rattle of the cars.

"What did you say?" he inquired. The spokesman eyed him with irri-

tation.

"My God, have I got to say it all over again?" he petulantly demanded.

He had practised his speech all morning and, considering the time he put in on it, it was annoying to have it fall so flat.

"Introduce us, Hen," urged a small,

fat man.

"Oh," said the spokesman, suddenly remembering his lines, "this is Brother Cracraft, Brother Kelsey, Brother

Squires."

And so on with a dozen more. Judge Hawper shook hands with all of them, endeavoring the while to screw his face into a smile. It was a brave effort, but fruitless, for the best that he accomplished was a look of grim and helpless defiance.

"How did you leave Cousin Bill?" inquired the fat man, with a knowing

grin.

"What is that?" asked Judge

Hawper.

"He's deaf, Sam," said the spokesman. "You'll have to talk louder."

The little fat man took a deep breath. "I'm a-askin' you how you left

Cousin Bill?"

The correct reply to this question is, "I left him all right and also Cousin Sue." But Judge Hawper did not know this.

Once more the seemingly meaningless and absurd question was put to him, and then Judge Hawper lost all patience.

"What in hell are you talking about?" he roared.

he roared.
"Ain't you a kleagle?" demanded the spokesman.

"A what?"

"A kleagle—a sir knight in the Ku Klux Klan."

"No, I'm not! I'm not a kleagle or

an eagle or a beagle—or any other damn thing. I simply came down here to the meeting of the State Bar Asso-

ciation, and-"

"Why, pardner," interrupted the spokesman, "that there lawyers' meetin' is at Crystal Springs—seventeen mile down the track. You got off the train too soon. This here town is Hickory Junction, and we was expectin' one of the district organizers to help us put on the work tonight. We got about forty men to put through tonight and—"

But the maddened Judge Hawper waited to hear no more. He pawed his way through the committee and into the station, where inquiry of the agent developed the fact that the next train was not due till seven o'clock "and she's

three hours late at that."

Judge Hawper had something to say. Indeed, he had a great deal to say. With excessive heat he denounced the train crew as responsible for his mistake, denounced the railroad, its officers, shareholders and directors; he reviled the State and national officials, the Interstate Commerce Commission and all other individuals, bodies, boards and bureaus in connection therewith. It was a great day for Hickory Junction and many of its citizens were delighted with a brand of oratory never before heard in Fishback county.

About two o'clock the station agent, Phil Hopkins, wired the train

despatcher:

Goggled-eyed old buck with ticket to Crystal Springs got off No. 6 by mistake. He claims gross negligence on part of train crew and says he is going to have the law on us. He has been raising hell here for an hour or more. The Ku Klux boys are down to the station, and I can have him killed for two dollars. Wire instructions.

HOPKINS.

The message was ignored, as Hopkins knew it would be, and it was only after he had begun to get a trifle alarmed, some time later in the afternoon, that he sent in the following:

Better do something for the old party here. S. Set—Apr.—3 He is carrying 300 pounds, his flues are leaking, his crown sheet is white hot, and if his safety don't pop soon he'll blow up. He says his name is Hawper and he is judge of some kind of a court.

HOPKINS.

Two minutes later the instrument at Hickory Junction seemed to go mad. A lightning operator was at the other end of the wire, and Hopkins needed all his skill to keep up with the torrent of abuse and instructions that came over the line. At headquarters an anxious general manager bellowed and puffed at his cigar, and a division superintendent cursed volubly and prophesied a receivership for the road.

But with it all there was, apparently, little that could be done. A special, the despatcher's office said, was out of the question. There was no westbound train at that hour, not even a freight, and a handcar, if the Judge could be induced to ride on it, would be sure to collide with eastbound No. 5. It was the suggestion of an office boy that was

finally carried out!

Get Hawper to Crystal Springs by auto at any cost under ten thousand dollars.
VISHER, Vice-Pres.

So, on the receipt of this definite instruction, Hopkins shut off his key and went out and hired Jim Clemmons to do the job for two dollars and sixty cents.

Mr. Clemmons appeared, apparently, from thin air. A yell by the agent and his hiccoughing runabout, rattling and shaking in its every bone and sinew, was at the door, "rarin' to

go.

The seat was narrow and the driver wide of girth and, moreover, attired in incredibly greasy overalls. But there was no help for it, so Judge Hawper sullenly climbed in the car and the seventeen-mile drive was made almost without incident.

An attempt at conversation by Mr. Clemmons met with a chilling rebuff at the very outset, after which he seemed to take a malicious pleasure in hitting every rut and bump on the road.

"What's your line, brother?" he inquired shortly after they started.

"My what?" snapped Judge Hawper.

"Your line-your business?"

"Law."

"Well, I'm in the automobile game, but I guess you've got a pretty good graft, too," commented Mr. Clemmons.

Then he wanted to know the city price on hootch and he also made inquiry as to the rumor that "the gals are

rollin' 'em lower this year."

Only indignant grunts came from Judge Hawper, and Mr. Clemmons subsided. After he had deposited his passenger in front of the Odd Fellows' Hall in Crystal Springs, however, he had something more to say. For fifteen miles he had occupied his mind with the framing of something suitable for the occasion, and at the end of the ride he delivered his speech, letter perfect. He said: "Judge or no judge, you can go to hell as far as I am concerned."

Then, vastly relieved, he backed his flivver out from the curb and set out happily to report the incident, which he did with some elaboration, to the assembled citizenry at Hickory Junction.

IV

It was late in the afternoon and proceedings had long been under way when Hawper, J., entered the hall. On the platform a pale young man behind heavy horn spectacles was speaking and, not wishing to interrupt by the applause that usually announced his arrival, the Judge sank unnoticed into a seat in a dark corner near the door. Here, he thought, he could get a kind of bird'seye view of the meeting and, in a measure, gather what had been said and done.

For a time he sat without listening. The varied indignities of the day rankled, and he concentrated on an attempt to regain his judicial poise and calmness. Suddenly a loudly uttered sentence from the speaker riveted his attention. It sounded familiar. The succeeding sentences sounded even more familiar, arousing in him first astonish-

ment, then anger. And the reason for this was that the pale young man in the horn spectacles was delivering Judge

Hawper's own address.

Almost word for word it was identical with an oration that the Judge had intoned before a graduating law class in a small college in a neighboring State some months before. It was, in fact, the darling child of the Judge's heart and brain, "Ethics of the Profession." The present orator, being an enterprising young man—he was afterward to become a highly successful corporation attorney—had concluded that the utterances of a federal judge were good enough for him, so he appropriated them, winning an applause that made Judge Hawper grind his teeth.

It was the last straw, and the learned Judge, nauseated with disgust, rose from his seat and left the hall. No one had seen him, no one would see him. There was a train back to the city, the 7:23 and, as it would then be dark, he hoped to board it undetected and escape. Meantime he would hide in the hotel. He was in a desperate mood, and as he trudged wearily up the street in the direction of the Commercial House a great longing came over him. He wanted a drink of bourbon whisky and at that moment he would have traded his immortal soul for it. Foolishly he allowed his mind to dwell on his desire and then his thirst became well-nigh insufferable.

In front of the show-window of a drug store he halted and gazed for a long time at the solitary exhibit there, a hot-water bag "marked down to 99 cents." He was thinking, wondering if there was any chance with the druggist inside. True, he knew, he had sent some regiments of pill-rollers to jail for selling liquor to plausible strangers, yet this very fact argued that the thing was frequently done.

Staring fixedly at the marked-down hot-water bag he debated the subject. Would he—or would he not? For ten minutes Judge Hawper stood there, and then with a suddenly mustered courage

he walked inside.

"Something, sir?"

A young man with an inverted arch of oiled hair glided out from behind the showcase. He was a harmless-looking person, save for a double row of pencils and fountain pens on his chest, which gave him a sort of Cossack appearance. There were, however, other decorations, and these now mesmerically fascinated Judge Hawper's gaze. For on one lapel of his coat was an Epworth League button and on the other was the insignia of the Y. M. C. A.

Judge Hawper's courage vanished. "Have you fly-paper?" he stammered.

"Oh, certainly."

"Good!" exclaimed Judge Hawper for no particular reason. "Splendid!" He wiped the perspiration that had suddenly come out on his forehead. "A well-stocked store, indeed." Then, to the druggist's astonishment, he turned and bolted.

He got to the hotel somehow and inscribed his name in the dog-eared reg-

ister.

"I want a room to hide in till train time," he said. "I don't want to be dis-

turbed under any conditions."

"Very well," said the clerk, handing him a key. "It's the second door on the right-hand side from the top of the steps."

Judge Hawper had mounted but halfway to the landing when he heard a hail

from near the desk.

"Hey, there, Hawp! What's your

hurry?"

It was an abbreviation of his name that he had never heard before, and he staggered as though from the impact of a blow. Turning, he saw a stranger who obviously had just read his name on the register.

"Come on! Hurry!"

Of all the maniacs that he had met that day here was a new type, an imperious person who shouted to a federal judge "Come on" and "Hurry." It was a new experience and, for this reason probably, it arrested Judge Hawper's steps.

The stranger was a man past middle age, was fashionably and rather sport-

ily attired in a suit of loud checks and cream-colored spats, carried a stick and wore a soft hat of the same material as his suit at a rakish cock over one ear. From appearances he might have been anything from a grand duke to a retired bookmaker. He was a cool devil, with a look of confident, almost impudent, assurance.

"Come on! Don't delay the game!"
Judge Hawper came slowly down the

steps.

"Are you addressing me, sir?" he demanded. "My name is Hawper—Elias P. Hawper."

"Hell, I know that. Come on!"
"Come where, sir, and for what pur-

pose?"

"Over to my place to get a drink," returned the stranger shortly. "What else could it be?"

For a moment Judge Hawper seemed stunned. Then he eagerly proffered

his hand.

"Brother," he cried—somehow the word that had assailed his ears all day came to his lips—"that's the best news I've heard since I left home!"

There was a car at the door, and a moment later Judge Hawper was in the back seat bound for his new friend's "place," wherever and whatever that might be. He had cast dignity and discretion to the winds. Nothing mattered now, except, of course, the drink at the end of the ride. That his guide was a bootlegger, or even a hold-up man, was of no great consequence.

"I'm here to attend the bar meeting," said the Judge for want of something

better to say.

The stranger grinned.

"Are you, indeed? Well, I looked in on it a few minutes this afternoon. They were mostly delivering eulogies of the departed brothers—a very virtuous lot, it seems—and I came away with the impression that the only good lawyer is a dead lawyer."

Judge Hawper was shocked, but under the circumstances it was manifestly no time to engage in argument, so he

remained discreetly silent.

"They're all live ones down to my

place," went on the stranger; " a fine lot of boys. You'll like 'em. Of course they do like to get out and raise hell every once in a while, but, take 'em as a whole, and they're a great crowd."

The ride proved to be a short one and a few minutes later the car drew up in front of a large dwelling setting well back from the street. It was rather an impressive-looking place, a large house in spacious grounds, but Judge Hawper knew from the testimony in his court that bootlegging was carried on in the most innocent-appearing and unsuspecting locations and so he asked no questions, quietly getting out of the car and following his guide up the walk.

Within a dozen yards of the house the mysterious gentleman in the check suit suddenly stopped and raised his

hand aloft.

"Listen!" he said. "The boys are

getting under steam."

Sounds of revelry came from within. There was the babble of many voices, the windows rattled, and above it all there floated out on the late afternoon air the chorus of "Sweet Adeline."

"Say, Hawp, there's music for you!" exclaimed the guide, listening intently.

"You just can't beat 'em!"

A very fair baritone was leading, the other voices chiming in, dwelling long and loud on the barber-shop chords:

"In all—my dreams,
(Lagging chorus)—In all my dreams
Your fair face beams,
(Chorus)—Your fair face be—ams,
You're the i-dol of my heart,
(All hands) Sweet Ad—e—line!"

There was a roar of applause at the finish, apparently from the singers themselves, and, at the behest of many voices, the chorus was repeated.

"Doggone, Hawp, I tell you you just can't beat 'em! Come on, let's not miss

anything!"

Following the other, who seemed to be familiar with the premises, Judge Hawper stepped into the hall and a moment later was ushered into what was obviously a dining-room. The room was in a fog of tobacco smoke and there

was a pleasant and continuous clinking of ice against glass. Then a shout of recognition from a dozen men.

Judge Hawper stared with unbeliev-

ing eyes.

"The Supreme Court en banc!" he muttered. "And in a place like this!"

He was not mistaken. For the judiciary of the highest of the State courts was there, also the attorney-general, several district attorneys and a number of others whom Judge Hawper recognized as lawyers.

"Boys, we're pinched!" shouted someone. "The Federal Court has taken

possession with a writ of-"

"No! No!" interrupted a short, potbellied judge, climbing on a chair the better to be seen. "Don't tell us that it is a writ of prohibition, for there's no such animal."

There was a din of shouting, a vast confusion, and a moment later Judge Hawper became vaguely aware that he was standing in the middle of the room, a long glass in his hand, and that he was gazing at a circle of eager and grinning faces

"Gentlemen," he began, "this is indeed a pleasure. I may say that in the last few minutes I have experienced a complete reversal of opinion as to the illicit sale of liquor, and I now esteem as one of my dearest acquaintances," he gestured in the direction of his guide, "my bootlegging friend whose name unfortunately I do not know."

A roar of laughter drowned further remark, and of them all none laughed louder than the gentleman in the check suit. He was apparently not only amused, but flattered.

The little, pot-bellied judge all but

rolled on the floor in his mirth.

"Oh, my God!" he shrieked, "this is too rich! Think of him mistaking a thick-headed numskull like Jim Bedinger for a bootlegger. A libel, I call it, on the rum-selling profession."

A sudden apprehension shot into Hawper's mind. The name Bedinger is not a common one, and he remembered now that there was a certain James H. Bedinger, whom he had never met, and

that this Bedinger was easily the Big Bertha among all the legal howitzers in that part of the State. A glance now confirmed his suspicion, and, full of apology, he rushed on his grinning host.

"My dear sir," he began, "how can

I ever explain—"

"The trouble with you, Judge," interrupted Bedinger, taking from Hawper's hand his empty glass and substituting a full one, "is that you don't drink enough. I told you you'd like the boys. A great lot."

"But my dear Bedinger," pursued

"But my dear Bedinger," pursued Judge Hawper, not resenting the substitution of glasses, "such a stupid

blunder-"

At this point Mr. Bedinger leaped suddenly into the air—an astonishing exhibition of nimbleness for a man of his years—and, cracking his heels together three times, shouted:

"My wife's gone to the country.

Hooray! Hooray!"

This was about the last thing that Judge Hawper could remember. For by some miracle his glass seemed to be always full and, try as he did to overcome the phenomenon, he had little success. There were two quartettes audible, each happily oblivious of the other one. One, under the leadership of the attorney-general, lingering fondly on "Sweet Adeline"; the other singing "Hail, Hail, The Gang's All Here," and making it snappy.

After that things began to fade.

77

It was late in the morning when Judge Hawper woke. He was in a strange room, a boudoir, in fact, with baby blue wallpaper and frilly pink curtains. Somewhere beyond the extremities of his toes he made out the curved dash of an ornate Circassian walnut bed, and at his elbow he could see a dainty dressing-table on which were a vast number of toilet articles with the use of which he was entirely unfamiliar.

It took him some time to adjust his mental faculties, and in this painful process a number of alarming possibili-

ties came into his mind. For a time he lay in a state of horrible suspense, hardly daring to take stock of the situation. Then his gaze fell upon a framed photograph on the wall and he gave a great and heartfelt sigh of relief. It was a picture of Bedinger, and at the sight of that gentleman's somewhat angular countenance he recalled the strange manner of their meeting at the hotel and also of his visit to the Bedinger house. Then he visioned a hazy scene of a crowd in a dining-room, a picture that gradually faded into a fog of tobacco smoke to become at last entirely blank.

After the greatest of concentration certain events of the evening came to him, incidents and acts of his own, mostly, and of which he was now heartily ashamed. He could remember standing on a chair and singing the only song he knew, "Larboard Watch Ahoy!" and how pleased with himself he was at the applause that followed. Painfully he recalled making a speech in which he spoke of Bedinger as a Presidential possibility, though that, too, was applauded. But most asinine and undignified of all was his imitation of a cat fight-an alcoholic and accursed reversion to boyhood ventriloguism-and at the thought of this he thrust his head under the pillow and groaned aloud.

Yes, he had certainly made a fool of himself, a spectacle. He wondered what the others would say, what they had said and were saying at that moment; also he wondered what Bedinger's attitude would be. The least his host could do, Judge Hawper thought, was to tell him to get out; the most natural thing would be to throw him out. At all events, Judge Hawper grimly resolved to be dignified. He would, he told himself, leave with the briefest of apologies. After dwelling on this for a time, he began to argue his case, and in the end came to the conclusion that he had been wronged. He framed certain hot and biting retorts to Bedinger, and in the midst of these he was interrupted by the appearance of the host himself.

"Mornin' Hawp," he greeted cheerily. "How do you feel?"

Judge Hawper sat up with a groan. "Awful!" he said.

Bedinger grinned.

"The trouble with you, Judge, is, as I have frequently told you, that you

don't drink enough."

And with this comment Mr. Bedinger brought into view the largest cocktail shaker that Judge Hawper had ever

The Judge's lips cracked as he watched his host manipulate the gargantuan shaker, and the merry jingle of ice against its silver sides fell on his ears as no music of symphony orchestra had ever done.

"Here," said Bedinger, pouring a foaming liquid into a glass, "slip a little of this New Orleans fizz into your sys-

tem and you'll feel better."

Judge Hawper needed no urging. His mouth had already fashioned itself funnel-shaped as he reached for the glass, and then with one prodigious gulp he swallowed it all.

"A-h!" he breathed, "verily, that was the nectar of the gods! Have you any

more?"

Mr. Bedinger had more. Indeed he had a great deal more, for the shaker

held nearly a gallon.

After the second drink things began to look different. The sun, which had been hiding all morning behind lowering clouds, came suddenly through the south windows of the room, and a canary which Judge Hawper had so far not noticed broke into song.

"Bedinger, you're a wonder! You have miraculous powers. You turn on the sun and make the birds sing. Is there one more little drink left?"

Nothing could have pleased Bedinger more. He was completely happy. All his life he had dreamed of being a sort of a Florence Nightingale, strolling between endless lines of alcoholics whom he might cheer and succor with gin fizzes. This dream, so far as was practical, had come true, for Bedinger and his magic shaker had visited all the bedrooms of the house, leaving behind him a trail of hosannas and joyous cries.

Judge Hawper steeled himself. "What happened last night?" he de-"Tell me the worst." manded.

"Don't ask me," laughed Bedinger. "My light went out. All I can remember is that the music was great. But dress, or you'll be late to breakfast. The others are already down."

They were indeed, and in corroboration thereof the blended harmony of a quartette came floating up from the floor below. It was the Supreme Court, and their morning offering was "Sweet

Adeline.

To Judge Hawper, the contents of the shaker now exhausted, it sounded beautiful, heavenly, and he paused for a

moment in his dressing to listen.

"We have a very harmonious Bench in this State, Hawper. It's unusually talented. Take old Foster for example. He's an ugly old chimpanzee and don't know much law, but as a baritone I don't think you could find a better in grand opera. And as for a tenor, I ask you if you've ever heard a more gifted judge than Jim Hubbard? No, sir, you haven't. 'Cause, I'm proud to say, the Supreme Court of this State can outsing, out-talk, out-argue and can raise more hell in general than any other organized body, sir, that ever assembled together since man came up from the primordial ooze."

"I believe you," agreed Judge Haw-

per earnestly.

"You've got to," said Bedinger. "Just listen to 'em now! Mocking birds, I call 'em!" He cocked an ear the better to appreciate the rather significant chorus of "Give Us a Drink, Bartender." "Where, I ask you, will you find a Supreme Court that expresses itself with such clarity, frankness and vigor? Nowhere. When they raise a point, they raise it so it can't possibly be overlooked. Right now they want a drink. You see they don't cloud the issues with superfluous verbiage. They come right out with what's a eatin' on 'em, and, though at times they might impress one as being a trifle cold and austere, they have at heart the true fraternal

spirit."

"They have indeed," agreed Judge Hawper. "A most remarkable body of men, sir. I have the utmost admiration for them. I may say that I am quite enchanted, not only with the profundity of their knowledge of law and rules of practice and procedure, but with their charming personalities as well. I want to become better acquainted with them, and so, my dear Bedinger, if you will let me have pencil and paper, I will wire my clerk my intention of staying over a while longer."

"That's the stuff!" said Bedinger enthusiastically. "You stick around with us, Hawp, and you'll learn a lot of law.

Listen!"

From below came the baritone of Judge Foster, the tenor of Judge Hubbard, the heavy basso of Judge Watts, and the quavering falsetto of the attorney-general, all harmoniously blended in their favorite number, "Sweet Adeline."

"Oh, baby!" cried Bedinger, as the last line of the chorus died away;

"that's some music!"

Then he turned with sudden impatience to his guest:

"Come on, Hawp, let's get a little

snort before breakfast."

VI

BACK in the city that afternoon an aged and red-eyed clerk looked up from his labor of counting the number of violations of the Volstead Act on the docket to sign for a telegram thrust into his hand by a messenger boy. The signature was finally made, with the usual meticulous care of the clerk of a federal court, and the boy departed whistling.

Slowly the elderly time-server tore open the yellow envelope and then, after a glance at the typewritten message therein, stared with unbelieving eyes.

He read:

Crystal Springs, Sept. 9.

Clerk of Court:

Bar meeting here a colossal success. Back some time next week. Tell District Attorney everything is continued ten days, and instruct him to ship me at once my half the evidence in the last two dozen enforcement cases.

HAWPER.



PRAY a little, drink a little, love a little; but drink rather more than you pray, and love rather more than you drink.



W E don't all begin life with a silver spoon, but we all end it with silver trimmings.



A MAN asks questions of men for enlightenment. Of women for enter-tainment.



Things That Have Interested Me

By W. E. Sampson

L JOLSON'S gestures when engaged in bel canto. . . . The girl who admitted she loved me before I suspected it. . . . The titles beneath futuristic pictures. . . . The fact that on each successive hearing of the finale of the Eroica Symphony, just prior to the coda, one finds it temporarily impossible, for all one's boasted civilization, not to believe in angels.... People who spend precious hours wallowing in "Back to Methuselah," zealously convinced that it is the "new Bible." . . . Underwear advertisements which start out with a half-page picture of the Fall of Troy and an appended legend to the general effect that the wooden horse was an innovation, and which, somewhere near the bottom of the page, rather casually call attention to the fact that the double seat in Darn-Knit Underwear is likewise an innovation. . . . Sporadic "inside" reports concerning the ideal conditions in Russia. . . . Arnold Bennett's theory of the scientific apportionment of art and drivel in novel writing as a means to private yachts and corners in wheat. . . . Ann Pennington's legs. . . . The recipé for privately concocted malt liquor which emphasizes the importance of adding a teaspoonful of sugar to the quart bottle at a particular moment, and which promises sublime results therefrom. . . . The sublime results which fail to materialize. . . . Olga Petrova's smile. . . . Correspondence schools dedicated to the conversion of Columbus, Ohio, milkmen. and Dubuque, Iowa, paper-hangers, into short-story writers. . . . Men who earn twelve hundred dollars a year teaching Latin. . . . Men who earn twelve thousand dollars a year knocking a ball over a fence. . . . The "Hello, 'Frisco," song from the "Follies" show of some half-dozen years ago. . . . The finale of Brahms' third symphony. . . . Norma Talmadge's nose. . . . Love affairs engendered by a mutual ability to understand Robert Browning. . . . Love affairs engendered by a mutual ability to shimmy. . . . Discussions of vocal artists which are drowned out mercilessly by vociferous and prolonged Hibernian declamations of the name of John McCormack. . . . Mary Pickford's curls. . . . The utter futility of literary critics trying to reform Harold Bell Wright. . . . The unbounded and unconcealed joy thereat on the part of H. B. W.'s publishers. . . . The finger-marks, dog-ears, etc., on those pages in the Encyclopædia Britannica, in any of the American public libraries, dealing with the subject: "Sex." . . . Attempts, by half-baked philosophers, to prove that Nietzsche didn't mean what he said. . . . Newspaper articles by women reporters telling salesgirls how to live on 46c a day. . . . Julia Sanderson's eyelashes. . . . People who spend eight hours a day smearing paint on the outer walls of houses. . . . Bebe Daniel's lips. . . .



Répétition Générale

By George Jean Nathan and H. L. Mencken

8 1

OMESTIC Inspiration.—The notion that a true and loving (and, let us hope, amiable and beautiful) wife inspires a man to high endeavor is largely tosh. Every sane woman knows instinctively, as a matter of fact, that the highest aspirations of her husband are fundamentally inimical to her, and that their realization is apt to cost her her possession of him. What she dreams of is not an infinitely brilliant husband, but an infinitely "solid" one, which is to say, one bound irretrievably by the chains of normalcy. It would delight her to see him get to the White House, for a man in the White House is as relentlessly policed as an archbishop. But it would give her a great deal of disquiet to see him develop into a Goethe or a Wagner.

I have known in my time a great many men of the first talent, as such things are reckoned in America, and most of them have been married. can't recall one whose wife appeared to view his achievements with perfect ease of mind. In every case the lady was full of a palpable fear-the product of her feminine intuition, i.e., of her hard realism and common sense—that his rise shook her hold upon him, that he became a worse husband in proportion as he became a better man. In the logic I can discern no flaw. The ideal husband is surely not the man of active and daring mind; he is the man of placid and conforming mind. Here the good business man obviously beats the artist and adventurer. His rewards are all easily translated into domestic comfort

and happiness. He is not wobbled by the admiration of other women, none of whom, however much they may esteem his virtues as a husband, are under any illusion as to his virtues as a lover. Above all, his mind is not analytical, and hence he is not likely to attempt any anatomizing of his marriage-the starting point for the worst sort of domestic infelicity. No man, examining his marriage intelligently, can fail to observe that it is compounded, at least in part, of slavery, and that he is the slave. Happy the woman whose husband is so stupid that he never launches into that coroner's inquest!

§ 2

The Individual Normalcy.—One of the things about the American character that I can't grasp is the pride that the typical citizen of the Republic takes in being what he terms "normal." Plumbing the term, one finds that by it he means one who leads a "regular" And plumbing in turn the adjective "regular," we find that by it he means a life devoid of emotions not sanctioned by the Y. M. C. A., of pleasures not endorsed by the Epworth League, of artistic passion and philosophical autonomy, of liberal cosmopolitan point of view and independent spirit. Let us view two groups of sixteen men each: first, a group that is strictly within the proud normal American fold; and secondly, a group that, by the same definition, is strictly without it.

In the first group are Josephus Daniels, Calvin Coolidge, William H. Ander-

son, Frank A. Munsey, Houdini, Herbert Hoover, John D. Rockefeller, Jr., Congressman Volstead, Brander Matthews, Liggett and Myers, Paul Elmer More, Charles H. Fletcher, General Peyton C. March, Bert Williams and Warren Gamaliel Harding.

In the second group are William Shakespeare, Richard Wagner, Lord Byron, Anatole France, Jesus Christ, Louis XIV, Marc Antony, Franz Liszt, Friedrich Wilhelm Nietzsche, Napoleon Bonaparte, François Villon, King Edward VII, Frédéric Chopin, Miguel de Saavedra Cervantes, Johann Wolfgang von Goethe and George Washington.

83

There Lies Glamor; There Lay Romance.-The Malecón at two o'clock of a late Spring morning, with its tiara of amber lights, the harbor of Havana playing its soft lullaby against the seawall, and Morro Castle blinking like a patient owl across the waters; the garden of the Hotel de France et l'Angleterre at Fontainebleau in the twilight, with the cannon of the French artillery in late summer manœuvres echoing dully in the outlying forests; Hampton Court on a lazy afternoon in the late autumn of the year, deserted, still, with the leaves falling across the withered flower-beds and, up from the Thames, the sound of a lonely paddle; midwinter dawn in the Siegesalle of Berlin; the steps of the Tcheragan Serai in Constantinople on a moonlit night trembling in the mirror of the Bosporus; the palmbordered road out of Hamilton, Bermuda, on a rainy day in May, with the smell of the sea dripping from the great leaves; the hurricane deck of a ship gliding noiselessly through the blue, star-shot cyclorama of a Caribbean night, with the intermittent click of poker chips from the smoking-room and the orchestra below playing the waltz song from "Sari"; the Kärntner-Ring of Vienna just after eleven of a November evening, with its elaborately costumed police, and the hackmen bawling for fares, and the young girls selling

Kaiserblumen, and the crowds in dominoes of a dozen colors on their way to the flower ball, and cavalrymen kissing their sweethearts in the middle of the street; the path of pines that winds up the hill on the far side of Lake Mohegan, its carpet of moss still damp from the retreat of April, just an hour from Times Square. . . .

§ 4

More on Criticism.—The demand for "constructive" criticism, so often voiced by the galled jades of the arts, is based upon the assumption that those who demand it would profit by it—i. e., that they are capable of doing better work That this is than they actually do. true, I doubt. The curse of the arts is that they are constantly invaded by persons who are not artists at all-persons whose yearning to express themselves is unaccompanied by the slightest capacity for intriguing expression-in brief, persons with absolutely nothing to say. This is particularly true of the art of letters, which interposes very few technical obstacles to the vanity and garrulity of such oafs. Any effort to teach them to write better is an effort wasted; they are as incapable of it as they are of jumping over the moon. The only sort of criticism that can deal with them profitably is the purely destructive variety. It can expose their hollowness, silence their nonsense, and so abate a nuisance. It is idle to argue that the good in them is thus destroyed with the bad. The simple answer is that there is no good in them.

§ 5

Note on a Personal Prejudice.—I dislike excessively suave men. They always make me think of the feel of cheap satin.

86

Inter Arma.—One of the useful byproducts of war is its pricking of the fundamental democratic delusion. For years the Homo boobus stalks the earth vaingloriously, flapping his wings over

his God-given rights, his inalienable freedom, his sublime equality to his masters. Then of a sudden he is thrust into a trench, and discovers to his surprise that he is still a slave after all that even his life is not his own. The judicious, studying the history of the past decade, will note sardonically how quickly and completely all the so-called rights of the inferior man were adjourned in the United States in 1917. One day he was the favorite of the Constitution and the full peer of George Washington. The next day he was standing in line with a musket over his shoulder, and an officer was barking at

I daresay the change was shocking to many a faithful believer in the democratic buncombe. It must have seemed somehow incredible and against nature; nevertheless, it came to pass. One of its effects was to fill the victim with an inferiority complex. The workings of that complex are now brilliantly visible. On the one hand, the ex-soldiers talk magnificently of wresting all sorts of new rights and privileges from the ruling powers, and adopt the tone of heroic and voluntary saviors of their country, and even set up the doctrine that no idea obnoxious to them, however academic, shall be uttered in the Republic. On the other hand, the ruling powers play with them cynically, and they do not even get common justice. While they sweated in the trenches, socalled profiteers—i. e., fellows too clever to be caught-looted the national treasury. Not a cent of that loot will ever be returned. Not a sane soldier believes that a cent of it will ever be returned. . . . A curious sidelight upon the theory that all men are equal!

\$7

He Who Gets Slapped.—A man I have difficulty in understanding is the one who, falling within the field of my criticism and meeting with its disapproval, becomes wrath at my written estimate of him and, even more so, at me. Surely were the tables reversed,

were he the critic and I the victim of his findings, I know myself well enough to promise that I should view both his criticism of me and the man himself without irritation or anger. Yet hardly a month passes that some writer whom my appraisals have exasperated does not either publicly revile me as a fellow fit only for the society of dogs and worms, or send me a violently abusive letter.

As I say, I can't understand such a man. Certainly I, in my approaching two decades of literary, critical and editorial life, have been subjected to as much criticism as any analogous man I know. Nine-tenths of this criticism has been unfavorable, and a goodly share of the nine-tenths has been decidedly derogatory. Yet I have never felt, spoken or written-so far as I can remember—a single irascible reply, even when I had reason to believe that there was an axe somewhere in my critic's woodpile. I know my faults as well as the best of my critics, and I have so many of them and they are so obvious that once in a while even a mediocre critic cannot escape smelling out one or more of them. I am not perfect, I know full well; and I thank God that I am not. For if I were, ambition would naturally leave me, and I should give up the struggle of writing that gives me such tormenting pleasure, and doubtless spend the rest of my days drinking too much, playing nonsensical golf, sitting around my club, or chasing after idiotic women. Harsh criticism, whether just or unjust in my own opinion, keeps me at the wheel; it challenges me; it keeps my blood dancing; it makes me fight, not my critics, but myself. And no man ever hit another upon the nose more often and more tellingly than I hit myself. I am, constitutionally, an æsthetic Marquis de Sade, with myself as the subject of my endless critical flagellations.

But the man who grows red in the face and sputters like a new garden hose when he fails to meet with my critical approbation—I cannot grasp him. Does he believe himself perfect?

I doubt it. No man, not even a recognized jackass, goes so far as to believe that of himself. Does he believe that I am dishonest in my attack on him, and is so perhaps justifiably indignant at me? Again, I doubt it. For, though I have been accused of many things, many of them true, no one, so far as I have heard, has ever accused me of not being honest. I have no reason to be dis-I have never belonged to a group of log-rollers; I am a bad mixer, so called, and dislike what passes for personal popularity; I fortunately have enough of the world's goods not to want more: I have enough friends: I never ask a favor, or do one if I can avoid it; I am approximately as temperamental as a cold potato. There is thus no intelligible reason why I should be dishonest. Dishonesty could avail me nothing, be of no benefit to me in any conceivable way.

But if the man whom I criticize adversely does not believe himself perfect or me dishonest, what reason has he for being worked up? Does he believe that I am ignorant, and unable to detect the merit that has on this occasion eluded me? Possibly. But if he believes that I am ignorant, why is he aggravated? No intelligent man, or even partly intelligent man, can imaginably become exercised over what an ignoramus has to say of him or of his work. If I am, to him, a stonehead, why shouldn't he dismiss me with a long, loud laugh? . . . Well, one reason remains for our

friend's irascibility. Does he believe that I am intelligent, and that I have detected the truth about him; and is it this exposé that makes his ears burn? If it is this, then he is an artist without gratitude and without self-esteem, for the truth should make him stronger once he is privy to it, and his future work better and finer and sounder. If he grows angry over what he knows to be true, he is simply a damn fool.

88

The Idealist.—The late Disarmament Conference, like the Peace Conference

before it, provided a delirious day in court for the political New Thoughters formerly called Liberals, but now generally known as idealists. It was the function of these passionate sentimentalists to find Hope and Promise in the deliberations of the eminent negotiators, despite the obvious fact that every one of their actual acts, from the very start, reeked of fraud. Even after the fraudulence of the proceedings became too notorious to be denied, idealism continued on tap. In the end it converted itself bravely into the doctrine that there is a mystical virtue in optimism, even in the face of massive proofs that it is unjustified. That is to say, the man who hopes absurdly is, in some mysterious manner, a better citizen than the man who detects and exposes the hard truth. . . Bear this doctrine clearly in mind. It is, fundamentally, what is the matter with the United States.

89

L'Après Midi d'un Cabotin.—Not long ago it befell me to be assigned a room in a hotel next to one occupied by an actor. The partition between the two rooms was thin, and it was thus that I was privileged to become privy to the solution of the mystery as to what an actor does with his afternoons.

At one o'clock in the afternoon, just as I sat myself down to my second lap in the day's writing chore, my neighbor arose from his bed, turned on the water in his tub, and called up a girl. The telephone conversation lasted exactly fifteen minutes, and was interrupted only long enough for my neighbor to turn off the water. After his bath, my neighbor called downstairs and ordered breakfast, a copy of Variety, and two packages of cigarettes. Directly after breakfast, quiet prevailed for half an hour, my neighbor doubtless being engrossed in the literature he had ordered sent up to him. Suddenly, however, a great sound of gaiety filtered through the partition. My neighbor had turned on a phonograph with a jazz record and was executing a pas seul to the strains. A second jazz record followed, and then a sentimental popular "Mammy" ballad. The program completed, my neighbor called up another girl. This conversation, which lasted about ten minutes, was followed by the calling up of still another sweet one, the latter conversation running to fifteen minutes. This eventually concluded, my neighbor called downstairs and ordered up four oranges. A noise of cocktail-shaking ensued presently, and then the gurgle of

two beverages.

At three o'clock one of the fair creatures with whom my neighbor had had telephonic communication was nounced, and a moment or two later was received in his chamber with a wealth of sweet words. Again the phonograph was turned on, and again a cocktailshaking fell upon my ears. It developed soon that my neighbor and his fair visitor were practising a particularly intricate dance step. They were-it appeared-going to an actors' ball at the Ritz that evening, and wished to display their joint virtuosity before the assembled élite. Came now presently through the partition endearing phrases and, if my ears deceived me not, a succession of moist busses. Again the cocktailshaking; again the endearing phrases; again the succession of kisses-and then -and then an indecipherable silence that lasted until quarter of five o'clock. At this hour my neighbor called up his club and informed a crony named Douglas or Donald (I could not catch the name distinctly) that he would meet him in twenty minutes and would go with him to tea at Mrs. Somebody's house in West 104th Street. After ten minutes, the sound of a kiss, the slamming of the door by my neighbor and his fair companion, the strains of "Kalu-la" whistled by my neighbor on his way to the elevator-and silence.

§ 10

On History.—"History," says Henry Ford, "is bunk." I inscribe myself among those who dissent from this doctrine; nevertheless, I am often hauled

up, in reading history, by a feeling that I am among unrealities. In particular, that feeling comes over me when I read about the religious wars of the pastwars in which thousands of men, women and children were butchered on account of puerile and unintelligible disputes over transubstantiation, the atonement, and other such metaphysical banshees. It does not surprise me that the majority murdered the minority; the majority, even today, does it whenever it is possible. What I can't understand is that the minority went voluntarily to the slaughter. Even in the worst persecutions known to history-say, for example, those of the Jews in Spainit was always possible for a given member of the minority to save his hide by giving public assent to the religious notions of the majority. A Jew who was willing to be baptized, in the reign of Ferdinand and Isabella, was practically unmolested; his descendants today are 100% Spaniards. Well, then, why did so many Tews refuse? Why did so many prefer to be robbed, exiled, and sometimes murdered?

The answer given by philosophical historians is that they were a noble people, and preferred death to heresy. But this merely begs the question. Is it actually noble to cling to a religious idea so tenaciously? Certainly it doesn't seem so to me. After all, no human being really knows anything about the exalted matters with which all religions deal. The most he can do is to match his private guess against the guesses of his fellow-men. For any man to say absolutely, in such a field, that this or that is wholly and irrefragably true and this or that is utterly false is simply to talk nonsense. Personally, I have never encountered a religious idea-and I do not except even the idea of the existence of God-that was instantly and unchallengeably convincing, as, say, the Copernican astronomy is instantly and unchallengeably convincing. But neither have I ever encountered a religious idea that could be dismissed offhand as palpably and indubitably false. In even the worst nonsense of such theological

mountebanks as the Rev. Dr. Billy Sunday, Brigham Young and Mrs. Eddy there is always enough lingering plausibility, or, at all events, possibility, to give the judicious pause. Whatever the weight of probabilities against it, it nevertheless may be true that man, on his death, turns into a gaseous vertebrate, and that this vertebrate, if its human larva has engaged in bootlegging, profanity or adultery on this earth, will be boiled for a million years in a cauldron of pitch. My private inclination is to doubt it, and to set down anyone who believes it as a credulous ass, but it must be obvious that I have no means

of disproving it.

In view of this uncertainty it seems to me sheer vanity for any man to hold his religious views too firmly, or to submit to any inconvenience on account of them. It is far better to conceal them discreetly, or to change them as the delusions of the majority change. My own religious views, being wholly skeptical and tolerant, are offensive to the subscribers to practically all other views. At the moment, by an accident of American political history, these dissenters from my theology are forbidden to punish me for not agreeing with them. But at any moment some group or other among them may seize such power and proceed against me in the traditional manner. If they ever do, I give notice here and now that I shall get converted to their nonsense instantly, and so retire to safety with my right thumb laid against my nose and my fingers waving like wheat in the wind. I'd even do it today, if there were any practical advantage in it. Offer me a case of Rauenthaler 1907, and I engage to submit myself publicly to baptism by any rite ever heard of, provided it does not expose my nakedness. Make it ten cases, and I'll agree to be both baptized and confirmed. In such matters I am broadminded. What is one more lie?

§ 11

On Co-Respondents.—Often when I see the picture of the woman co-respon-

dent in a divorce case I am struck with the superiority of the wife's looks, and wonder what it was about the dubious siren that persuaded the husband to desert his spouse for her. In the last twelve divorce cases that have figured conspicuously in the newspapers the wife has, with one debatable exception, been considerably more sightly than the vamp.

This may sound like a futile and trivial paragraph, but I believe that there is a bit of evasive philosophy in it somewhere. I thought for a moment that I had my hands on it, and that I had got hold of the reason, but, though I can feel it crawling around in my head, I

can't quite get it into words.

§ 12

Consolation.—The net result of the so-called Disarmament Conference seems to be this: that both Japan and England have hornswoggled the Feather Duster and his associates out of such advantages that, when war comes finally with either or both of them, they will be able to beat the United States with ease. In brief, Uncle Sam is neatly hog-tied by the open covenants openly arrived at. Not even the League of Nations scheme of the lamented Woodrow would have accomplished the business more effectively. Well, let us not repine too much. If the English conquer us, they will at least have the decency, I suppose, to give us some sort of Home Rule; moreover, they will undoubtedly repeal Prohibition, if only to get the liquor license money. Even the Japs, I daresay, would be better than the rogues and morons who now rule us. What intelligent American would be honestly sorry to hear that the Jap fleet had taken New York and put it to the torch? Or that a Jap army had captured Washington and butchered the whole House of Representatives?

§ 13

English. — Paragraph (verbatim) from a circular letter by G. P. Put-

nam's Sons, publishers, advertising "Putnam's Minute-a-Day English for Busy People":

"All over the country is spreading like wildfire a movement for better English. Not only throughout our vast educational system, but more particularly in business and professional and social circles, is a concerted effort being made to have our common language correct and grammatical, to keep it melodious and beautiful. 'Better-English Week' is now an annual institution, but better still is to make every day a Better-English Day, which can easily be done by even the busiest people by the use of Putnam's Minute-a-Day English. The importance of Good English cannot be overestimated. The prizes of life will go to those who talk and write it accurately and effectively."

Excerpts from G. P. Putnam's Sons' circular accompanying the letter:

1. "A man reveals himself instantly by his conversation. Not only by what he says, but by how he says it."

by how he says it. . . ."

2. "If just the words he needs to express his exact meaning are at his instant command, then he can hardly fail to get his idea across to those whom he may perhaps wish to impress. . ."

3. "Many a woman has been forced to content herself with a mediocre position in society on account of bad grammar, displeasing enunciation. ."

4. "(This book) prepared especially for the true of hour possess."

4. "(This book) prepared especially for the use of busy people . . . who must absorb knowledge in an idle moment now and then."

and then."
5. "An invaluable aid to those who wish to learn quickly to use correct English."

I suggest that G. P. Putnam's Sons invest in a copy of their own work, and that meanwhile they send their letter and their circular to the Messrs. Louis Mann, George Bickel, Joseph Cawthorne, Sam Bernard and the other broken-English comiques. These actors would surely appreciate them. The material in them is far superior to that in "Madison's Budget."

§ 14

The Acid Test.—We extract the following affecting anecdote from the Kansas City Star:

A stranger joined the party setting out on the Roosevelt pilgrimage at the Pennsylvania station in New York yesterday. "My name," he said, "is Eugene Beltz. There never was a time when I didn't love Roosevelt. I've read everything he ever wrote that I could get my hands on, and I've followed him as best I could. I saw in the paper that anyone who loved him would be allowed to take the pilgrimage today. So, as I had a day off—I'm a car inspector from Packerton, Carbon County, Pennsylvania—I said to myself I'd take the chance I might be let in. So I set my alarm clock for 2:40 this morning and got up then and walked five miles to get here. And I'd like it awfully well if you'd let me go along."

Well, he went along. And he went to the

Well, he went along. And he went to the house where Roosevelt had lived and he took part in all that happened there and saw the things that Roosevelt loved. And when he came away he said simply:

"I never thought before that dreams came true."

It is from stuff like that that Roosevelt followers are made.

Exactly. It is of such stuff precisely that they are made.

§ 15

Meditation.—As I grow older, old tastes and enthusiasms fade miserably into memories-yellowed leaves fluttering from the dying tree. An observation mellow with platitude, and yet every man, as he makes it for himself, must be filled with a Goethean melancholy, a kind of dismayed wonder. Am I actually the same mammal who, in the year 1894, was a baseball fan, and knew all the players without a score-card? It seems incredible—some outrageous fable out of history, like that about Washington and the cherry tree. I can imagine nothing more dismal today than a baseball game, or, for that matter, any sort of sport. The taste for it, the capacity for rising to its challenge, is as extinct in me as, say, the desire for immortality. I have absolutely no yearning to exist as a wraith for all eternity, and by the same token I have absolutely no yearning to play golf. Not long ago, when too much work at the desk-chained to a stool and a spittoon like a bookkeeper! -brought me to a professor of internal medicine, and he prescribed more exercise, I turned to laying bricks to avoid the unbearable boredom of golf, tennis and all the rest of it. In laying bricks

there is at least some obvious intelligibility. One *makes* something, and it is there to look at and mull over after it is done. What is there after one has played a round of golf? In these later days there is not even a decent drink.

When I was a boy, bricklayers always fascinated me. No other mechanics wore such a lordly and distinguished air. Even in those days they got a great deal more money than other workingmen, and showed it in their manner. At noon, when the carpenters and tinners sat down in their slops to devour stale sandwiches out of tin cans, the bricklayers took off their white overalls, went to the Dutchman's at the corner, and there dined decently on Linsensuppe and Sauerbraten, with large horns of lager to flush their esophagi. Bricklayers were the only workmen who had recognized gangs of slaves to serve them, to wit, the hod-carriers. In those far-off times, in the city where I lived, all hod-carriers were colored menusually great, shiny fellows with immense knots of muscles in their legs and arms. The Irish had already become lawyers, city detectives, saloonkeepers, gang bosses, and Todsaufer for breweries. These colored men, in summer, liked to work with their chests bare. Swarming up the ladders in long files, each with his heavy hod on his shoulder, they made an exotic, Egyptian One could fancy them descended in a direct line from the Nubians who carried the hod when Cheops built his pyramid. The bricklayers, forever cursing them fluently, but all the same palpably friendly to them, fitted into the fancy perfectly. The mason is the one workman who has resisted all change. He does his work today as he did it in Babylon, with deft hand and sharp eye. Compared with him, all the other mechanics of our time are upstarts: put him alongside the plumber, the structural iron worker, or the electrician! Moreover, what he does endures. The carpenter? A blower of soap bubbles, a maker of millinery! But the brick walls of Babylon stand to this day.

Laying bricks in my garden wall (to the great disquiet of my neighbor's dog) I learned a number of things worth knowing. One (discovered almost instantly) was this: that there is much more to a handicraft than the simple exercise of muscle. To lay bricks decently one must be careful, calculating, far-seeing, alert, a bit shrewd. Distances must be figured out very accurately, else there will presently appear a gap that no conceivable brick will fit. One deals in hard and immovable lines, precise distances, mathematical levels. A wall that leans, save when age has pushed it over, is a wall that must come down. There can be no easy compromises with the plumb-bob, no rough and ready evasions of the plan. A week or two of hard effort left me with a respect for bricklayers vastly transcending my old admiration. I knocked off a day and went out to watch a gang of them laying the front wall of a somewhat elaborate moving-picture theatre—a complex maze of arches, cornices and pilasters. I had, even by this time, some professional comprehension of their problems. I stood gaping in the hot sun as they solved them-quickly, ingeniously, perfectly. But that, after all, was an easy job. The hardest of all, I have been told, is to lay the wall of a sewer manhole. It is all curves-and they do not all run the same way. The men who tackle it do it wholly by the eye! It is as difficult, in its way, as playing

Another thing I learned was that it was quite as easy, and a good deal more pleasant, to lay bricks in a good design as it was to lay them in a bad design. Do bricklayers know it? Do they take any actual delight in their craft? I believe fully that the better ones do. An architect once told me that every effort he made to use bricks beautifully, no matter how vexatious the technical problems it involved, met a hearty response from them, and eager co-operation—that they delighted in matching the colors of the new tapestry bricks, and worked joyfully on a fine chimney. Unluckily, they seldom get the chance. Nine-tenths of the work they do for a living is shoddy—the uninspiring laying of bad bricks in inept and feeble designs. What could be more tiresome than running up a high blank wall? Or than encasing a skyscraper in its thin and puerile skin of clay? The only brickwork that can imaginably satisfy an honest bricklayer is honest brickwork—brickwork that stands upon its own bottom, and is precisely what it pretends to be. The main arch of that movie-parlor occupied four or five

bricklayers for several days. It was a genuine arch, not a fake concealing concrete, and their delight in it was obvious. All day long their foreman hovered over them, watching every brick as it went into place, and buzzing all over the scaffolding with his blue-print and his level. I saw him regarding it from across the street when it was done, and the false work had been taken away. There was no mean satisfaction in his face, and it was no mean feat that satisfied him.



The Wild Swan

By George Sterling

SOON shall the morning break To the wide, immortal blue. Like a swan on a midnight lake In my dream are you.

Will you fly when the darkness flies, Leaving but dark to me? And alone on the windy skies Shall your passing be?

I shall never know your wings, Though I see them lift to go. Faintly the first bird sings And the heavens are a-glow.

On its ancient path of light,
Leading forever west,
Hurries the day that is night.
Farewell, snows of the breast!



Variations on a Theme

By Ruth W. Bosley

PRELUDE

EMETRIOS she loved, passionately, but he dwelt far away, on the frontiers of the barbarians. Occasionally messages came to her. . . . She suffered and dreamed and so she wove her suffering and dreams into a magic vestment for Demetrios.

INTERLUDE I

MENANDER she loved, tenderly, with the adoration and wonder of a child. And as she sat by Menander, singing strange songs and breathing of unimaginable caresses, she wove her adoration and her mystical dim wonder into the magic vestment for Demetrios.

INTERLUDE II

Caryanthus she loved gravely, and with triumph, that young beauty should enslave wisdom. She learned of deep and bitter passions, and she turned her puzzled questionings upon the loves of Demetrios and of Menander unto the clear gaze of Caryanthus. Of the diversity of love she learned; and while Caryanthus strove to enmesh her soul with his, she wove her knowledge and her questionings into the magic vestment for Demetrios.

POSTLUDE

Demetrios were the magic vestment, and far and wide he praised the beauty that is of the making of woman's hand when woman's soul is occupied with constancy and love.



WOMEN are like electric currents. Some of them direct and a lot alternating.



△ LTRUISM—the art of doing unselfish things for selfish motives.



A MAN'S wisdom waxes strong as his faith in women declines.



"Keats"

By Walter E. Sagmaster

I

ROFESSOR ELIAS T. CRANBY lifted the voluminous "Anthology of English Poetry" and turned to the section "Keats," for the purpose, apparently, of reading from it, but as a matter of fact he never so much as glanced at it: he required no book to recite those lines—they were too indelibly imprinted upon his soul, too intrinsically a part of him. Suddenly, as he opened his mouth to speak, it seemed as if all but one of the members of the class in English literature had ceased to exist; and that one—a lovely brown-eyed girl in the third row-looked up at him expectantly, longingly, as though what he was about to say was for her ears, and for hers alone.

And that was exactly as he wished it-indeed, as he had wished it for several weeks past. At the touch of her eyes to his a great tide of emotion swept over him, and he felt almost as if he were blushing-he, Elias T. Cranby, Professor of English-blushing! Those eyes—soft, tender, appealing—gazing raptly into his waiting. . . . For did not she, too, feel an indescribable rapture at the music of such lines as those he was about to declaim? He was certain she did; and that fact, more than any other single thing, seemed to bind her to him with an inseparable bond, one that neither time nor fortune could sever. True, she was quite pretty, and captivating, and deliciously demure, and there was a certain daintiness and delicacy about her that wound about his heart. . . .

He found himself speaking, ardently, passionately; exquisite sensations coursed through him as he repeated the beautiful phrases—wonderful, evanescent dreams stirred within his brain: dreams of impossible things that would somehow become possible.... He went on:

"—yet still steadfast, still unchangeable, Pillowed upon my fair love's ripening breast,

To feel forever its soft rise and swell, Awake forever in a sweet unrest, Still, still to hear her tender-taken

Still, still to hear her tender-taken breath,

And so live ever—or else swoon to death."

Her gaze grew warmer, and as he drank it in the book trembled perceptibly in his hand. For several weeks he had known these disturbing but wondrously sweet emotions—had spoken to her thus, first with the aid of Shakespeare, then Shelley, and now Keats.

"And so live ever. . . ."

He loved her, of course. It was ridiculous to deny it to himself any longer; ridiculous, too, to tell himself, as he had so often done, that the difference in their ages was too great—that the very idea of his loving her was absurd. Eighteen, was what her registration card had testified, and he knew she could be no more than that. Eighteen—and he was fifty-two! Eighteen, and overflowing with the vivacity and bloom of youth—fifty-two, and overladen with the conservatism and staidness of erudite maturity. Yes, on the face of it the

52 "KEATS"

thing was a little absurd—but he loved her, and that made up for everything. What a perfectly adorable name: Elois—Elois Norman. Elois . . . Elois . . . He passed it fondly along his tongue and thrilled to the music of it.

How he craved to go to her and tell her of his burning passion—but alas, he could not. He had tried: the words simply would not come. Some time, of course; before long, he hoped—but now it was impossible. He felt a little foolish even in contemplating it. What would she think—eighteen, and—fifty-two? She would laugh at him, of course—because she would not understand. If only he could in some way make her understand, before. . . .

One day, in meditating upon the situation, he hit on a plan by which he could make love to her—draw her, sooner or later, to him—and still not expose himself to her possible ridicule. (For Elias T. Cranby lived in constant dread of ridicule, and not even love, for which he would have readily dared anything else, was powerful enough to make him risk it.) He would woo her from the lecture platform, through the spirits of other men who had felt as he now felt—through the inspired words of the poets.

He was sure there was somewhere in her a chord which would respond to this unique indirect courting of his, and when it did, then it would be a simple matter to go to her and unfold his heart: the fact that she would, in spirit, be already his, would fortify his confidence immensely. When she knew and understood-when the magic of those immortal love lyrics which he breathed to her day after day had drawn her to him, then he would be assured of a sympathetic nay, an eager, ear; and the long pentup profession of his love for her would be a facile accomplishment. Love . . . Love and Elois . . . Love the great leveler . . . Love, that would join eighteen and fifty-two-forever. . . .

"My Madeline! sweet dreamer! lovely bride!

Say may I be for any thy yessal.

Say, may I be for aye thy vassal blest?"

He had very nearly said "My Elois," and how he would have loved to have said it!

She loved poetry too—as passionately as he did, no doubt. She did not tell him so—in fact, he had never spoken more than a dozen words to her outside of the class-room, and then only when it was inevitable. He could not do so—he would lose control of his speech; the blood would mount too swiftly to his head, making him giddy—intoxicated with the spell she seemed to cast about him; he would curse himself for a fool, and walk briskly off at the sight of her, with perhaps a conventional nod.

To any other girl he could talk with the utmost ease, but not to Elois. Still, he knew she loved poetry,knew it by the way her eyes shone when he rehearsed a soft, tender lyric, by her quickened breathing when he came to a particularly ardent passage, by the faint half-smile, ineffably sweet and wistful, that played about her lips when he had concluded,-and the knowledge of that fact made him sublimely happy. When they would be together, he mused, would it not be wonderful—their mutual love of literature: already, it seemed, he basked in the radiance of their future aesthetic communion. . . .

II

When he had finished reciting, he closed the book slowly, and became aware once more that there were others in the room besides Elois Norman. To these others he owed a duty: it was to make them see, if possible, the beauty in English literature. A thankless job it was, and, he thought, in anything but theory a well-nigh hopeless one, but it was nevertheless his appointed task, and he must be true to it. As he surveyed, deliber-

ately, the two score faces before him, he knew that very few of them indeed had experienced anything but annoyance and ennui at the late rendition of Keat's lines, and as for the others—well, it was all in the day's work. . . . At least, he meditated, as his eyes rested again on Elois Norman, there was one—he was certain of that—quite certain. . . .

Clearing his throat, he addressed

the class.

"I want you to see the beauty, the harmony, the loveliness of these verses I have been reading to you," he said, as earnestly and sincerely as the utter futility of his task would permit. "I want you to endeavor to enter into the spirit of the poetry, so that you may feel, to some extent at least, the happiness of the poet when he wrote it—whether it be bright or sombre, gay or melancholic—for it is all equally happiness."

After a short pause he went on:

"As for me, I can conceive of no greater joy or satisfaction than to be able to give to the world such lines as these, and could I but do so, I would consider myself indeed the hap-

piest of men."

There was a rather prolonged interval of silence, during which ninetenths of the class were torn between vague conjectures as to who would win the football game on the morrow, and why the class bell was so late in ringing, a youthful masculine voice arose from somewhere in the second row.

"Mr. Cranby," it said, "would you rather write that sort of stuff than

have a million dollars?"

Mr. Cranby's smile was quite indulgent—quite patronizingly indulgent. The speaker was one William Curtis Bollenger, of some twenty-two summers, the only son of a prosperous middle-class manufacturer, and without a doubt the least promising student, from an aesthetic standpoint at least, in the entire college of liberal arts. He had ventured upon many such queries in the past, but not

all of them had been so blunt and straightforward as this one. A little giggle went up in the class. The Professor was anything but perturbed.

"Yes, Mr. Bollenger," he answered, somewhat gravely, "I would rather be able to write such lines as those than have any conceivable amount of dollars."

And there was a note of such profound sincerity in his voice that even the most prosaic students were for

the time impressed.

The face of Mr. Bollenger, however, assumed an aspect of excessive incredulity—it seemed as though he were seriously doubting the sanity of the learned man before him.

The Professor gazed languidly over the entire room, and continued:

"I hope at least some of you can

understand. . . ."

But his gaze rested and centered in the eyes of Elois Norman, which went down modestly before his glance. If only *she* felt that way—that was all that really mattered. . . But then, she did, of course.

The class bell rang violently, tearing him from his delicious reverie With the utmost regularity and precision the students rose en masse and filed slowly from the room. Elois was among the last to leave, and, he thought, perhaps she lingered a moment—just a moment—near his desk. But that was doubtless an idle fancy. Oh, if only the words would come—how he would pour them into her ear!...

"Say, may I be for aye thy vassal blest?" . . .

Elois . . . Elois. . . .

What a wonderful, glorious, infinitely precious thing was love! How it could blot out everything else—how all other considerations fell before its conquering arm—how it could rebuild a man's world in a twinkling, no matter how ruined it might find it! Love, that had found him morose, melancholy, listlessly plodding along, almost in despair, less than two short

54 "KEATS"

months ago, and which since then had made life something infinitely desirable—had given him a rejuvenated and exalted hope, permeated with the breath of life's springtime . . . Love . . . Love and Elois. . . .

He was rather startled on looking up, hastily, to discover that the room was empty. He must hurry: in ten minutes his next class began-his class in English composition. He hated that class-it bored him intolerably, but again, it was all in the day's work. This class-in English literature (or should he say, more appropriately, in Elois Norman?) was what he lived for; in this room were contained all his hopes and desires and dreams-here it was that he might His whole life gaze upon her. seemed to center in the little hour he spent, three times a week, in this room; at night he went to sleep thinking of it; throughout the balance of the day it haunted him. . . .

Hastily gathering his books and papers together he left the classroom. As he was about to turn a corner into the main corridor, he suddenly discerned, from behind an angle in the wall, two voices—one of a girl and one of a boy. First the girl's—low, tender, and unmistakably passionate:

"Of course I love you, dearest. Don't be silly. Oh, if only I had you!" Elois!

Professor Cranby gulped hard, and, his heart trembling nervously, craned his neck and picked up his ears to better grasp the ensuing conversation. The voice of William Curtis Bollenger came to him in subdued but considerably ruffled and impatient tones:

"Yes, but I tell you that old goof's tryin' to mash you, Elois. Why, anybody'd know it: the way he looks at you when he spouts that mushy po'try of his. Are you sure you don't care for him—sure you're not going to fall

for that line o' stuff he hands out?"
A little silvery laugh floated into
the ears of Professor Cranby, followed by a warm voice:

"Will, you're such a darling old thing to be jealous, but really you mustn't think such nonsense. Let old Cranby look at me and recite till the cows come home if it does him any good—you know I never give him a second thought. Why, he's old enough to be my grandfather! Really, it amuses me—to watch him. And as for the poetry—just between you and I, it bores me stiff."

A short pause, then a great sigh of relief, and, in a whisper:

"Elois—you darling!"

The next moment he saw them, as through a mist, racing off together to the 11:30 history class, and his eyes followed them yearningly until they were well out of sight. A sigh escaped him, and, still hugging his books and papers, he walked slowly and doggedly toward his English composition classroom. As he passed through the main hall, however, a bulletin board caught his eye, and he read several times, with a peculiar, half-conscious fascination, the inscribed legend:

FRIDAY EVENING, AT 8:30 O'CLOCK, A READING BY PROF. ELIAS T. CRANBY:
"K E A T S."

Obeying a sudden impulse, he went swiftly to the board, erased the last word, and, taking a piece of chalk, wrote in its stead, in large, bold characters: "MILTON."

Then, a sudden, strange, unlookedfor sense of relief taking possession of him—as if he had at one stroke wiped forever an unpleasant memory from his mind—he entered his classroom and softly closed the door behind him.



Headlines

By Oscar Graeve

T

He was an evil old man. Evil vaporized from him as mist rises from a swamp at the fall of night. And his very vileness seemed to fascinate me. You know how it is when one is young. One is so curious about evil. From one's own rather guileless attitude toward life one looks upon vice and vicious things and vicious people with a certain breathless foreboding and yet with an appalling curiosity, an irresistible, frightened interest.

And I was lonely as well as young in those days—days that seem very long ago. I had but recently come to New York, and while I earned my living as a clerk in the law offices of Benton, Stewart and Benton, I spent my nights in study, poring with unbelievable diligence over the thick and solemn volumes of Blackstone.

Perhaps that was why I had selected that ancient house in Fourteenth Street as a lodging-house. By day, of course, as you may well realize, Fourteenth Street teemed with life—a constant tide of people, men, women and children, flowing along the pavements, in and out of the shops which advertised the cheapness of their wares so flagrantly. But at night it was quiet enough. crowd was brushed away at night as thoroughly as the litter of their coming and going was swept from the aisles of the shops opposite the old mansion. And it was a house that within its thick walls brewed a silence of its own making.

The windows of one side, I remember, as well as the windows in the rear,

overlooked a ruined garden, tangled with weeds and dead bushes and grass grown coarse as grass can grow when left to follow its own indecorous inclinations. There was silence in the garden, too, save for the occasional forlorn chirp of a bird caught and imprisoned, it seemed, in that maze of underbrush.

The old house had a history. Such houses always have. Fragments came to me after I had engaged a room there—of an historic Knickerbocker family gone to seed, of gay festivals in the past, remote and brilliant balls, of vast estates entailed—such things. I shall not attempt to detail them here.

No, let me say only that but for the episodic attention of Mrs. Carasann, who was either landlady or janitress -I never could quite determine her status—the house was left to run itself. One came and went as one willed. One paid one's rent to Mrs. Carasann, carried to her one's futile complaints, saw her once in a while rise from the moldy depths of the basement in which she dwelt to cast a weary and disillusioned eye at an upper world which to her had evidently lost all charm. But otherwise one saw but little of one's fellow lodgers. In all the months I was there, in all the heterogeneous collection of unfortunates condemned to live within those sombre walls, there were only two with whom I became familiar enough to exchange a nod.

One was my evil old friend who occupied two large rooms next to my own small one. The other was Crystal, the girl who lived in the smallest compartment of the very top floor. Crystal was an art-student. Many afternoons upon my return from business she would

enter when I did. Many times, and always a little shyly, I used to watch her climb those broad and shallow steps that led from the circular hall paved with black-and-white marble up and up to her attic quarters. Shyly I watched, and sympathetically. For her step was tired and the heavy black portfolio, always beneath her arm, seemed to weigh her down. She was not pretty. But she was pathetic, drooping.

Once, one Sunday afternoon, when I had flung Blackstone aside and declared a holiday, I dropped into a seat beside her on the top of the Fifth Avenue bus. We fell to talking, diffidently and with constraint. But that is how we became acquainted. It was never anything more than an acquaintance. I was too young then, entirely too indigent, to think of marriage or even of romance.

But sometimes I used to catch myself dreaming about her. Hers was a figure well-suited to dreams. She was herself so wraithlike, so frail and white. There was something about her that touched the well-springs of pity. She seemed to be engaged in a constant struggle against adversity and to be so inadequately equipped physically for any sort of struggle. In these dreams I used to imagine myself defending her from all sorts of dangers, hardships. . . . And yet I never knew her well enough to ask to see the drawings or the paintings for which, I imagine, she sacrificed so much.

No, it was old Mr. Peters whom I got to know well. Quite well. It happened in this way.

II

At night-eleven or twelve or so-I would emerge from my room on the ground floor of the old house and go out for a breath of air and a prowl along those deserted streets—Fifteenth Street, with its defaced buildings devoted in the daytime to rather ephemeral enterprises conducted by Jews engaged in the cloak and suit business; Sixteenth Street, with its bow-bellied old residences clinging desperately to a respectability that had departed; Broadway and Sixth Avenue, now, in this neighborhood, dark and empty where once had been the flare of lights and the whispers of young adventurers on the sea of easily purchased disenchantment.

And often, on these nocturnal excur sions of mine, I would see old Mr. Peters crawling along close to the walls. What piqued my interest was that I never saw him in the daytime. Never in the morning, when I burst forth from the old house on my way to work; never in the late afternoon when I returned. But always at night, creeping furtively, even then, close to the dimly lighted shop-windows of Sixth Avenue, sliding in and out of dark doorways, clinging to the decrepit wrought-iron railings before the residences in Sixteenth Street. At first, of course, while the strangeness of this worked upon my fancies, I did not understand it. It was only later when I had come to know Mr. Peters, when he, through his extraordinary vanity, had come to confide in me, that I understood it.

One night—it must have been close upon twelve-I turned in at the door of an inn that had stood in that spot, as a sign proclaimed, for many years. "The Old Grape Arbor" it was called. A musty old place but not without its attractions. Cobwebs spread their fine gray lace over the blackened beams of the ceiling. The bar, the wooden tables and chairs, were scarred and stained with age. Sawdust was on the floor. And there, at the farthest table, pressed, as usual, as close to the wall as he could get himself, sat the old man. As I stood at the bar, I glanced across at him and I imagined I saw a flicker of recognition glimmer in his dull and colorless eyes. Certainly he lifted a finger and beckoned me to him.

I crossed the room, a little reluctantly, and stood beside the table at which he

"Sit down and have a drink with me," he said, and his voice was peculiar, rustv.

The absurd idea came to me that it creaked as if from want of use.

I sat down.

"I've seen you often," I ventured.

He dropped his head as might a turtle before withdrawing beneath its shell.

"Yes, young feller, I've noticed you," and then, with a feeble attempt of his rheumy old eyes to pierce me searchingly, "You don't know who I am, do you?"

"Yes; you have the rooms next to

mine at sixty-three."

"Yes-but you don't know who I really am?"

"No."

He seemed at once relieved and

disappointed.

"I guess maybe it might surprise you if you did know who I am," he said, in that creaking voice which broke then into a moment's cackle, quickly hushed as he glanced apprehensively about him.

And then he whispered, "Well, if you don't know who I am, that's all right. That's as it should be. Maybe as long as you don't know, we can be friends."

Friends! I looked at him! It astonished me that he did not see immediately the aversion in my eyes. Friends!

I wish I could convey to you the disgust with which he filled me. For what I find so hard to describe is his appearance of perverted benevolence of hearty old age corrupted by something sinister. His round face with its applered cheeks, his white side-whiskers, his chubby figure belonged to some kindly old gentleman but his dull and crafty eyes, the sharp, cruel twist to his mouth, belied the benevolence, were, in a way, crevices through which one caught glimpses of the lecherous soul within. And he had clothed himself so outrageously. There was a tawdry sort of sportiness about him. On his head was tipped a brown, square and high Derby. His suit was loudly checked in pattern. His waistcoat of black velvet corded with white was spotted from food dribbled down its rich convex swell. As my eyes fell to his hands which were clasped around the mug of ale before him I saw that his fingers, incongruously plump and white, were decorated with wide bands of gold and in the gold were set large stones, green and red.

Friends! I vowed to myself to avoid him by every possible means.

But, once having claimed me as his friend, he clung to me. I was forced to make him understand that he was not to disturb me in those early hours of the night which I devoted to study, but, frequently, I would find him waiting outside my door, huddled there in the semi-darkness on a chair that stood just beneath the turn in the wide and winding stairway.

There was a certain amount of pathos in that waiting figure. Of friends, I judged, he had none. And I know well what friendlessness is. He was without doubt a repellent old man but he was wretched, alone. And always there was my curiosity about a past at whose strange and notorious secret he was forever hinting. Like the theme of a ribald song there ran through the muddy course of his remarks:

"Yes, I guess maybe it might surprise you if you knew who I really am."

So he waited for me to share my walks for a breath of air before retiring—a breath of air which he, in sharing, seemed to contaminate.

I paid for my curiosity and my tolerance of him-and yes, for my pity, too -with the loss of part of my peace of mind. For constantly, leering up at me, he would whisper corrupt suggestions, odious intimations. Especially about women. There seemed to be a suppressed hatred of women within him. And sometimes this hatred would bubble up to the surface in the way one sees particles of filth rise to the top of a muddy pool. And all of these obscene remarks would come from him in the most natural way. It was as if the world upon which he gazed was a world forever rooting in its own slime. . . . I have said that I was young and that vice, then, had its own peculiar allure. I was eager to know the worst of things as well as the best.

But once he said to me,

"I guess you've noticed that little gel that lives on the top-floor of sixtythree?"

"Yes, I've noticed her."

He chuckled. "You bet you've noticed her. I was young once, too. I ain't so old yet that I don't know a likely looking gel when I see one."

"But I thought you hated women?"

He shivered convulsively. "Oh, I hate 'em all right but sometime I can't help looking at 'em. This little gel we're talking about—did you ever notice how white her throat is—how white and soft and nice it is?"

Curiosity or no curiosity, this was too much for me. For a moment I felt as if I would like to stamp upon him, crush him as one does a loathsome creeping thing. But I controlled myself and swung away from him.

"I've had enough of that!" I said,

"Good night."

The very next night he was waiting outside my door but I passed him with-

out looking in his direction.

A night or two later, however, he followed me. With a burst of speed incredible in one so old, he caught up with me; he seized my coat in a grip so strong I could not pull it from his grasp. But when at last I was forced to turn, to face him, his strength seemed abruptly to evaporate. He shriveled; his hands were crushed together in supplication.

"I didn't mean anything by what I said about that gel," he whimpered, "What would a poor old feller like me mean by that? Can't I walk along

with you tonight?"

He was so abject, so cringing, that while it was sickening, it was also flattering. He must indeed value my companionship.

"Oh well, come along," I said.

At once, and with assurance he fell into place beside me. When walking with me, I had already noticed, he no longer clung so close to the walls. "I'm not afraid when I'm out with you," he remarked.

"Afraid? Of what are you afraid?"

"Oh, an old feller like me's got a lot to be afraid of."

Our walks usually led us, just before we went home, to The Old Grape Arbor. It was after he had had his second mug of ale that old Peters began to dwell upon that ancient, famous past of his.

"Yes, Peters is a nice respectable name, ain't it?" he'd say. "You wouldn't think any one named Peters was known all over the country once for something that wasn't so respectable, would you?"

"No; Peters is a good name."

He'd lean across the table, his eyes half-closed in the intensity with which he regarded me, his brown, square Derby tipped at an acute angle upon his head, his thumbs jabbed into the armholes of his spotted velvet waist-coat. "Suppose I was to tell you my name ain't Peters. What would you say to that, John? Eh? What would you say to that? Maybe that would surprise you, wouldn't it, young feller?"

"Well-isn't your name Peters?"

He'd hesitate, a crafty expression drawing his thin lips down, puckering his colorless eyes. Then, leaning so far over that his fat belly lay like a pudding on the table—"You're my friend, ain't you, John?"

"I suppose so."

"Ain't you sure?"

"Ye-es."

"Then I'll tell you my name ain't Peters nor nothing like Peters."

"What is it?"

He'd twinkle his finger at me with a decrepit roguishness. "You're going too fast, young feller. You'd like to know now what my real name is, wouldn't you? I guess maybe there's a lot of people would like to know what my real name is. But I'm too smart for 'em. I been too smart for thirty years, John. No; nobody'll ever know what my real name is."

Often we would have a conversation like that. A conversation? A monologue carried on by my friend while I put in an occasional interjection to egg

him on. Often he'd boast of his past

infamy:

"Yes, you'd know me all right if you knew what my real name is. I guess there ain't nobody wouldn't know me if they knew my real name. The papers was full of it thirty years ago. I been watching the papers since, John, watching 'em all the time and I ain't ever seen the like of it since. There was my name, my real name, in big letters spread across the top of the page"-with a finger on the table, he'd indicate a monstrous display of type-"I ain't been able to show myself in daylight since. My picture was there too. Not a photograph like they got nowadays, but a drawing all black and white. Black lines on white paper. No mistaking it. Looked like me, too. And I was a handsome feller in them days, John. I didn't look then like I look now although, I guess, I've kept my looks as good as the next one"-he'd throw out his chest with pride, his head cocked to one side, one leg tossed iauntily over the other.

I listened again and again to these reminiscences. Sometimes I wondered if he were manufacturing them from the vapors of his imagination in order to feed his own inordinate egotism. For never for all my urging would he tell me his own name, that name which, so he boasted, was one to arouse horror and fear in the minds of all decent men

and women and children.

And I also wonder now why I was so curious; why I kept asking questions; why I didn't avoid him as one can avoid even the most tenacious of men if one sincerely wishes to avoid him. I suppose it was because then there were so few interests in my life. Just work, study, ambition. And infrequently. starved and tenuous thoughts of the girl who lived on the top-floor of our lodging house. Nothing else. No companionship. No amusements. couldn't afford the theatre and at that time the cinema flickered humbly in obscure and ill-smelling little holes converted, with the aid of a few wooden benches and a tinkling piano, from

ordinary stores into places of divertisement.

Old Peters' disorderly narrative, noisome as it was, gave me my one touch of romance, provided the one thing that was entirely apart from the routine of my daily life, the one escape from my own small worries and tasks. And always it held that dark element which to me, I confess, was so fascinating. But never for all my insistence would he tell me his actual name nor divulge the nature of the crime which for thirty years had sent him into hiding in the dim recesses of the old mansion on Fourteenth Street.

But, one night, without any urging at all, he did tell me.

Ш

It was after an agonized period of hesitation that he told me—a hesitation or, rather, agitation, that shook the very fibres of his fat old body. It was after I had been compelled to assure and reassure him that I was his friend, a friend in whom he could trust. It was after he had shivered spasmodically, wet his thin lips a dozen times with the pointed tip of his tongue; after he had spent minutes in a quivering state of the utmost excitement.

And I think now it was his vanity that led him to tell me. Vanity and hunger. For he craved a little of that recognition which his distant and odious fame, he felt, had earned him. He was proud of his name as a great philanthropist or a world-famous novelist might be proud of his name. He was terribly eager for such little share of recognition as I personally could give him. And the ironic part of it was that I could not even give him this. The name he whispered meant nothing, absolutely nothing to me. It meant no more than a name one might see casually in consulting a telephone directory.

After tearing his lips apart to say in a low and tortured voice, "My real name is Tom Jade," he fell back, half-frightened, half-exultant to note its

effect upon me.

And, as I have said, there was no effect. I could not even play up to his fierce desire. After a moment, he looked at me as a man might look upon a stick of dynamite after he has touched a match to it and it has failed to explode.

"You mean you don't know who Tom Jade is?" he asked at last and his voice was broken, its tone incredulous.

"I've never heard of him."

I thought for a moment that he might break down, burst into senile tears or rage and disappointment and humiliation.

"It ain't fair!" he cried at last. "Here I been hiding for thirty years under another name, not letting a soul know what my real name is, and now the only one I've ever told don't know it."

Considering the circumstances I said a ridiculous thing. "I'm sorry," I said. "Sorry! A lot o' good that does me!"

he snarled.

The glance he cast upon me was almost one of hatred but, after a while, after several moments spent in the depths of disillusionment, a little flicker of reassurance came back to him.

"I guess it's because you're too young to know who Tom Jade is," he

said.

"It happened thirty years ago, didn't it?"

"Yes."

"Well, you see, I'm only twenty-two. It—whatever it was that made your name famous—happened years before I was born."

He shook his head at me, but little mollified. "Yes, but you've heard of lots of men that lived and died long before you was born, haven't you?"

"Yes, but-"

He struck the table with his pudgy fist. "No, you needn't tell me that they, any of 'em, was better known than I was. Not one of 'em. Didn't I tell you the newspapers was full of it? From one end of the country to the other. Some of the furrin papers too, I guess. Didn't I tell you that? No, you can't cheat me out of it by telling me you're too young to know."

"I'm not trying to cheat you out of it. I'm simply admitting my ignorance."

"Yes, ignorance! I guess that's what

it is," he agreed savagely.

He sat for a moment, sullen, aloof, his arms crossed tightly across his belly as if hugging to himself his intolerable disappointment.

Finally he arose, quite sober now despite the extra mugs of ale he had

drunk.

"Well, don't you be telling anybody what my real name is," he said, and for a moment I caught the yellow glint of his teeth bared as a dog's are bared when he threatens one, "I guess there's lots of people who'd like to know where Tom Jade is, all right."

I didn't see old Peters—or perhaps I should call him Tom Jade—for several nights after that. But one evening I came across Mrs. Carasann carrying a tray of unsavory looking food to his

rooms.

"Is the old man ill?" I asked.

"Yes; he's been pretty sick for the last couple days. I almost got to make him eat something. When I went in there the first day he was laying there saying he didn't want anything, he only wanted to be let alone. He looked like he had a shock or something."

"A shock?"

"Well—he looked like he had lost his money and didn't care whether he lived or died."

I had sometimes wondered where the old man got the money on which he lived.

"Has Mr. Peters much money?" I asked.

Mrs. Carasann hesitated as if she questioned my right to ask this. Presently a little tight-lipped, she answered,

"Well, I don't know much about that. All I can say is that as long as I been here—he was here when I come—he's paid his money as regular as clockwork."

She passed on into old Peters' rooms but in a moment was outside the door again.

"He wants to see you," she called after me.

I returned and followed Mrs. Cara-

sann into the rooms.

I had never been in these rooms before. The first was a sitting-room with a neglected fireplace, a brokendown couch, several chairs. The walls, covered with a faded paper with a scroll design of large roses, were bare of

Within, opening through the first room, was the second and here old Peters lay on the bed, muffled in a tattered dressing-robe that had once been a brilliant red in color. He simply nodded to me in an offhand way for his eyes were following Mrs. Carasann with suspicion as she drew a table up to his bedside, as she carried the tray from the bureau to the table, as she gave the pillows on which he had been reclining one or two indifferent pats.

"That's enough o' that!" he said, at

last, and with petulance.

He kept his eyes on Mrs. Carasann until she had left the room, did not turn to me until he had heard the door of the outer room close behind her. And then he turned simply to say, "Look if she's gone."

I obeyed him.

"Yes," I said, taking again the chair beside his bed.

He pushed the tray of food away from him distastefully. Then with a sort of leaping expectation he asked,

"Well, John, have you been thinking of what I told you the other

"Yes; I've thought of it."

"Then I guess by now maybe you've remembered something about the name I told you."

I would have liked to have humored him but I realized that he, in his eagerness, would soon detect any lies I might invent. I shook my head. "No."

"No. Nothing at all?"
"No."

He was silent for a moment, reflective, then broke out in an astonishing

fury of indignation.

"It ain't right!" he cried. "It ain't right that I'm forgotten like this! Not after the way I've had to hide myself from everybody and everything for close on to thirty years."

I tried to appease him by saying,

"I haven't mentioned your real name to anybody, you know. I've kept the promise I made you. I dare say that there are thousands and thousands of people who would remember your name if they heard it."

"If I could only be sure of that!" he

exclaimed, his eyes blazing.

He dropped back upon the pillows, his mouth working. After a moment he sat upright again, leaning toward me,

plucking at my sleeve.

"I'll tell you what you do, John. You ask 'em at that law office where you work. You ask 'em if they ever heard of Tom Jade. Ask 'em that, John. They'll remember me all right. wouldn't wonder if there was a lot about Tom Jade in their old law-books. But don't let 'em know why you're asking. Don't tell 'em you know who Tom Jade is and where he is, John."

IV

Thus began a new phase of my relationship with the old man. For I made inquiries at my office about Tom Jade and no one remembered the name or the deed that had made it known. And when I told old Peters of this he flew into another paroxysm of rage and humiliation. He insisted that I ask other people. He even went so far, after a stew of agitation, as to request me to ask a policeman—any policeman that I happened to meet on the street. So, one evening, I spoke to a friendly officer with whom I occasionally exchanged a nod.

A ludicrous affair.

"Did you ever hear of a man named Tom Jade?" I asked.

The officer removed his cap to scratch his head for a moment.

"Did he used to run a liquor store on Sixth Avenue?" he asked in turn.

"No."

"No. I guess the feller I was thinking of was named Tom Meade-an' he's been dead five years. Where did this feller you're talking about used to

"I don't know exactly." He eyed me askance.

"There's a good many people in a big city like this, young feller," he said at last.

And that was all there was to that. Even a policeman had never heard of the notorious Tom Jade whose name, so old Peters claimed, had been screamed in headlines from one end of the continent to the other. I began to doubt myself that ever such a person as Tom Jade had existed. And I was tiring of my strange and idiotic mission. The one thing that made me persist, that gave the affair a fillip of interest, was the old man's anger after each of my failures.

"I can't believe everybody's forgot-

ten me!" he'd exclaim hotly.

He had by now recovered from his illness but it had left its effect upon him. He was no longer so nauseatingly His disreputable sportiness sprightly. was somewhat modified. He was like a balloon inflated with vain hopes after the hopes have been suddenly let out. A black tie took the place of his former gaily striped and beflowered scarves. His waistcoat of black-and-white velvet was replaced with a dark and sober affair. It was almost as if he had gone into mourning for the forgotten Tom Jade.

And then I began to notice another change come over him. He no longer accompanied me on my walks as frequently as before. When he did go with me he paddled along mumbling to

himself.

And, occasionally, with a savage gleam in his eyes, he'd upbraid me for my failure as his emissary. Somewhere, he said, there must be any number of people who remembered Tom Jade; the trouble was I hadn't sense enough to know where to find them.

As you can very well imagine I was getting intolerably weary of my old friend. The one thing that made me continue to put up with him was that he himself was so obviously neglecting the companionship. I saw less and less

But one night I came across him again in The Old Grape Arbor sitting at the table where I had first seen

But no longer was he crowded close to the wall. He had planted himself well out in the room, and sat there with the greatest assurance and with a certain degree of recovered jauntiness, his hat as before cocked on one side of his head, his shoe, with its white spat, flung at an angle over his knee.

And evidently the ale he had drunk had put him in an amiable mood. For

he waved his fat fingers at me.

"Come over, John," he called. "Come over an' I'll buy you a drink, young feller."

I went over and sat opposite him. "What's happened to you?" I asked. "What d'you mean what's hap-

pened?"

"You seem to have got back some of your old good nature."

He chuckled. "Yes, I have, young

Look here"-

He drew from his pocket an evening newspaper and displayed it on the table before us.

"Look here! They're putting the adlines in red now. They didn't headlines in red now. used to do that in my day."

"And is that what's restored your

good-nature?"

He folded the paper again, and shoved it back in his pocket. "No, it ain't just that, but I been thinking it's not so bad to have everybody forget you."

"I'm glad to hear you say that."

"Yes," he agreed, his small eyes twinkling maliciously. "I have been thinking about it. And I guess it's easy enough to get people to remembering you again if you want to."

I sat up at that.

"What do you mean?" I asked.

"Never mind what I mean but I guess I can get the newspapers talking again if I want to."

"Now look here," I protested. "Don't talk such rot. You'll only get yourself

in trouble. An old fellow like you wants to spend the rest of his days in peace and comfort—and not in jail. That's where you'll land if you do anything foolish."

He greeted my remarks in the way that the efforts of reformers are usually received. He scowled at me. But presently a furtive expression crept into his eyes, as he said. "Oh, I didn't mean nothing by that, John. What would an old feller like me mean by that?"

But our disagreement had one immediate and desirable effect. After that, old Peters left me severely alone.

And I dismissed the entire matter from my mind. I had, in fact, long since decided that old Peters had invented both Tom Jade and Tom Jade's history. He had done this to feed his own perverted vanity. He was obsessed by the thing. Perhaps a little insane. He was—what is the correct word—an egomaniac.

And then one night an appalling thing happened.

V

I HAD come in late and quietly from one of my walks—walks which again had become solitary.

And there in the dark hallway of the old house I saw something—a shadow it seemed-creeping up the stairs close to the wall. I do not know where the premonition that came to me had its source. I do not know why I thought of Crystal, the girl who lived on the topfloor of the old house. Perhaps this thought came to me because, in my dreams, I had so often pictured myself defending her from curious dangers. Perhaps the thought of her was tangled up with those dreams of her. I turned the dim light on full so that it burst into flame with a loud sputtering. The hall, compared with its previous dimness, was illuminated. And there, on the stairs, twisted around to face me, was old Peters, his face distorted into a snarling mask of rage, his body bent double as if prepared to leap at me. And in his hand was a knife.

I stepped toward him, my hand extended, and at once he did spring. The blade of the knife flashed in the light. I dodged. He just missed me.

Once before I had experienced his strength but it was as nothing to the strength with which he now attacked me. He was on the floor, his arms around my legs, trying to throw me. But, somehow, in reaching down, I managed to get my hand around the wrist of that hand of his which held the knife. And then I did come tumbling down beside him. So we struggled—I, with the strength that my youth gave me, and this old, old man with a strength borrowed, it seemed, from some gleeful and malignant devil.

We rolled around the hallway over its hard black-and-white marble surface. The chair that stood beneath the turn in the stairway went over with a crash. The knife fell clattering to the marble floor. And still we struggled.

But, at last, a fortunate toss of my body landed me on top of old Peters. He lay quivering, gasping, beneath me.

And now others came running. Heads were thrust over the banisters, a succession of heads at each landing. Mrs. Carasann in a gray wooly robe emerged from the basement door. Others came pattering down the stairs, and one of them was Crystal.

And, seeing these people, the old man beneath me broke forth into a high and indignant wailing.

"Help! Help!" he bawled, with one eye cocked on these apparitions as they appeared, "Help! He's trying to kill me!"

It was Mrs. Carasann who came forward and jerked me roughly by the shoulder.

"Get up!" she commanded. "Let the poor old feller alone! What's the matter with you? Are you crazy?"

I tried to explain; I tried to tell them how I had seen him creeping up the stairs, the knife in his hand. I tried to put my fears and my premonitions into some semblance of logical order. And all the time old Peters wept on, repeating over and over again.

"He's crazy! He tried to kill me!"

"But there's the knife!" I cried, driven at last to this one bit of tangible evidence.

"Yes, but how do we know whose knife it is?" asked a man, red, portly, who spoke with the importance of one who occupies the best rooms in the house.

Old Peters then ceased his weeping to say with an air of candor that was almost childlike, "Oh, it's my knife, I admit that."

"But what were you doing with a knife like that?"

He turned his candid gaze from the portly person to me; and his expression was completely triumphant. "I was going into the garden to cut a twig from a bush to keep my window from rattling. You know how it rattles, don't you, Mrs. Carasann!"

"Yes, I know," said Mrs. Carasann,

"it's enough to set you crazy."

"Crazy! That's what he is," said old Peters, pointing at me.

"He ought to be arrested," said the

portly man.

The girl, Crystal, stepped forward.

"Oh, don't arrest him," she said, hastily, a little timidly, "he's just made a mistake. Maybe he did think the old man was going to do someone some harm."

"He wouldn't hurt a fly," said Mrs. Carasann, and to me, "You're to get out of here bright and early tomorrow morning, young feller. An' you ought to be thankful we're letting you off so easy."

I went directly up to Crystal.

"I'm caught in a network of his lies," I said, indicating old Peters, "but I know—I know beyond a doubt—that he was indeed going to do harm to someone and I also know that that someone was you."

She blushed and hung her head, conscious of the glances of those

others.

"How do you know that?" she asked, in a low voice.

"I can't explain—it came to me like a flash from nowhere—but I do know." There was a little twitter of ridicule, running from lip to lip.

I seized her hand. With all the earnestness I could summon to my assistance, I entreated her:

"Please pay attention to me. Leave this house. You are not safe here. You and I may never see each other again. And if this is my last word to you, I beg you to leave this house. At once. Tomorrow morning. Will you do that?"

She gave me a shy and sorrowful glance from beneath her lashes. Then she tugged at the hand which I still held.

"Please—" she murmured.

I swung then on those others who

stood gaping at us.

"This old man whom you all pity," I cried, "has confessed to me that he is a criminal of a particularly atrocious type—that thirty years ago he committed some crime that made his name known throughout the country and that name is"—I glanced at old Peters and saw that he was watching me closely and malevolently, a smile, like a dab of grease, on his lips—"and that name is Tom Jade."

I might as well not have spoken for all the effect the name produced. They stood there, encircling me with their suspicions and their hostility. Presently, after that unfruitful pause, old Peters

set up his cackling again.

"He's crazy," he said, "there's never been no man named Tom Jade. And I ask you all would I tell him that was my name if I was afraid to have it known?" He looked slowly from one face to another— "Has any man or woman here ever heard the name Tom Jade before?"

There was a low murmur of negation. They still stood quiet, comatose . . . then someone yawned. There was a shuffle of restless feet. One or two began to move away up the stairs. Crystal, too, was on the stairs. I ran across and called after her, with a last desperate appeal, "Listen to me! Leave this house. I tell you it's dangerous for you to stay here! Will you listen to me?"

But she passed on up the stairs with-

out even turning to look back at me. Discouraged then, sick at heart, despising myself because I was myself on the point of tears, I flung into my own room and locked the door.

VI

As I look back upon it that night has all the dark and fantastic quality of a nightmare. And in that nightmare I see myself a bloodless, futile figure waving my arms ineffectually, trying to shout warnings into ears that will not hear, to point out dangers, hideously apparent, to eyes that will not see.

And the days that followed retained some of that nightmare quality. Was it indeed I who was insane? Had the old man turned my head with his whispered tales and his morbid fancies? Was Tom Jade a creature entirely of his imagining or had he invented the name to conceal still another name? But, no. Not that. For after each failure of mine to establish Tom Jade's fame his rage had been genuine enough.

Yet I was almost ready to believe that the old man had woven the whole tale from the discolored thread of his fancy. Perhaps that night he really had been on his way to cut a twig. A twig to silence a rattling window. What a diabolically plausible and ingenious excuse! And Mrs. Carasann had corroborated it. Yet what was old Peters doing on the stairs? One did not use those stairs to get to the garden.

You see, I hope, what a snarl of perplexities I was in. You must yourself know how it is when one's mind is drawn this way and that. Nothing but confusion results. And then, in its essence, this was such a mad subject and so far removed from the understanding of one's usual experiences. One could not analyze reasonably a subject that held such little element of reason. . . .

On the morning after my encounter with old Peters, Mrs. Carasann was on hand early to superintend and hasten my departure. I was thrust out of that house as if it were I who was a criminal. And this left me scarred with indignation.

"Well, let them look after themselves," I said to myself. "I've done all I could to warn them."

But that same afternoon I left the office early in order to parade Fourteenth Street up and down before the old house. I wanted to intercept Crystal on her way home. I had to make still another effort, I found, where she was concerned.

Presently she came down the street in that quiet, drifting way of hers, and I stopped before her.

"I couldn't make you listen last night"
—I spoke hastily to head off her interruptions—"I must admit my fears seem foolish, unjustified, but let me tell you all I know about old Peters so that you may understand that I may have at least some reason for my accusations. Let me repeat to you the talks I've had with him. Can't you give me a half-hour or so?"

She shrank away from me.

"Please don't make me any more ridiculous than you already have," she said.

After that I made no further attempt. For it also occurred to me, and I wondered why I had not thought of it long since, that I could find a record of the crime and the criminal in old newspapers. I could find it easily. For old Peters had been obsessed with headlines. And I made a nuisance of myself in the library which was then located in the old red brick building in Astor Place, asking for files of newspapers of twenty-nine and thirty and thirty-one years before. I spent several evenings there. It seemed to me I must have turned thousands of yellow, brittle pages. But I could find nothing.

And then I was ready to grant that the old man's tales were entirely fictitious.

Meanwhile, I was settled in the most bourgeois of boarding-houses—the sort of place where there is the constant clack of small gossip, where there are pleasant, mediocre people intent upon

the humdrum of their own little affairs,

S. Set-Apr.-5

a place of steam heat and uncovered electric lights and golden oak furniture upholstered in red plush. A place whose very atmosphere killed fantasy, imagination. And I was entirely grateful for this commonplace atmosphere. The whole affair of the Fourteenth Street house began to lose outline as does a photographic print when exposed to sunlight.

Then, one morning, I ran down the steps of that cheerful place. The street, I remember, was filled with the bustle of men and women on their way to work, and children, their books flung over their shoulders, ran shouting to

school. The air was charged with the pleasant activity of everyday life.

I stopped for my newspaper at the corner stand beneath the rattle and bang of the Elevated. My eyes fell on a newspaper with screaming headlines and, at once, and sickeningly, the whole thing rushed back upon me. For I read: "Girl Murdered in 14th Street Lodging House." And I saw that old Peters had regained his fame exactly as he had wished. For there was his name in another headline which sprawled across the full width of the newspaper page.

And this headline was printed in the

very brightest red.



Song

By R. Lynn Riggs

WHY do I sing the old songs
After they are gone?
Can it be they are more beautiful
Than robin notes at dawn?

Why do I sing the new songs Of savage, boasting pride? They are as bitter as the brave Warriors who have died.

May there be no end of singing!
May there ever be
Songs of scorn and fire, and songs
More murmurous than the sea.



A WOMAN never knows better; only better ways.



The Higher Learning in America

VI

The University of Chicago

By John Gunther

I

ENTERED the University of Chicago, along with eight hundred or a thousand other awed and humble Freshmen, at a peculiarly inopportune season—the early autumn of 1918. At that time, you remember, the war was still on, and the government had just conceived and put into operation its Student Army Training Corps scheme. The opening exercises, therefore, were more or less military in character. The new students were herded into Mandel Hall in a body, contrary to custom, there to be informed concerning their duties and privileges under the khaki régime.

The entrance into a university, at any rate under auspices such as these, is a solemn enough occasion for one still in his teens. It may be asinine in its solemnity—but it is solemn just the same. Consider the case. You are ushered by a capped-and-gowned marshal into a great auditorium with a thousand fellows you have never seen before. You are, it has been drummed into for the past year, on Threshold of your Career. You are Entering Life. You are now a Man. And here you are, nervous and awestruck, with a great jumble of faces sweeping before you, a capped-and-gowned clergyman reading prayers, and a capped-and-gowned choir singing the doxology to the accompaniment of a capped-and-gowned organist. There is something menacing in the atmosphere;

a definite feeling of awe and suspense. You are prepared for almost anything—

except what you get.

A sandy-haired man lounges out of a chair and ambles to the pulpit. This pulpit he embraces in an extremely familiar manner, appearing, in fact, to drape himself upon it. In a high voice he begins to speak. From the first he electrifies you—not so much by his manner and his delivery as by the things he is saying. He has told you about your deans, your classrooms, your programs. He has explained this S. A. T. C. business—explained it with picturesque language and fist-to-palm a dozen times. As he rounds off into his peroration he states the fact that there must be, of necessity, some boys out of uniform. He is pleading that these unfortunate ones be sympathized with. He raises his voice for the last sentence, slams his fist on the big Bible on the pulpit, and yellsyes, yells—"By God, boys and girls, it's going to be hell-l-l-l for them!" Then he sits down. And the audience, violating a tradition it is ignorant of, breaks into wild cheering-in chapel.

You must realize the scene properly to appreciate that speech. You must see the light seeping through great stained-glass windows; you must feel the crowd; you must have heard the prayer and the doxology. And then—that sentence! It was like a bomb in a tea-cup!

One can scarcely imagine that speech—or, at least, that line of that speech—delivered in such circumstances at any

other university in the country. It is scarcely conceivable at any of the western state colleges; in connection with Cornell or Pennsylvania it is incredible; it is only amusing to think of it at Harvard or Yale or Princeton. And that speech, more nicely than anything I know, typified, incarnated, the spirit of the University of Chicago. There was in it, just as there is in the University, vigor and brilliance and unconventionality—and a little vulgarity.

II

THE University of Chicago is young. Its beginning was only thirty years ago. It was founded in 1890 or thereabouts by the curious impingement of three forces—a Baptist organization which contributed the original idea; John D. Rockefeller, who contributed the money; and the first President, William Rainey Harper, who contributed almost everything else. Harper was called from Yale to take charge of the incipient institution; he saw the possibilities of an intelligently and originally conceived university; and after being assured of an organization and the necessary cash, he issued an extraordinary manifesto explaining his policy—a policy so revolutionary that it provoked the amusement of the western universities, and the scorn of the eastern.

Harper implied at the outset that his university would be like no other ever witnessed by the eyes of man. He announced, first of all, that it would be primarily a graduate school. At this time, it is important to note, there were only two genuine graduate schools in the country, Clark and the Johns Hopkins, and the graduate departments of the other universities were either nonexistent or lamentably weak. Further than this, the University of Chicago would abolish the old system of four classes, and establish instead two colleges—the Junior and the Senior—the first to take care of the Freshman and Sophomore years, the second the Junior and the Senior. Furthermore, the Junior College, if possible, would be later eliminated. Harper did not stop here. He demanded the most complete possible co-education; an affiliation with a number of minor colleges; a system of exchange professorships by which scholars the world over would "exchange" courses with Chicago scholars; a system of extension work by which lectures under the auspices of the University would be given all over the Middle West; the foundation of a complete University Press, not only to take care of official publications, but to nurse a troupe of scholastic journals and books; an extensive correspondence school system; and the establishment of a downtown college to take care of parttime students. All this, in 1890, was revolutionary; even now, if I may whisper it, much of it is "advanced."

Not all this was embodied in the first pronunciamento, but all of it, or nearly all, was implied in Harper's program, and he lived to see most of it put through. And very soon he evolved the idea that is now the most distinctive mark of the University—the four quarter system. Here was a novelty. He scrapped the old September-to-June schedule, and established in its place an all-year-round University. The year was divided into four quarters; the quarters were made as nearly as possible identical in work offered, professors hired, and students in attendance; the University was to keep its doors open eleven months of the year, in full blast all the time. By this scheme the college schedule has been made flexible. A student may come when his finances permit, leave again, come back, and graduate when he feels like it; on the other hand, he may work all four quarters for three years and get out a year ahead of time. It is possible to repeat courses, and to end them before students get tired and professors jaded. Things are stirred up once every three months instead of once every six. As a result a student at Chicago takes only three courses at a time, and, when he is in the Senior College he takes them only four days a week. And as a second result there are now no less than four commencement exercises every year. Many officials seem to do little beyond putting on their caps and gowns and taking them off again. In one year, when things were jumbled, there were actually six bona fide convocations.

Harper's program was greeted with ridicule, as I have said; the University was considered a joke fittingly comparable to, say, Mr. Bryan. One wag dubbed Chicago "Harper's Bazar." There were loud howls of a University "trust." Mr. Slosson, in his "Great American Universities," relates that a professor at a rival institution was asked the reason for the absence of a comic monthly at Chicago; he replied that there was no need for one; Chicago, he said, was funny enough in itself.

But—Harper's ideas worked. The University thrived, expanded, grew enormously. At the end of every year there was always a prodigious deficit and there was always Mr. John D. Rockefeller to square it up. Rockefeller's gifts, when he made his "final" bequest in 1910, amounted to something over thirty-five million dollars. This mountain of wealth gave the University the buildings it needed, and the organization, and the faculty. Harper practically stole all his first professors by offering them, in 1891-92, the unheard of and overwhelming annual salary of seven thousand dollars. Buildings went up so fast that Dean Vincent perpetrated a famous mot: "When in doubt lay a cornerstone."

Most of those buildings, now, are very lovely. The University was lucky in that it began business with a definite building plan in mind—a plan so competently and carefully worked out that sites were fixed for everything years before cornerstones were planted. The quadrangles were laid out long before the first building began, and now space is ready and marked off (and, I have no doubt, the stone ordered) for structures that may not come for fifty years. As a result Chicago is not the customary hodge-podge of fifteen styles of bad architecture dumped promiscuously on

to a campus. Everything is regular, orderly, uniform. There are a few malignant eyesores, but they are temporary; the rest, in English Gothic, fits. Sometimes I doubt the wisdom of conventional architecture for the University of Chicago; what such an extraordinarily business-like and vigorous institution needs, it seems to me, is a Loop skyscraper. There is something uncommonly incongruous about lazy arched windows, and, for instance, the present system of registration-a system so complex and swathed in red-tape that even the deans, I am sure, have no idea what they are doing, and so erratic and tempestuous that the first days of each quarter remind one of the curb market.

But there is something exquisitely beautiful in the towers of Harper rising from the mist across the Midway, bluegrey spires and gargoyles and battle-ments firmly and delicately outlined in stone; in Mitchell Tower, a dream in granite; in the sweep of the Law Library reading room, stretching dimly under great bronze chandeliers; in the cool grey stone and red slate and ivy of Cobb and Divinity. It is regrettable that it was necessary to filch most of this architecture from England—several things are exact replicas from Oxford. Sometimes the passion for beauty architecture led to incongruity. There is, for instance, a long high building with great latticed windows leaning to the sun—a building with a multitude of apertures and spires and gargoyles and small decorations. There is charming ivy snug on grey walls and a very handsome effect of dignity and solemnity and massiveness. It is, I think, the most beautiful building on the campus. But it is used as a cafeteria.

I remember distinctly my first meeting with Poetry. It was a couple of years ago, and I was studying in the reading room of Harper Library, quite late at night. It was spring, and there was a moon. Very suddenly the lighting plant ceased to function. The room, which is about a hundred and twenty feet long, and correspondingly high and

broad, was immersed in atramentous blackness. So it seemed for a second. Then the moon crept in-through the twenty foot arched windows which line the walls. The light filtered in through the ivy and lattice work, seeped into the room, and sprawled in folds and plumes and queer splotches and long wavering streaks. Silence, thick and brooding, hung over the light like a cloud. I was at an extreme end of the room, and I could look ahead, seemingly an interminable distance through the soft light and the shadows and the darkness which lurked in the corners. Then the current went on again, the room was dashed full of Mazda, and it was all spoiled.

To return. The Baptist taint was lost early. It is true that the President of the University must always be a Baptist, and that two-thirds of the members of the Board of Trustees must always be Baptists, but there, for the most part, the matter ends. The chapel service is quite harmless, consisting of a hymn, a prayer, and an inocuous speech by some divine, and is undergone only once a week-a lenient sentence surely. Likewise there is little trace of Rockefeller on the campus. He refused to permit his name to be tacked on any building, and only consented under pressure to be officially designated as "The Founder." Now the only indication of his financial presence is the line "Founded by John D. Rockefeller," which by law appears on all University stationery directly under the rubric "The University of Chicago"-with especial effect on the radical documents occasionally published by the Department of Political Economy.

Not all of Harper's innovations have stuck. The system of affiliated colleges has vanished, and except officially, the division into Junior and Senior Colleges. But there is hardly a tithe of the class distinctions—meaning the division into Freshmen, Sophomores, et al—that exist at most other universities. The quarter system logically and inevitably killed it. The quarter system itself is now a most integral part of the University, and the

Summer Quarter has grown to be in some respects the most valuable and significant of the four. The Summer Quarter is very decidedly not a summer school. From June to September, at Chicago, you are pretty sure to find the most important courses, the best professors, and the worst students.

III

Besides all these birth-marks, still clear after thirty years, other influences hardly less decisive have gone into the making of the Grey City that flanks the Midway. One is the very fact of its Pretty nearly everything newness. glitters at Chicago-the doorknobs are solid, the buildings clean, the woodwork shiny. Colleges, like wine, are more respectable when old, and there is a regrettable effort on the part of the authorities to make the University properly aged and decrepit, and hence respectable. Last spring an edict was issued forbidding the washing of the windows in Harper-so that they might accumulate cobwebs and dead leaves and the dust of ages and of the Stockyards! Surely a charming bit of humor. One expected, after it, an order putting the girls into hoop-skirts, and the professors into white togas.

Then, again, there is the influence of Chicago, despite a current tightening of the purse-strings, is a thoroughly rich institution. Perhaps that richness explains the presence of the polished doorknobs, and an extremely able faculty, and a University Press which supports twenty learned and unpopular journals. Certainly it explains the policy of expansion—a policy which already has brought a Law School, and a Medical School, and a Divinity School, and a School of Education, and downtown classes, and the Department of Correspondence, and the low tuition fees, and University "extension" in various forms, and the monthly visit of the Chicago Symphony Orchestra, and the innumerable series of public lectures, and the multitude of scholarships, and the 600,000 volume library, and the 113 courses every year offered by the English Department, and the great campus terror—the School of Commerce and Administration.

Another influence—situation. Columbia is the only major university of the country besides Chicago to be situated centrally in a great city. This bare fact of situation counts for a lot. It means, for instance, a total lack of that reserve and isolation and quietude which characterize such a university as, say, Princeton. There is no getting away from the fact that one is in Chicago, and a part of the world. Indeed, when the wind is from the west, and the faint odor of the Stockvards drifts toward the lake, one is a very integral part of the world. The University is constantly in the newspapers—the papers, in fact, secretly hire students as campus reporters in order to get as many juicy co-ed stories as possible. It is not necessary that an undergraduate wishing to let off steam go thirty or forty miles away for the explosion. At Chicago he can hop on a street car any evening and get to Entertainers or Ike Bloom's or Tearney's in twenty minutes-with magnificent results. It has been suggested that Entertainers be affiliated as the Social College of the University. On a Saturday night dozens of prominent campus men, often including members of the football team, the Honor Commission, and the Board of the Y. M. C. A., may be seen there pursuing highly interesting courses of study.

Still another influence is that of coeducation, very extensive co-education. Girls are permitted even in courses in abnormal psychology. I expect to return to the girls with my gloves off later; now, in passing, let it be said that they sharply mark off Chicago from the great eastern universities by the physical fact of their presence, and from the western state universities, which are also co-educational, by the physical fact of their kind. Some of them are the saddest examples of the wrath of God I ever hope not to encounter; frowsy, seedy, bespectacled, studious and flatheeled. But in beautiful contrast there is the other sort—the flip-flop-flappers who assemble every afternoon in Harper and make that respectable pile look like a court of love. And there are—of course, in a majority—those who mercifully don't stand out as types—the Nice Girls.

A final influence—the graduate school. Harper set out to make his university primarily a graduate shool, and to make the story short—he succeeded. Many good courses are limited to graduates; some professors lecture only to graduates. Undergraduates outnumber the others three to one, but the graduates are more than conspicuous just the same. It is not at all uncommon to see a dozen grey-haired men and decrepit school teachers in a class-room: the average age of the students in the more advanced courses is probably as high as twenty-six or twenty-seven. Queer fauna roam the campus—Japs and other orientals in multitudes: wildeyed gabbling Bolsheviki; worn-out members of Phi Beta Kappa, still waiting for their doctorates; intense ladies, destined for the school-room, chattering about "Main Street" and Blasco-Ibañez; a gentleman in a turban from Bombay, and assorted individuals from Honolulu. Brazil, Archangel, and the Fiji Islands; brand-new Ph.D.'s, already bald; Jews from the School of Commerce and Administration; "medics" in tattered and stained "lab" coats: "professors" from small colleges returning to learn "methods"; long-haired, short-trousered poets writing theses on the use of the comma in Chaucer: law-school crapshooters, loudly practising eloquence on the campus; a great swarm of wistful females lamenting the fact that the professor wears such unbecoming eyeglasses. The men of this group congregate daily in Hutchinson Commons, the aforementioned cafeteria, and the spectacle there at noon is one worth crossing continents to see. In the Summer Quarter, which is the especial open season for graduates, when they troop in from all parts of the country in a multitude of varieties, conditions are almost unbearable.

IV

THESE four or five influences, coupled with the initial originalities, have made the University of Chicago what it is. From an undergraduate point of view (and, please remember, this paper is written from an undergraduate point of view by an undergraduate) perhaps the cardinal development of these influences is in the lack of tradition and college "spirit." Many students are Chicagoans who live at home, and as a result there is no campus social group. There are rites and customs, of course—there is a mustache race for seniors every spring. and a C-shaped bench upon which no girl may sit, and a seal in the floor of Mitchell Tower consecrated to the avoidance of footsteps, and a faculty baby party, and especially a genuinely thrilling ceremony known as the Interfraternity Sing. But these rites are all The best proof that they are puny, and very little known, is that in the very week I write a campaign has been started by the Daily Maroon for their better observance. As soon as the campaign opened it was discovered that there were hardly any traditions to write about. The week, as a result, has seen a very comic scampering on the part of a dozen Maroon reporters to excavate a few campus folkways. They have not been too successful. Perhaps, if they looked at the present instead of the past, they might see something definite. They might see two men who, in a way, are living University traditions-Coach A. A. Stagg and Professor James Weber ("Teddy") Linn.
There is little "college life" at Chi-

There is little "college life" at Chicago, little "college spirit." When the football team returned victorious from Princeton last autumn there was a very remarkable spontaneous outburst of enthusiasm—the most remarkable thing of its kind I have seen in nearly four years of college. But that was a very special occasion, murmurs of which still are heard. There are pep meetings, proms, games, sings, and so on—made successful by the presence of the small fraternity group. But for many students such

activities hardly exist. The Band is weak. Cheering at games is poor. Recently the annual publication of the Junior class, the Cap and Gown, encountered flat failure in its subscription campaign. The Daily Maroon, an excellent paper, musters a circulation of only twenty-five hundred out of seven thousand students on the campus. There is no hazing. There are neither class fights nor class rushes-class spirit, as I have said, is almost extinct. Not one-third of the Freshmen wear green caps, and very few of the delinquents are rebuked by the conventional punishment-ducking in the Botany Pond. I myself went through Sophomore year without ever meeting my class president; even now, a year and a half later, think as I will, I can't recall his name—if, indeed, I ever knew it. And the reflection, I think, is not so much on me as on the general lack of spirit and enthusiasm and student intimacy.

V

Discussion of undergraduate life in any university never gets very far before there arises the question of fraternities. I am not a fraternity man, and for the most part, I'm glad of it, but anyone who asserts that fraternities are unfair, snobbish, immoral, undemocratic, vicious, and so on through the usual line of indictments, is talking utter bosh, at least in so far as the University of Chicago is concerned. It is perfectly true that membership in a fraternity almost certainly leads to the organized development of certain habits - drinking, women, and so on. It is true that fraternities cause a very marked social demarcation of undergraduate men. It is true that the fraternity group controls most campus activities. But most of this is just as it should be. The fraternities pick the best men by almost every standard-why shouldn't they run things? They indubitably promote goodfellowship, make friends, develop a definite campus atmosphere. And I can think of no more than three men in the present Senior class who should have

made fraternities but who somehow missed out.

The pledging system, by which Freshmen are admitted to fraternities, is so thoroughly well organized that very few desirable candidates are overlooked. Rushing, often including elaborate dinners and dances and affairs, begins early in the autumn, often before school actually opens. The men are pledged immediately, in practically all cases before the first month has passed; initiations are considerably later. And what happens to the new "Greek"? In the first place, he does a lot of hard and dirty work-washes windows, waits on table, runs errands, fetches furniture, and fags in general; the life of a fraternity Freshmen is often pretty miserable. And after? Well, he learns to dress, and, if from the hinterland, to eat at table properly, and to comb his hair. He spends a great deal of money and wastes an enormous amount of time. He meets everyone on the campus worth meeting. He hears a lot of dirty stories in "smut sessions." He learns how to talk toand about-girls, how to dance collegiately, how to carry himself, walk, laugh, speak. He develops a doggy pipe and polo shirts. He becomes, in short, a College Man—and has a very good time of it meanwhile.

The great demerit of the system, it seems to me, is that it turns out, not individuals, but a type. It is really extraordinary, as Mr. Stewart pointed out in a recent number of Vanity Fair, how similar, how identical, most of the men You enter a fraternity house at lunch time and observe the men sitting at the two big tables. "By George!" you say, "Here are not twins, nor triplets, nor even quadruplets, but thirty peas from the same big pod!" Most of the men part their hair in the middle, lather it with grease, and brush it back. Most of the men are similar in voice, mannerisms, even in laughter. Most of the men wear tight-fitting coats, extraordinarily baggy trousers, soft collars buttoned down on white shirts, a brightly colored woolen scarf (if it's winter), a khaki lumberman's overcoat,

brogue Oxford shoes, and a small battered hat. It usually takes a Freshman the full first year to learn to tell his thirty-odd brothers apart. And when, finally, he has managed to distinguish them, he finds the labor a waste of time —not one is individual enough to count.

I am told on reliable authority that the Chicago men are degenerating. In the old days, my informant said, regular he-men stalked the campus-men who disregarded classes, sniffed at girls, and assembled every evening at Jimmy's, there to drink beer most of the night and indulge in high talk. Well, whether or not this happy state of affairs was once observable, certainly it is not observable now. A fair proportion of the men are what are technically known as "Charlies." They make a profession of lines. The unofficial motto of this group is something like F. F. F. (Find 'em, Fool 'em, and Forget 'em). assemble every afternoon in Harper reading room, or in the grove known as Sleepy Hollow, there to play the hevamp. It is rumored that they have elaborate card-catalogues, with indices and cross references, recording the idiosyncrasies of various girls-their wealth, expensiveness, kissability, and so on. As often as possible they commandeer the parental car (a man without a car available is at a great handicap) and ride out on fine afternoons. They dance every night. Their technique in petting is marvelous. Practically their only occupation is "going queening." Every girl, in their vocabulary, is either a "knockout" or "sad."

All this refers to the "Charlies" only; for the majority of men there are other interests. There is an Honor Commission, an Undergraduate Council, and an Interfraternity Council. A group of seniors known as the marshals and aides, usually chosen with excruciatingly bad judgment by the faculty, "represents" the student body on state occasions. The most powerful campus organization is a Senior society, modeled on Bones, called Owl and Serpent; this group of a dozen men, together

with Nu Pi Sigma, the corresponding girls' senior society, runs absolutely or at least influences everything worth running or influencing. An association known as the Three-Quarters Club, composed of fraternity Freshmen, provides amusement every autumn by idi-

otic public antics.

There is the usual group of publications—the Phoenix, a monthly alleged to be humorous; the University Record, for official papers; the Cap and Gown, the senior annual, resembling, in the words of a friend of mine, nothing so much as an elaborate Sears-Roebuck catalogue; and especially the Daily Maroon, an intelligently edited paper with real news, good editorials, a genuine funny column, dramatic criticism, and a weekly book section. These papers are uncommon in that they are published practically without faculty supervision; the boards are closed organizations, appointing their own successors, and each editor and each business manager collects personally all the proceeds —which, in the case of the Phoenix, amount probably to several hundred dollars a month. Recently the faculty appointed an auditor to go over the books for the first time in history.

There were also, for a time, the Chicago Literary Monthly, and, last year, the *Chanticleer*. Both were serious attempts at literary magazines, and both died with such remarkable speed that most people were unaware even of their existence. I still think that there is a field for a decent literary paper; the Chanticleer failed largely because it was abominably edited. But, to literary matters, or to almost anything worth reading, most undergraduates are extremely apathetic. Recently the Reynolds Club asked its members to suggest additions to the library. "The Sheik," like its desert cousin Abou Ben Adhem, led all the rest. Closely following it were books by Wright, Chambers and company. There were also scattered requests for presumably pornographic reading—"Jurgen" and "The 'Genius'" each were named a couple of times.

Athletics and especially football are the great activities. Next, perhaps, comes Blackfriars—the men's club which presents an annual musical comedy, usually an extremely good one, and sometimes the best show of the year, bar none, to be seen in Chicago. There is a Dramatic Club which gives some melodrama like "The Witching Hour" every winter, making a lot of money therewith, and then goes on to present several programs of Dunsany and Synge and plays by students. By all odds the most promising dramatic movement lately was the production by Mr. Linn's class in play-writing of its own playsa production extraordinarily successful. A Poetry Club often turns out good stuff-stuff good enough, at any rate, to make Poetry and other

magazines.

There are no sororities at the University of Chicago. Fraternities were permitted from the start, but the verdict on sororities was thumbs down. Thereupon, immediately, there sprang up under official sanction ten girls' organizations nicknamed "clubs"—organizations indistinguishable from sororities, and far more objectionable on the usual grounds of indictment. These clubs are not permitted houses; the girls who form the groups get together as best they can. But they keep together with remarkable zeal. The line between club girls and non-club girls is far sharper than the line between fraternity men and "barbs." If a girl fails to make a club, she is under a very severe social handicap for her whole University career. The clubs, with the fraternities, make a closed circle and run the school.

What kind of girl is wanted by the clubs? Well, it is usually necessary for a girl to have behind her a Family—some modicum of gentle breeding. She should have some money. She should know how to dress, how to talk, how to rouge, how to laugh. If she has an automobile she is almost certain of success. She should be pretty; if not pretty, at least "cute" or "clever." She should be of that type which will go out for activities, and become thereby well known.

She should, above all and primarily, be

popular with men.

Entrance into a club is rather an ordeal. The girl is discovered in some way or other, and before she enters school the club corresponds with her. Then she is visited at her home. As soon as possible she is entertained more or less lavishly at small parties and dances, and once or twice by the whole club. There she is very carefully looked over. She sits among thirty or forty girls, with every glance, movement, speech, laugh, and mannerism intensively and obviously inspected by each of the thirty or forty-an unpleasant experience. Her clothes are measured, her attitudes criticized, the very movements of her hands judged. Then, if she passes musterbut one black-ball will keep her out-she is pledged, and she appears on the campus the next day with a pretty corsage at her waist. Then her mother is haled before the court and similarly inspected and passed upon. Then the alumnæ are consulted. Finally, if lucky and still alive, she is initiated.

What does the club do for the girl in return? A great deal. That is, it teaches her very little directly, but by the associations it naturally brings about and the examples it affords, it opens to her a lot of things. It gives her, automatically, the entrée. It helps her to all the dates she wants-often, if she deserves them, four or five a week. It gives her training in sophistication. It may lead her to "fussing" in Harper reading roomwhere, for the various clubs, tables are practically reserved every afternoon. It may develop the instinct to parade the campus in a huge fur coat, no hat, and unbuckled goloshes. It may open her eyes to "lines" and "petting"-but, of course, never officially. The club is very strict as a body; smoking, for instance, is not permitted before "pledges." It may train her, by example, to dress in clothes that fit as tightly as frankfurter skins. It may counsel her, tacitly, either to bob her hair or to wear it like Elsie Ferguson's. In some cases it may teach her all she'll ever need to know about birth-control.

VI

HERE is a group of facts, opinions, and memories difficult to organize;

I know four men in the senior class actively, if not professionally, engaged in the business of boot-legging. . . . A well-known member of the Department of English made college history when he once wrote on a student's theme: "Your vocabulary is mean and poor but amply sufficient for the expression of your ideas." Another famous comment is, "In two respects this theme is like solid gold—soft and heavy." . . . If there is anything a U. of C. man abominates it is a reference to "Chicago University" instead of "The University of Chicago." . . . In the Convocation ceremonies there is a most ungodly amount of ritual-again the would-be venerable University trying to live down its youth, . . . A very valuable department is that of General Literature, which offers courses in comparative letters and world letters without regard to the customary language distinctions. . . . It is important to note that the graduates, the "Charlies," and the more predatory girls constitute but three comparatively small groups. . . . In a certain fraternity house a list of names is tacked up next to the telephone. This list is the chapter roll-with the nom d'amour of each man. Most of the men, on amatory excursions, give false names, and the list is necessary in case any of the girls call up. . . . Divinity students are scorned, and known as "bibs." . . . A desperate "Hello Week," designed to promote intimacy on the campus, was a failure. . . . One of my most cherished memories is that of jazz in chapel. It was students' day, with the Undergraduate Council in charge, and the organist was forced to play "Dardanella" on the pipes. . . . In the room of the average man in the average fraternity house you will find perhaps a dozen books outside of texts; a couple of autographed pictures of pretty girls; a quantity of pipes, ashes and scraps of paper all over the floor; perhaps some stuff from La Vie Parisienne, or perhaps

some photographs of movie actresses, on the walls; almost certainly no pennants, cushions, or other such stage "college" properties; clothes lying around in disorder, and a hearty welcome. . . . There are very few professors of the type often celebrated by the editors of this magazine. Most of them are fine fellows, with wide culture and a ready hospitality to new ideas. There are, of course, a few old dodos lacking in vitamines who never got farther than Shakespeare in literature. . . . Fraternity men, as a rule, are permitted to escort to important affairs only girls who "rate." . . . The entrance requirements are very lenient. The same thing is true of the required courses—only two in all four years, two minor courses in English, are compulsory. (Besides, of course, gymnasium and the "sequences.") One can take practically anything one wants. Change in courses comes every quarter-every three months. Work is hard, marking strict, and standards high—the passing mark is 75, in contrast to the 60 of many universities, and the 50 of some. Moreover, one cannot graduate by merely "passing" one's courses—grade (honor) points in addition are required. . . . Most men who are out of things and who wish to be thought in them walk the campus bare-headed, puffing furiously at new pipes . . . It is always wise for ambitious young deans to turn Baptist as soon as possible. . . . Typical of the vigor and unconventionality of many professors is this incident: The class was working on a certain type of expository writing, and, according to custom, examples were read. "Now that essay," said the professor, "was written by Lord Macaulay. What do you think of it?" "Lord Macaulay!" we said to ourselves. "Of course it's good." We said this aloud. The professor banged his fist on the table and glowered: "I don't care if that essay was written by Lord Macaulay or the Lord Himself— it's rotten." Promotion of professors is fearfully slow. It may take twenty-five years for a good man to rise to a salary of \$4,500. One worldrenowned anthropologist has been a

member of the faculty since 1892, and is still an associate professor. . . . The Department of English is nothing if not up to date. Mrs. Flint uses Willa Cather's "Youth and the Bright Medusa" in class. Mr. Lovett helps edit the New Republic in his spare time. Mr. Herrick, in his courses in contemporary literature, considers books as fast as they're published. Mr. Boynton lectures on Frost and Sandburg. Mr. Linn is usually six months ahead of even the publishers. . . . In many fraternity houses all good themes written by the brothers are kept on file to be reused in subsequent years. . . . The University offers regular courses on Pali, Lithuanian, Icelandic, Wilson and the World War, Syriac Literature, Elementary Sumerian, Roman Sepulchral Poems, The Psuedo-Caedmonian Poetry, Hermitian Matrices of Positive Type in General Analysis, Statisgraphic Palentology, General Morphology of Byrophytes and Pteridophytes, and Horseback Riding. . . . Campus etiquette demands that all professors, doctors of philosophy, and even deans and the President, be addressed merely as "Mister." . . . If the unofficial motto of some of the men is F. F. F., that of the analogous girls is T. G. I. P. (Thank God I'm Pure.).

VII

AFTER all, in the majority of cases, one goes to college to learn something. This may not be true at some of our institutions of the higher learning, but Chicago has a rather sinister reputation in this respect, and anyone who goes there with the expectation of wasting four happy years is an idiot, and, what is more, a comparatively rare specimen. Undergraduates who go out for activities and girls who specialize in "fussing" are plentiful, but usually they don't disregard classrooms altogether—such procedure is confoundedly dangerous. I myself once cut a desiccated history course fourteen times during the quarter of forty-four class days. I never repeated that practice. For all the redtape deans are shrouded in, they can act,

sometimes, with remarkable swiftness

and precision.

And what does one learn at the University of Chicago? Unless one is an egregious numskull, one learns a lot. It is quite impossible, for instance, to go through any of the intensive surveys of English literature known as the "period" courses without coming out of it very definitely the wiser. One learns a great deal more than "a smattering of Italian and the ability to pronounce Middle English passably well." Even if a course in, say, English literature is conducted by a dull instructor whose lectures are worthless, one has before one an excellent reading list and a definite time set for that reading. That, it seems to me, is the great value of most college literature courses; they give one not only the historical and biographical and critical material of the lectures, but opportunity for systematic, intensive reading-an opportunity that may never come again, or, if it does come, may not willingly be undertaken. When one takes, say, English 48B, one is suddenly confronted with Carlyle and Ruskin and Newman and Stevenson for, perhaps, the first time, and one is literally forced to read, read, read—with results, if one is not a moron, immensely beneficial.

And what does one learn at the University of Chicago outside of classes? Well, one learns conflict with trained minds, the stimulation that comes from a more or less intellectual atmosphere. One learns, if a girl, to dress as if one were out for blood, to rouge properly and to smoke cigarettes; if a man, to wear belled trousers. One learns something of the beauty and dignity of architecture. If engaged in major activities, one learns to work harder, probably, than one will ever work again in life-I personally hope never to have to labor twelve or fourteen hours a day again, and that is what I am doing now. One learns to use one's head-to think, to reflect, to see both sides. One as a rule learns something of good-fellowship; one makes friends that count. One learns to shake hands with a peculiar upper-and-outer lateral motion. One learns to "pet," to develop a "line," to play the parlor-athlete-although the rudiments of these activities, in this precocious age, are often delegated to the secondary school. One learns something of sport and sportsmanship. And, as a rule, one for the first time definitely discovers, finds, oneself.



THE more women there are in your life, the more money some one will make by writing your biography.



OVE dances with a scarf of sheer silk. Marriage wields a wet blanket.



C OSSIP is the little girl who grows up into Dame Rumor.



The Heart-breaker

By Hartley H. Hepler

HE was wearing tan shoes with brown cloth tops, the belt of his coat encircled him just beneath the arm pits, and across the front of his vest was swung a heavy gold watch-chain from which depended a ten dollar gold piece.

His gleaming nails flashed in the sunlight as he lifted his derby from

his ears

As a beautiful woman glanced from a passing limousine, he turned to his companion.

"Did you see her smile at me?" he asked complacently.



The End

By Hortense Flexner

THE sun is old and battered gray,
The grass is dry,
The hour I thought should always stay
Bends down to die.

A yellow death is on the corn,
A lean wind sneers,
I who have played since I was born,
Am stopped with tears.

There is a haze upon the green,
A mist upon the stone,
Ah, Beauty, stay! Though I have seen,
I have not known!



A Wonderful Woman

[A One-Act Play]

By Percival Wilde

CHARACTERS:

STEVE TAYLOR
TONY MACARTHUR
CORA LANGLEY
AN INDIVIDUAL

THE SCENE: The living-room in a nice, but not too nice apartment. It is nice, let us qualify at once, because it has possibilities: not because it enters or even approaches the luxury class. It is the kind of home in which you would expect to find a business man with a moderate, but sufficient income. Then you look again, and you decide that no plain business man ever displayed such excellent taste in selecting the objects with which to surround himself in his

moments of leisure.

The walls and ceiling have been done over, recently, so we judge, in a pleasing neutral color which serves as an admirable background. But the furniture is obviously not new, and some of it is not placed as you would expect to find it in an apartment that has been lived in. Its arrangement, as it were, has not yet progressed beyond the experimental stage. In months to come the inhabitants of the apartment will discover that the couch might be better placed than at the rear, with its back to the windows, threatening unpleasant drafts to the persons who sit on it. This, and other details, await the mellowing hand of time; for with use, the furniture will gradually and surely gravitate where it belongs, and the apartment will become as comfortable as it promises.

Near the fireplace is a nice tabouret, and next to it is a huge easy chair. This is correct, for the man of the house will most certainly smoke his after-dinner cigar—or pipe—hereabouts. But the tabouret is decorated with a pipe-rack filled with pipes and an unopened box of imported cigars, and both of these things are wrong, because pipe-racks never by any chance contain pipes, and because no moderately well-off business man would leave a box of his favorite cigars in so

exposed a location.

On the couch in the background is a little pile of odds and ends: framed prints; bits of gaily colored cloth; books; milliners' boxes; curtains which have not yet been hung. Yet the signs of order in all this disorder lead you to draw two excellent conclusions: first, that there is every evidence of a woman's touch, and second,

that the time of year is October first, or very near thereafter.

The future tenants are evidently in the throes of moving in. Were this not the case the upright piano would not, like a precipitous island in a lake, tower so awkwardly in the precise center of the room. It is placed just where you can't help running into it. No matter where you are going: to the interior of the apartment, which is to your right; to the hall, which is to your left; or to the uncur
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tained windows, which are somewhere in the background, all roads lead to the

piano. It presides over the scene in splendid, overpowering isolation.

As the curtain rises Steve Taylor, a middle-aged man dressed with a degree of elegance which comports ill with this modest room; stands at a window, looking out into the street, watching something. Perhaps it is such fragments of a sunset as are visible over the surrounding roofs; more probably it is a bit of exposed lingerie displayed by some young thing dodging a delivery wagon below.

Tony MacArthur, Steve's chum, possibly a year or two younger than he,

stands near him in philosophic silence.

There is a pause: a pause long enough to permit the members of the audience to think back to their own October firsts, and shudder at the thought that the date is again approaching. Then Tony turns, and navigating skilfully in and out of the furniture, approaches the tabouret.

STEVE

What are you doing, Tony?

TONY

(Taking up the box of cigars.) Going to get myself a smoke.

STEVE

(Dodging hastily to his side.) Don't!

TONY

Why not? Nothing wrong with them, is there? (Hè reads the label.) "Corona Corona." That's good enough for me.

STEVE

(Firmly.) Put 'em down, Tony! I bought those because she asked me to. That box is going to stay unopened until she opens it.

TONY

(Putting the box down with a sigh.) You're a sentimental chap, aren't you, Steve?

STEVE

(Nodding.) Sentimental, and glad of it; that's why they fall for me. (He produces his cigar case.) Now have one of my cigars.

TONY

(With heroic self-control.) No; 1'll do without a smoke. (He crosses to the window.) You don't mind if I look at the scenery?

STEVE

(Laughing.) Of course not!

TONY

I thought perhaps you might want her to see it first.

STEVE

No; the scenery is common property.

TONY

Thanks; I'll look at some. (He looks; shakes his head.)

STEVE

What is it?

TONY

Can't say I think much of it. Moving vans across the street; moving vans this side of the street; moving vans both ends of the street; furniture piled on the sidewalk; kids scrambling in and out of your car— (He breaks off.) By George, for what you're paying for this place you ought to have a view of Central Park with the Himalaya Mountains in the background!

STEVE

(Smiling.) I'm satisfied. I'll say it's worth it; and cheap, too, compared with what it used to be! You know what Florrie cost me: an apartment on Riverside Drive, rent three times what this will be; her own car; liveried chauffeur; servants; and a thirst which would have burnt the lining out of another fellow's pocketbook!

TONY

It's a pity Florrie left you.

STEVE

Pity? Don't waste any of it on me! Why, that night she came to me and said, "Listen, honey, I've signed a contract to go to Hollywood and work for the movies," I felt like pinching myself to make sure I was awake.

TONY

You liked Florrie, didn't you?

STEVE

I was crazy about her—for a month. Then for two or three months I was luke to middling. And then—

TONY

And then?

STEVE

To be candid, after six months it struck me that it was so much simpler to let a million movie fans pay fifteen cents a night apiece to support her than to try and do the whole thing myself.

TONY

(Laughing.) Getting economical in your old age?

STEVE

Who says I'm old? She doesn't think so.

TONY

Who? Florrie?

STEVE

No! I'm through with Florrie—remember that.

TONY

Then it's the new one. (Steve nods.) Steve, honest, how did it start?

STEVE

How did what start?

TONY

You know what I mean. Where did you meet her? And who is she?
S. Set—Apr.—6

STEVE

You don't know her.

TONY

If I did I wouldn't be asking about her. What is she? A shop-girl, poor, but honest?

STEVE

(Hesitantly.) No; she's—she's a newspaper woman.

TONY

(Astonished.) A reporter? (Steve nods.) Well, you always did have queer tastes, but I thought there was a limit! A newspaper woman? I call that downright immoral!

STEVE

Wait till you see her.

TONY

But a reporter!

STEVE

(With assurance.) Tony, she doesn't look it! Honest, she doesn't. She'll be here any minute now, and then you can see for yourself.

TONY

And I won't look with the eyes of love, oh, no! I'll turn my calm, fishy orb on her, and right there you'll lose a friend! (He pauses.) Go on; break the news to me gently. Tell me how you met her.

STEVE

She came to interview me; nothing could be simpler.

TONY

Catch a man by appealing to his vanity; nothing new about that. Of course you fell.

STEVE

I did, and I'm not ashamed of it. I fell hard. The moment I saw her I said, "There's the successor to Florrie!" Such eyes! And such lips! And such—

TONY

Did you give her the benefit of those anatomical details?

STEVE

(Flurried.) What?

TONY

Is that how you greeted her?

STEVE

Well, hardly. Not the first time, at any rate.

TONY

(With lofty approbation.) I'm glad there's some delicacy left in you.

STEVE

Delicacy? Why, I'm nothing but delicacy! That's my middle name.

TONY

(Drily.) So I've been told.

STEVE

Will you believe it, I haven't kissed her yet!

TONY

If that's a question, my answer is "No!"

STEVE

It's the truth, 'pon my word! (Idyllically.) My lips have never touched hers!

TONY

(Thoughtfully.) Well, as you're not lacking in enterprise— (He pauses.)

STEVE

Go on.

TONY

I'll assume—as I intimated before, that it's the kind of face you can't kiss unless it's related to you.

STEVE

(Irritated.) Is that so? Well, don't you try to claim relationship when you meet her!

TONY

(Imperturbably.) I won't. Go on with your denatured love story. Tell me more about the unkissed one. Tell me how you started to grow romantic.

STEVE

The romance has been all on my side—so far. (He sighs.) Tony, after I'd taken her out to supper a couple of times, I told her I was a married man.

TONY

Then I suppose she started to cry.

STEVE

Nothing like it. She wasn't even surprised; said she knew that before she came to interview me. Said she was wondering how long it would be before I'd tell her.

TONY

What then?

STEVE

I made a clean breast of it. I told her the whole story: how I couldn't get along with my wife, and how she spends most of the year in Paris. She mentioned she knew that also. Then—ahem—I gradually led up to Florrie, and before I knew it, I'd blurted out the whole thing; the whole blamed story from the time I met her till the day she left me to go into the movies.

TONY

That was tactful, wasn't it?

STEVE

I don't know why not. She was very sympathetic.

TONY

Laughing up her sleeve!

STEVE

Don't you believe it. I wouldn't have gone any further if she'd been like that. (He smiles.) When I got through, she mentioned that I hadn't told her anything she didn't know. TONY

I suppose she had interviewed Florrie before she met you.

STEVE

She did. Funny coincidence, isn't it?

TONY

Funny nothing! Being a prudent maid, she was getting references. (As Steve does not speak.) What's on your mind?

STEVE

I'm thinking: thinking of what happened afterward. I took her uptown that night in my car. It was a lovely moonlit night—

TONY

It generally is.

STEVE

I made her a proposition.

TONY

And she accepted like a shot.

STEVE

(Shaking his head.) She said she'd think it over.

TONY

(Incredulously.) Think it over? When she knew who you were? And how much you could afford to spend on her?

STEVE

Yes.

TONY

I've got it: she's an heiress in disguise!

STEVE

Then it's a mighty good disguise! Working on a newspaper, and living in 242nd Street! Nothing fishy about that, is there?

TONY

No; I suppose not.

STEVE

Of course not!

TONY

Then she thought over your offer, and accepted.

STEVE

(Shaking his head.) Not so fast. First she made me show her the apartment I'd rented for Florrie. It's for rent, furnished, you know. I took her through it.

TONY

And she didn't grab it?

STEVE

She didn't care for it; not at all. Said the furniture was in wretched taste.

TONY

That's something in her favor.

STEVE

(Sincerely.) You bet it is! Then she looked out of the window: that view across the Hudson, you know, and said she didn't like Riverside Drive; it wasn't homey. Said she preferred a place where a man could smoke a pipe and be comfortable. (He waves his hand.) Here's the answer.

TONY

I'll say it's not half bad.

STEVE

(Nodding complacently.) Look at the furniture; didn't cost me a sou; all hers, every stick of it. Had it moved down here from 242nd Street. Just one thing she insisted on: I had made her a business proposition. She came back with another. She said this was almost as serious as marriage; she wanted to feel protected.

TONY

That means a sable coat.

STEVE

(Shaking his head.) No; just the lease of this apartment in her name, a year paid in advance.

TONY

(Astonished.) Was that all? No car? No chauffeur? No accounts at the stores?

STEVE

Not even a weekly allowance! A signed lease to this place, and the land-lord's receipt for a year's rent. I gave them to her last night. And that's all there is!

TONY

Well, I never heard anything to beat that. She must love you. (Steve tries hard to look modest.) That's the only possible answer: she must be simply mad about you. Lucky fellow! (He slaps the triumphant Steve on the back.) Why can't they fall for me like that? I'm as good looking as you are. (In wandering away he stumbles against the piano.) Ouch!

STEVE

Hurt yourself?

TONY

What's the piano doing here?

STEVE

(Anxiously.) What's the matter? Do you think it belongs somewhere else?

TONY

I don't know. But it certainly doesn't belong here.

STEVE

I'm glad you noticed it, Tony.

TONY

You can bet she didn't put it there.

STEVE

No: it came half an hour ago. I told the men where to put it.

TONY

I thought so.

STEVE

Where would you put it?

TONY

I don't know. But I'd move it.

STEVE

(Removing his coat.) You shall.

TONY

What do you mean?

STEVE

You don't expect me to shove it around all by myself?

TONY

I'm not a piano mover!

STEVE

Neither am I. Come on, Tony. (Grumblingly, Tony removes his coat and takes the opposite end of the piano.) Don't shove it, lift it. You'll scratch the floor. There! (They have moved it to a place a little worse chosen, if possible. They stand off and look at their handiwork.) How do you like it now?

TONY

Rotten!

STEVE

What's the matter now?

TONY

Not much; only you can't open the door. (Hastily.) But you don't have to move it again. You can have another door cut through here.

STEVE

Fine! That would give us a private entrance into the next apartment. On the job, Tony. (They attack the piano again, and plant it near the fireplace.) How's that?

TONY

(Mopping his forehead.) I'm not going to give you any more opinions! You wait until she comes, and she'll tell you where she wants it.

STEVE

Rotter!

(The door to the hall opens and Cora Langley enters. She is what you would expect from the foregoing: plainly dressed, but well dressed; nice looking, but not flamboyantly nice looking; self-possessed; refined; gracious; dignified; and withal, attractive in no uncertain manner.)

CORA

Steve!

STEVE

Cora! (He goes to her with open arms. She raises her eyebrows the least trifle. He controls himself; offers his hand, which she takes.) Cora, I want you to meet my best friend, Tony MacArthur.

CORA

So this is Tony! How do you, Mr. MacArthur? I've heard Steve speak of you so much that I feel as if I almost knew you.

TONY

(Embarrassed because of his coatless condition.) Pardon my appearance. (He makes a dive for his coat.)

CORA

Oh, don't bother putting it on. I don't mind.

STEVE

(Turning delightedly to Tony.) What did I tell you? She's a regular girl.

CORA

(Completing her thought.) Besides, you'll have to move the piano again. (She stands looking about the place happily.)

STEVE

Well, how do you like it? Our little home!

CORA

It has possibilities: it has great possibilities. With a few pictures on the walls and cushions here and there and everything comfy! It needs just one thing: the woman's touch.

STEVE

(Tenderly.) And you're here to supply that!

CORA

I'm here to supply that!

(Through the hall door enters a curious individual. He is a thin, sallow man of some forty-odd years, none too well dressed. His bird-like nose is decorated with a pair of steel-rimmed spectacles; his hair is sparse to middling; his general attitude one of retiring pessimism. He is mild: very mild indeed, and polite: polite to a fault. It is easy to see that he is either highly educated or not educated at all. This individual trickles into the room, so to speak, for his entrance could not be more unassuming. In either hand he carries a suitcase. Once inside the door, he stands and inspects the room carefully. The men, noticing him, smile. Steve nudges CORA.)

Oh! (She watches the Individual for a second.) Like it? (The Individual nods. Steve and Tony laugh. The Individual bends a look of mild reproach upon them.) Never mind, James. Take the bags into the next room. Through that door.

(The Individual nods, and goes.)

STEVE

Where did you find him?

CORA

(Smiling.) He's funny, isn't he?

TONY

Queer things come out after the rain.

CORA

But he's useful; and he works hard; and he doesn't answer back. (She turns to the men.) Now suppose we put a few things in order. This piano certainly doesn't belong here.

STEVE

Where does it belong?

CORA

Let me think.

(Upon the last few words the Individual has re-entered, minus the suitcases, and overhearing, stops in the middle of the room to revolve the question in his own thoughts as well. Cora goes to him and points to a likely spot for the piano. The Individual shakes his head resolutely. Cora indicates another possible location. The Individual ponders. Cora suggests a third spot. The Individual comes to a decision, and indicates with his forefinger, without speaking a word, just how the piano should be placed. Then he oozes out through the hall door.)

STEVE

(Staggered.) What do you think of that?

CORA

He's right, though, isn't he?

TONY

I don't know. The piano's at least three inches too long to fit in there.

CORA

(Positively.) Impossible. He never makes a mistake about those things.

STEVE

All right, we'll try it. Come on, Tonv.

(They move the piano to the place indicated. It fits to a hair.)

TONY

He was right!

CORA

Of course he was right. He's always

right.

(The Individual re-enters. This time he is carrying a small steamer trunk on his back. All three look at him curiously. Not a whit abashed, he halts in the center of the room, and, encumbered by the trunk, makes a gesture which might mean anything or nothing. Cora goes to him. Again he gestures. She understands.)

CORA

He thinks the curtains shouldn't be left on the sofa.

(The Individual nods, and goes.)

STEVE

(Doubtfully.) Do you think we can hang 'em?

CORA

I don't know why not. The rods are in them.

TONY

So they are! (He holds up a curtain.) Come on, Steve; let's put 'em up. I'm beginning to like this: it's like playing house.

(As they look about for something on which to stand, the Individual reenters. They gaze at him. He understands at once; shuffles out to the hall and returns with a chair, which, when properly broken in half, and stood upon its head, becomes a stepladder. He places this at a window and goes out to the hall.)

STEVE

(Amazed.) What is he? A mind reader?

CORA

(Laughing.) I told you he was useful.

TONY

(Mounting the ladder.) He's uncanny! (He proceeds with the business of hanging curtains.)

STEVE

(Finding his chum thus occupied, believes he has discovered an appropriate moment for a little romance. He sidles over to Cora.) Cora! Our own little place! (She smiles.) Our own little love nest!

CORA

Do you like it better than Florrie's?

STEVE

No comparison!

CORA

And this doesn't cost half as much.

STEVE

Well, really, I don't care about that, you know. What I like about this place is—it's a home! (He comes nearer to her.) But even that doesn't matter. There's only one thing that matters, and that's you! You! You're worth anything you cost!

CORA

Even if I don't cost very much?

TONY

(From the ladder.) Steve! I wish you'd come here a minute!

STEVE

(Disregarding him.) Cora! Think of the two of us: hand in hand!

CORA

(With a whimsical smile.) I can picture what it will be like: a winter evening; the fire burning; shades drawn; and no light, except the light from the fire!

STEVE

Cora!

CORA

Outside, stars in the heavens; the crisp, cold air of a midwinter night; not a cloud in the moonlit sky; snow underfoot, snow, crisp and crunching—

TONY

(Interrupting.) If you two don't stop discussing the weather, I'm going to drop this curtain!

CORA

Cosy! Could anything be more cosy! (She sighs.)

(Steve sighs. He feels an irresistible impulse to kiss her. Being irresistible, he would probably give in to it, when from the hall enters the INDIVIDUAL, laboring this time with a valise and a cage containing a canary. He takes in

the situation, steps up to Steve masterfully and touches him on the shoulder. STEVE, rapt in Cora's dithyrambics. starts up with some show of annoyance. The Individual raises a soothing hand and shakes his head. If he were to speak, he would doubtless "Naughty! Naughty!" Even though he does not open his lips, the thought is clearly evident. Steve controls himself with an effort. The Individual points a mildly suggestive finger in the direction of Tony, who is almost falling off the ladder with laughter, and as STEVE, hypnotized, moves in the indicated direction, favors him with a paternal smile. This accomplished, he takes up his burdens, which he has been compelled to set down, and carries them into the interior of the apartment.)

STEVE

(Who has nearly reached the ladder before exploding, wheels indignantly.) I don't want to hang curtains! I'd much rather talk to you!

CORA

Steve, there's a time for everything.

STEVE

The nerve of the man!

CORA

(Smiling.) He has a way with him, hasn't he?

STEVE

(Indignantly.) Well, he hasn't a way with me! Not by a long shot! What did you bring him along for?

CORA

(Vaguely.) Oh, he just came.

STEVE

Then he might as well go!

CORA

Shh!

(The Individual enters sedately. Steve, having reached the boiling point, is about to say something violent to him, when the Individual turns with a dis-

arming smile, and a gesture to the curtains. Somehow or other his action takes the wind out of Steve's sails. Speechless, he picks up a curtain, and passes it to the patient Tony.

The Individual, on his way to the hall, observes the box of cigars. He smiles with pleasure, deliberately opens it, extracts one, and lights it as he goes

out.

The men have watched his extraordinary proceeding in fascinated silence. As he goes Tony bursts out.)

TONY

And you wouldn't let me have one!

STEVE

(Paralyzed.) Did you ever see anything to beat that?

CORA

(Hastily.) It's all right. He's a little queer: you've got to humor him; let him have his own way.

STEVE

(Furiously.) Let him have his own way? He's not waiting for us to let him! (He strides to the tabouret, takes up the cigar box, and offers it to Tony.)

TONY

Help yourself.

(The Individual enters with a tin wash-basin, a large sponge, and a quantity of towels. He sees what is happening, shakes his head reproachfully, and quietly takes the box out of Steve's hands. Tony has already helped himself to a cigar. The Individual relieves him of it, much as a mother would take the jam bottle from a child. Then, from his own pocket, he produces a pair of those thin, contorted affairs commercially known as Pittsburgh stogies, and benignantly hands one to Steve and another to Tony. He goes.)

STEVE

(Looking at his prize with consternation.) Tony, did you get one also?

TONY

Look!

CORA

(Laughing.) Don't you understand? With your coats off, he thinks you are furniture movers!

STEVE

Furniture movers?

CORA

Of course! Isn't it the most natural thing in the world? Wouldn't anybody think so to watch the two of you?

TONY

(With sudden comprehension.) And he thinks he's saving the boss' cigars!

CORA

Exactly!

STEVE

But he isn't saving them from him-self!

CORA

(Lightly.) He helped me the last time I moved. Perhaps he thinks he's

privileged.

(The Individual, who retreated to the hall from his last sally, re-enters with the strangest burden of all. He is not carrying it this time; he is pushing it. It is nothing less than a canopied baby carriage, and the sensation he produces as the men catch sight of it is terrifficillimitable—indescribable. The INDI-VIDUAL seems quite unconscious of it. Calmly he wheels the thing into the center of the room, stops and surveys the tout ensemble. The piano is where it ought to be; the curtains are hung; the odds and ends have disappeared; a few pictures, thanks to CORA, have miraculously sprouted on the walls; the place looks quite habitable, and thoroughly inviting. The Individual takes in these details, produces a well-worn black leather coin purse, opens it, and carefully takes out two quarter-dollars. Then, with another of his beautiful smiles, he hands a coin to each of the men, murmuring audibly: "Thank you; you can go now." They are so completely thunderstruck that they simply accept the coins, and watch him in dumb amazement as he places the basin, sponge and towels in the baby carriage, tops the pile neatly with the box of cigars, and wheels the whole incredible affair into the interior of the apartment.

Steve and Tony stand looking after him in limitless amazement. Finally Steve turns to Tony.)

STEVE

Tony, did you see what I saw?

TONY

A baby carriage!

STEVE

A baby carriage! What's it doing here? That's what I'd like to know! (He turns terrifically on Cora.) Cora, who is that man?

(On the instant there is the sound of water running into the tin basin. The men start as if shot.)

CORA

(And throughout the last few minutes there has been a curious expression about her mouth.) It's nothing; he's giving the baby a bath.

STEVE

The—the baby?

TONY

Yes: that's what she said.

STEVE

The baby? Whose baby?

CORA

(Innocently.) Whose baby?

STEVE

Yes! Tell me! Whose baby?

CORA

(Simply.) My baby. (The men collapse. She surveys them with a pitying smile. Then she beckons to the fire-

place.) Come here. Sit down. There are some things I want to explain to you.

TONY

(Acutely conscious that this does not concern him.) I guess I'll be going.

CORA

No; you, too, Tony! It won't hurt you a bit to listen. Come, sit down. (Limply the men pull up chairs. Steve's condition may be succinctly described by the single adjective "punctured." Tony is too completely crushed to enjoy his friend's discomfiture.) There!

STEVE

Before you begin; (He jerks his thumb toward the door through which the Individual has disappeared.) who is that man?

CORA

My husband.

STEVE

(Forlornly.) D'ye know, I had a sneaking suspicion that something was wrong! (He slumps lower in his chair.) Now, go on.

CORA

(Kindly.) Steve, you consider your-self a judge of women.

STEVE

I used to.

CORA

Yes; I could see that the first time I met you. Do you remember? They had sent me to your office to interview you. I was impressed. Any girl would have been impressed. The secretaries, and the assistant secretaries, and the clerks, and the office boys, and the little slip on which I had to explain my business before you could be disturbed; and then, your private office, the paintings on the walls, the marvelous rugs on the floor, the subdued light, the subtle suggestion of wealth; why, I thought I should never pluck up enough courage

to walk those few steps to your desk, sit down, flip open my notebook and ask you questions! (She shakes her head at the recollection.) But I did it! I trembled in my boots, but I did it! I had expected that when I looked into your eyes I would find them dreaming: dreaming of new plans, new fields for your activities; new mergers, perhaps. But when I looked I could read just one thought: "She's a pretty girl; a deuced pretty girl; and I know everything there is to know about pretty Oh, Steve! (She has struck home. After a little while she continues.) You were thinking just one thought: "What a successor to Florrie! She's pretty; I'm rich. So there you are!" Steve, for a man who considers himself a judge of women, you made an awful mistake! I felt like telling you that even before you spoke; it was on the tip of my tongue to tell you-

STEVE

(Interrupting.) Why didn't you? CORA

(Looking him right in the eyes.) It came to me abruptly that if a man lived as long as you, and didn't know the difference between my kind of women and —well—Florrie's kind, it was about time that he learned a lesson. I didn't encourage you. I didn't lead you on. Give me credit for that.

STEVE

I do. I do.

CORA

I didn't intend to go as far as this at first, but when you suggested renting an apartment for me—

STEVE

(With a smile.) —and agreed to put the lease in your name, and pay a year's rent in advance—

CORA

(Nodding.) —it occurred to me that the lesson might be worth it! (She pauses.) Steve, in your life you've wasted a good deal of time and a good

deal of money on women. Here's some time and some money that haven't been wasted! If it will make you happier, think of what it cost you as a fine for not knowing a good woman when you saw one!

(From the bathroom in the interior of the apartment comes a thinning voice raised in the strains of "I dreamt I dwelt in Tara's halls." With varying emotions, all listen.)

STEVE

What does he do for a living?

TONY

He's not a singer.

CORA

No. He's an instructor in mathematics at the University.

TONY

I knew that the moment I heard him sing.

CORA

(Smiles. Then she continues.) He's a nice chap; home-loving; and clever—clever as they make them! Some day he'll make his mark. But in the meantime, it's pretty hard sledding for a family of three on an instructor's salary even if you add what I earn. Food is so high; and shoes; and things for the baby. (The voice in the distance splits on a high note. Cora listens dreamily.) Poor dear! He's so impractical.

STEVE

(With a gasp.) Does he know?

CORA

Not a word; and what's more, he'll never suspect. (The song becomes a duet as the crying of a baby suddenly joins it. The song stops. The crying continues.) You'd best be going now. He'll be needing my help in a minute.

(In eloquent silence the men put on their coats and move toward the door.)

STEVE

Before I go, just one question.

CORA

Yes?

STEVE

Was that your only reason; because I didn't know the difference—between you—and some other women?

CORA

(After a little hesitation.) No.

STEVE

What was the other reason?

CORA

(Looks into his eyes; laughs.) Well, if you must know, rents are so terribly

high!

(Steve nods. Just why we don't understand, but he seems to draw infinite consolation from this last statement. He bows with grace surprising in a man of his years.)

STEVE

Mrs. Langley, you're a wonderful woman! (He offers his hand. She shakes it. Steve and Tony go. Cora, smiling, closes the door after them.

The baby's crying has ceased abruptly. Evidently the mathematician has managed without her help. It has grown darker. She goes to the window, and pulls down the shades. She lights the lights.

It is really a very charming apart-

ment; Cora seems to say this. But the fireside is the center of the home. She scratches a match; turns on the gas logs. There are two chairs at the hearth. She arranges them to her exact liking. Next to one she puts a pipe, an ash tray, matches, and the tobacco jar. In the other she seats herself, takes up her knitting, and makes herself quite comfortable. Then, and it is obviously a rehearsal of a scene which is to follow when the instructor of mathematics has taken his place and has begun to enjoy the warmth of the fire:)

CORA

The rent? That's a secret, dear. . . . You'll never know how much it is, because I'm going to pay it myself! Yes, every cent of it. . . . You see, they've given me a raise down at the office. . . . (She looks around the room, mellow in the gentle light.) . . . Oh, a thumping big raise! . . . What? You think I'm a wonderful woman? (She rises, and caresses the place where her husband's head would be. The voice from the bathroom rises again; there can be no doubt of it; he is certainly not a singer. Slowly, dreamily, Cora moves toward the inner door. She opens it, and listens an instant. she murmurs something. It sounds like "Too easy!" She goes in. door closes.)

The Curtain Falls.



MANY a moth seeks to immolate itself on a flame only to find that it has run up against an electric light bulb.



"To Be Sung with Simplicity"

By Amanda Benjamin Hall

THE bee's a honey-drop of gold
Against the plum's dark purple cheek;
I've watched him and his ways are bold
To break the will of all things weak!

And in my room a pair of birds, Gray lovers under gilded wire, Grow amorous with witty words When sunlight sets the house afire.

While in the clover fields a pair Of fools as pink as is the flower Have palpitated on the air, Exchanging kisses for an hour.

In Spring when peach trees stain the sky
Then all these madnesses must start,
But they are not for such as I,
The timid and the titmouse heart!

Instead I'll stay and wind the clocks In this old, gabled house of mine, And wear the keys to all the locks, And hang the porringers in line.

And when night darkens in the lanes
I'll close and bar the stout-hinged door,
And watch the sky through window-panes
And wonder what the moon is for!



WOMAN is the sieve that separates scandal from news.



Traitors

By Albert Kinross
(Author of "Eve Damer," etc.)

I

THE cemetery was outside the city bounds and stood amid fields that overlooked the lake and halted at the foothills. A great range, always snow-covered, closed that view, but they who came here seldom had eyes to see it. They came for funerals or on anniversaries, and there was one day in the year that was set apart. On such days Constance avoided the cemetery. She would go as far as the gate, look in, and if there were too many people, she would turn away. She went as she had come; across the cinderpath, then on to the road, and next downhill as far as the tramway sta-She would ride back to her lonely villa, unconsoled and unconsolable. Perhaps the next day she would try again.

Most often the cemetery was empty, save for the gardeners and men who worked there. They did not count. Like the monuments and funeral shrubs, they belonged to the place; like the stones they set, the graves they dug, the paths they cleared and kept in order. Most of them knew her and raised their caps to her; for she was become as much a part of the cemetery as they. She went always to an upright slab of gray marble. On the upper half was

engraved,

Richard Chaumont 1883-1917

The lower half was left a blank for her. Sometimes she thought that she would like to fill it now with all but the final date. Above her husband's name, in a larger lettering, the stonemason had carved the words which she had written down for him. "Love is unending," she had written; and that was

enough.

She would busy herself here, changing his faded flowers for fresh ones and carrying the old ones to a rubbish heap. The jars had to be emptied and filled again with water. Always there was a wreath of evergreens, which often lasted a whole month. When she was finished, the tears would come into her eyes, and there were some days on which she denied God passionately.

"What had she done and what had Richard done," she asked, "that he

should be cut off thus early?"

On such days the sight of old or even of elderly men annoyed her; but what enraged her most was to meet married couples, indifferent, habituated, or wearied and careless as to who knew of it. Why should these be spared, when Richard and she had been all in all to one another!

Nobody seemed to understand this. Eva, her married sister, was patient,

but reasonable and chilling.

"You ought to go away," she said, "you ought to travel; you ought to get out of yourself and think new thoughts."

Her bachelor brother was crueller

still.

"You are young," he said; "some day you will marry again. Why not come with me for a month to Paris?"

"I should only be in your way," she answered bitterly. And to herself she

said, "Never will I betray the deadnever!"

That phrase pleased her. She often repeated it at night when she wept in her loneliness and held out empty arms.

"You are a woman; some day you will get over it," persisted that incorrigible brother; and then they almost quarrelled.

She said he knew no women but his mistresses; and he did not deny it.

More than a year had gone by when the men put up another monument close to hers. She would hardly have noticed it but for the inscription. "Love is unending," it also said; and that made

her look again.

By the name and the dates she discovered that here reposed a young woman-as young as herself-and a newly born child. To the centre of the stone was affixed a medallion portrait in bronze, and the name carved below was Alice Molineux. She knew the Molineuxs for one of the best families in the district, but that was all. The slab was headed with their shield and crest. She went her way downhill to the tramstation.

One day as she came here a gentleman joined her. She was annoved at first, but he was neither old nor elderly. He was tall and elegant and of about the same age as her husband. He had gone to the new grave that was so close to the one she haunted. He too had brought fresh flowers and thrown away the old ones and emptied and refilled the vases with water. He too was standing there with no eye for the mountains, nor the lake, nor for any living thing. This time he outstayed her, but the next time he left first, and one day they left together. They knew each other by sight quite well now. He held the gate for her and raised his hat.

There was no more than that between them for several weeks; and then he stayed away for a while, till one day he reappeared. His flowers were all hideous and faded; but he had brought new ones, a great bunch, as if to make up for his neglect.

Constance watched him arrange them.

She had all these later days thought him faithless.

"He is forgetting," she had said, "like the others."

When she turned to go he followed her that day; and he did not feel the need to apologize.

"I have been ill," he said, quite simply at her elbow; "a grippe-I had to keep

to my room."

He still looked pale and fragile.

"I understand," she answered, just as simply. "If I had known, I would have changed your flowers."

"That is what I have permitted myself to speak to you about. Should I fail at any time, will you do this for— for her?" he asked. "I would gladly do the same-for him."

So they came to make their bargain: and, "Here," thought Constance, human being who understands."

She was less lonely now with those two graves to care for, with a fresh thought or two to think, and the knowledge that she was not so extraordinary as her brother and sister had declared. This Mr. Molineux was acting very much as she was acting; he was feeling as she was feeling; he was not likely to betray his dead. On one point only did they differ. In spite of his inex-plicable loss, Victor Molineux still believed in God.

He told her so with his customary simplicity; and added, "If I had not that faith, I could not live."

"But why-," she began; "and to us-to us," she continued; "we who

loved one another!"

"One believes," he answered quietly, "or one does not. I believe. Something tells me."

And then he looked up suddenly and saw the lake, and the mountains, and sky and cloud above the plain and foothills.

"Perhaps it is that," he said, with a gesture. "She too loved Nature and was moved by it-taken outside herself and lifted."

"I too was like that once," said Constance: "but now-"

"It will return to you," he answered.

He could think of nothing else and stood immersed in his own sorrow.

II

One day when it rained they took the tram together, and he descended where she did. He lived not for away.

He saw her to her door and she asked him to come inside and take his tea with her.

"It is better than being alone," she murmured.

They entered the house. It was not a large house, but everything was very complete and perfect; as though she tended it lovingly; as though it were all that remained of a great passion.

A maid, spoiled and inquisitive, brought them tea in the salon. Constance had removed her outdoor things, leaving Molineux for an instant to himself. There were three portraits of Richard Chaumont, a serious-looking man with thin hair and eye-glasses. They could be of nobody else. He looked at these till she came back and at her other pictures.

"You have a real Mauve," he said.
"It was Richard's choice. I have no taste," she added; "but he—"; and

there she ended.

Over the tea-things they fell to talking of his books and his engravings.

"It is a pity he was a business man," she said.

Before Molineux left she took him into the dead man's own sitting-room, his den, his library; it stood exactly as he had left it, as though he had just

gone out.

There was a half-burned cigar in his ash-tray; a book, laid open and face downward was awaiting his return; his slippers stood in their corner, a smoking-jacket hung behind the door. Only the fireplace had been touched, the fire relaid, so that he might put a match to it. Above it hung his pipes, and on the mantelboard stood photographs and cards of invitation. The date of the calendar which rested on his writingtable was the date on which he had left this room.

Molineux read off some of the titles of the long rows of books that stood in the cases which covered an entire wall.

"A catholic mind," he said.

"He was interested in everything," she answered. "He carried me along with him; and now—"

"You do not care to study alone?"

She shook her head.

He paused over the engravings and prints that hung here, views of the ancient city that spread about its corner of the lake and of buildings and places that had disappeared.

"We found these on our walks in the town," she said; "he was always look-

ing for old things."

They left the room, closing the door quietly, and Molineux took leave of her.

"Another time you must see my home," he said.

"Willingly," she answered; and then

he was gone and she was left to her memories, her occupations.

A week later she accompanied him to the large apartment he occupied in a fine building that faced the lake.

He was rich, apparently, judging by the size of the rooms, their number, and their elegance. They opened out, one from another, and each was beautiful but empty.

"She created all this," he said; "but now she is gone it feels like a desert."

Constance sighed and nodded. She knew.

The portrait of the dead woman was everywhere, Cold, stately, distinguished, she looked out upon them. She had been a Parisienne whom Molineux had met upon his travels.

"She was beautiful," whispered Con-

stance

"How beautiful no one knows," he answered. "It grew upon one."

Her own sitting-room was carefully guarded, just as Richard Chaumont's had been. Molineux produced the key. He drew back the curtains, he flung the windows wide. The servants were not allowed to enter, he explained.

On the open piano stood a piece of

music, the last piece she had played. On the walls were the flags of the Allies: she had been passionately interested in the war. Her easel stood here with an unfinished picture; and there was a work-basket and a little chest which arrested the visitor's attention. Half open, it was full of tiny garments, and others, complete or in the making, were in that sunny corner of the room. Constance paused here and looked at Molineux.

"Your husband was wise," he said,

"you had no children."

"Ah, now I wish I had!" she cried. "I could have lived again in them, or even in one."

"Yes, you are right," he answered slowly; "but sometimes one rebels."

They left that room and he locked the door again. They drank their tea by a window from which they could look

out on the everlasting snows.

"She loved this view, the lake and the mountains," he said. "It was that which made life here endurable, she used to say; for she was accustomed to great cities."

Constance began to dislike this woman who, in her portraits, looked so cold, so distant, so unapproachable.

"People thought her proud," the bereaved husband ran on; "but it was only to protect herself from those who wearied her."

"I would have wearied her," said Constance to herself; but aloud she

said, "It was quite natural."

"I hope you will honor me again."
They were taking leave of one another now and were standing at his open door on the first landing.

"It is your turn next time," she

answered.

He went down the stairs with her as

far as the gateway of the house.

These were the first of many solemn visits, during which they sat and talked of their misfortunes, surrounded by portraits of the man and woman whose early going had brought them into each others lives.

Molineux, looking round him in her little drawing-room, and, whichever

way he turned, meeting that set face with its thin hair and eye-glasses, began positively to dislike it. And she, spied on constantly by that cold woman with the disdainful yet serene countenance, felt often like turning those portraits to the wall, or she wished that he would remove them. But neither of them made a change. The man with the thin hair and eye-glasses was ever present during Molineux's visits, and when Constance came to the large apartmenthouse which faced the lake, there was that impassive woman looking out on her from every corner of the room. Otherwise, they enjoyed the comfort of each other's sympathy, the understanding which in all that city they two alone seemed to possess amid a world, coarse in fibre, materialistic, and unfaithful.

The spring had gone, the summer, the autumn. In December she told him that after the New Year she was going abroad for a change of scene. Her sister and brother-in-law had pressed her; they had almost forced her. They were going to Egypt for a two months' holiday and they had insisted that she must come with them.

He and she were walking back from the cemetery that day. They often walked now. The air was moist, misty, and so far there had been no proper winter. The lake was gray and cheerless, the mountains hidden by a fog.

At her gate they separated.

"I am glad," he said; "perhaps the African sun will burn away your sorrow."

She shook her head sadly. There was no hope of that, she answered.

Before the day of her departure he called with flowers and chocolates to pay her a farewell visit.

"I will miss you," he said; "I will count the days till you come back again."

"I will only be trailing my griefs and my miseries in a new country," she answered. "It is foolish of me to go."

She said this and at the same time, inwardly, she saw the innumerable likenesses of the woman she so heartily

detested. It had come to that now. He would be sitting with her.

"We were there on our honeymoon," said Molineux; "I shall never visit

Egypt again."

And he was trying to escape the steady glare of those portraits that followed him around the room. He was beginning to hate this man with the thin hair and eye-glasses. Why hadn't he eyes without glasses like other people?

"I have white dresses to wear there," she answered; "it will feel strange to

be dressed in white."

"She had white dresses," said Molineux. "You will ride on donkeys," he added, "and carry a parasol. You are fortunate to escape this soft winter. Perhaps the sun will heal you, or, at least, make life more endurable."

He had said something like that before; and, as before, she shook her head. It was time for him to be leaving.

"Bon voyage," he murmured, and took her hand and would have raised it to his lips; but in that instant the floor creaked; or it may have been the dryness of the furniture in that room

heated by a porcelain stove.

The sound checked him; a ridiculous idea had seized upon him that this was a protest, a signal of remonstrance from the dead; and looking out now upon those portraits, he seemed to read a note of anger behind the eye-glasses, a hatred, an animosity, exceeding that which he had fought against within himself.

Of course it was ridiculous, and his hostess had noticed nothing. He still held her hand, and he raised it to his lips and repeated his wish that she should have a pleasant holiday. This time there was no protest, no creaking of furniture. It was foolish of him to have imagined it.

III

A FEW days later Constance was at Marseilles. She had never been to sea before; and here were all these people. She had avoided people, happy people,

careless people, like the ones that had come on board. She was dazed and shy and frightened, and felt like flying home again.

Her sister and her brother-in-law smiled. They too were happy. They coaxed her and they argued with her; and when they were alone, "She will

get over it," they said.

To them this holiday was an event. It was good to see new faces and to live among surroundings quite different from those to which they were accustomed. But if she liked to keep apart and look on at life, they could not prevent her. It was at least better than being imprisoned in her villa and taking her walks and rides to the cemetery that stood outside the town.

She was ill for a day or two and kept to her cabin. But when she revived, the sun was on the sea and there was a craggy, romantic coastline before her and the water was of a blue she had never known. She looked out upon that scene. And then the beauty of it smote Why was he not there to enjoy it? He would have loved it. Her eyes filled with tears, and as she turned, she met the gaze of a young man who was standing solitary as she. He too wore mourning, and he looked out now across the waters with an infinitude of suffering upon his face. For a moment she lingered, and it seemed to her that here was another of the few who understood

In the evening, watching the sunset, she found herself beside him again. Perhaps he had sought her out, perhaps not. He looked at her, and her eyes gave him confidence.

"You too have suffered," he said; and she felt that she had found a com-

panion

"It is always the best who get taken," he added. And then he would have apologized; but she checked him and answered, "You are right."

The young man fetched a chair for her, and she noticed that he limped.

"Permit me?" she said, pitying him. "Why?" he asked.

She had already guessed that he was

S. Set-Apr.-7

French, and now she said, "You have been wounded in the war?"

"It is nothing," he answered.

They sat down side by side and looked out upon the sea; but each saw a sorrow difficult to escape.

"You have lost your fiancée, or a mis-

tress?" she said quietly.

"No, it is my two brothers; there were three of us."

"And you also were nearly lost?"

"For France—why not?" said he. And this illogical answer charmed her. He was very young.

Within a day she had his history. Though he was traveling so finely, he

was poor.

"I have an unmarried aunt," he said; "she insisted. Before I begin my life again, I must spend her savings. In any case, they would have come to me,

she says."

He had only lately been demobilized after five years. Previously he had studied law; but now it was over. His father's investments were worth so little and much of the money had been placed in Russia. And there were his two brothers, whose widows and families came first.

She had heard little of the war from so acute an angle. In her neutral country she had barely gathered that it was like this; indeed, if anything, she was the richer for it. Her husband's fortune had been mostly invested in chocolate, and chocolate had done well.

The young man was going into the glass and china trade; a friend had given him the opportunity. It would be better than the law, after losing all these years. He had to make his life over again, like so many others. But there was this aunt who had said, "Before you begin, you must take a long holiday. That will give you strength." It was kind of her. He could not refuse it.

Such was his story; and as they chatted together, he of his friends and comrades, his brothers, his relatives, she of her home and the husband she had lost, Constance realized that, of the people he described to her, the half were dead or widowed or mutilated, or had

suffered material losses which left them impoverished or face to face with an uncertain future; and for the first time it occurred to her that her own sufferings were not unexampled, that they could be matched, and might even be exceeded. She looked out now on this young man with a new interest and unbent toward several of her fellow-passengers.

Eva, her sister, was pleased to mark the change. So was her brother-in-law. Each had predicted it; and now it was

coming true.

IV

At Alexandria the young man went on alone and Constance had a relapse. They stayed here for a day or two while her brother-in-law transacted some business connected with cotton. Mechanically she resumed her journey, arrived at Cairo, and visited the Pyramids and the bazaars. She was not unhappy,

but she was not happy.

From Cairo she sent a real letter to Victor Molineux, who had already written to say how much he missed her. He was tending both graves now. He mentioned it casually, as though he had no wish to disturb her on this voyage that should bring healing. She need have no fear while he was at his post. His long letter was intimate and faithful and gave her a wider picture of the man. On paper he was less controlled, less reticent, than he had been over the tea-table or on their walks together. It was snowing at home: "Like you. the country is dressed in white," he ended.

In return she told him of her own doings and tried her hardest not to reopen the memories of his honeymoon visit to this place. She was in white now—it was he who had spoken of it—and she hardly knew herself again; for it made her look younger. It was like meeting an old self that was half forgotten. And away from the town and riding out in the desert on camels or on donkeys and visiting the tombs and monuments, she was almost happy.

She had not understood before how full the world was of tombs and tears. The sun was giving her a color, a faint bronze; that African sun of which he had spoken. She liked the Arab guides and donkey-drivers; they paid her such delicious compliments. It was vain of She had seen something of the young Frenchman who had so interested her on board the ship. But he was more energetic than she. Every day he went to some new place, and she was tied to her sister and brother-in-law who were not so enterprising. Perhaps this was not quite just, she added, for they wished her to find every distrac-There were dances at the hotel, which was full of nouveaux riches; she went to her room on these evenings. The sun was always shining and at night the skies were clear. It was strange to be in a country where it never seemed to rain. . . . With ease, she had filled four pages.

From Cairo, Constance and her relatives sailed up the Nile to Luxor, where the young Frenchman, Henri Derville, was already installed at the same hotel. He had more leisure now; he was not so indefatigable. In Cairo he had followed the Arab civilization as well as that of the ancient Egyptians, and had concluded that, of the two, the latter was the more advanced. He told Constance of his excursions and how they had filled his time. But this was an opportunity; and he had no more maiden aunts. They laughed when he said that; first Constance, then Der-

ville.

Here, in this leisured and more easy place, so open and so spacious, so strewn with scattered wonders and discoveries, he was content to ride with her and speculate upon the ruins, tombs, and temples; upon the collossal figures that had been hewn and carved and set upright, as if to oppress a simple people with the monstrous size of them.

Constance loved to listen to his theories.

"These ancient Egyptians were much like the Boche," he said; "everything must be kolossal." And next he im-

agined the wandering hordes of savages, coming up from the swamps and forests of the Sudan, along the Nile and its deserts to the edge of a new world. Suddenly they would stand face to face with these enormous images.

"They must have thought it magic; they must have been afraid. The moral effect must have been prodigious. That is what they were intended for, I suppose—to frighten people."

She followed his arguments. She had the receptive genius of her sex; she was so utterly receptive. Perhaps it was one of the reasons why she had felt her loss so greatly, the emptiness, the vacancy.

At the tombs of the Kings and Queens he had speculated further.

Had these passages and chambers cut deep within the rock been lighted for the artists who had decorated their walls with such brilliant colors; or had the paintings been done outside in the sunlight and then carried in and placed in their positions? He could find no answer to either question.

"What does it matter?" he cried. He was gay now; from the sun, from the exercise, from the abundant air and space of these wild places.

They rode their donkeys out together and ate their meals from baskets. They crossed the river, the near irrigated fields, and then away into the wilderness. It was not like living at a hotel; it was not much like sight-seeing. One took the sights as one found them. The African sun was overhead, and perhaps it was burning away their sorrows; filling them too with some of the serene animalism, the careless languor of this ancient country whose mysteries and profundities were so other, so different, from their own.

The sister and brother-in-law marked the change in Constance.

"It was what she needed," they both said. "Always to bury herself and haunt that cemetery!"

They noticed that her looks were coming back to her, the old ripeness and beauty that had won her so much

admiration. She shrank no longer from their fellow-guests, but, dressed in a transparent white, moved easily. Grief had but lent her dignity, a new distinction.

The weeks passed and young Derville was leaving. His train went in the late afternoon, and he had packed in his room in an annex of the hotel, a long, low wing with numbered doors that lay in a garden full of violent flowers, colored bright scarlets and oranges and purples. Her room was here as well, and, after their luncheon and a last ride to Karnak in the morning, she had taken a siesta.

"You will come and say good-bye to me?" she had asked; and he had promised.

He knocked now at her door.

called and he entered.

She was dressed, fresh from her toilet, yet with the sleep still lingering. Her movements were languorous, as of a woman neither in this world nor the world of dream.

He thanked her for her kindness.

"You have made it a real holiday," he said; "these weeks have given me courage. I will not be afraid to begin with my new life."

"You will succeed," she answered; "I am sure of that. And me too, you have made happy-I, who had thought never to find happiness again!"

She gave him a soft hand.

"Write to me; I would love to hear from you," she said. "My name and the town I live in is enough."

He held her hand, placed it to his He was lips, and then, "Good-bye." firm; he was resolute. With just such eves must be have gone out into battle. And next he limped away, stopping once to take a last look at her. She was brown, burnt and splendid; awakened, fully awakened, from the semi-trance wherein he had found her.

She stood on the veranda and watched him go. She had a wild impulse to fly after him and to hold him.

"You are mad!" she said to herself; but, in her heart, she knew that all her vouth had returned to her.

Two months later she was in her little drawing-room. She had written to Victor Molineux, inviting him for She had not met him at the cemetery. So far she had not been out there.

He found her altered and strangely beautiful, the sun still upon her face; and she was no longer in black, nor with any sign of mourning. It was one of those first radiant days of spring when one could wear soft colors. He looked round the room for his everwatchful enemy; but the portraits were gone. Only one remained, inconspicuous on a side-table. He need not look at it. The man with the thin hair and eye-glasses could follow him no longer.

"Has she forgotten him?" he asked himself. Aloud, he said, "You did not come directly home; you were in Italy? I was glad when you wrote that you

would go there."

"It was my proposal," she answered. "My sister and I were there; my brother-in-law had to leave us. I had

never been in Italy before."

The maid, more spoiled after so much freedom and more inquisitive, came in with the tea-things. She had a certain contempt for Victor Molineux, in spite of his distinction.

They drank their tea and spoke of other matters; of her travels, his in-He discovered that she had been to a ball at one of the hotels, and, when he questioned her, she confessed to several, and, treating him like a friend, an intimate, she told him that she had received an offer of marriage. "An Italian doctor," she said; "he was very vain and very stupid."

He pressed her for particulars; but

it only made her smile.

"You too ought to go away," she said, looking up at him.

"And be unfaithful?" he asked.

He glanced round the room now to the places where once had hung those missing portraits.

She understood him.

"It is not we who are unfaithful,"

she answered; "it is the dead who betray the living."

She spoke slowly; she seemed to like that phrase, just as she had liked its predecessor.

"You have not been to the cemetery yet? It is spring there," he said.

"Not yet." And then. "I fear it," she added; "I, who have escaped!"
"You are sure?" he asked her.

Foolishly, involuntarily, she told him now of the young Frenchman at Luxor and of the impulse which had shaken her as she watched him leaving.

"It was stronger than I. But, no; it was life," she ended. "Life is too strong for us; when we refuse it, we are dead!"

"You love this young man?" he asked; and for the first time she caught in his voice a note of jealousy.

"It is difficult to explain. Perhaps it was the sun, that 'African sun,' " she

said, quoting him. "But, no; you remember what both of us have written?"

He looked at her, puzzled.

"'Love is unending'," she quoted again. "Does it not mean that men and women may die, but Love goes on?"

He had grasped her meaning.

"No, you did not love that young man," he answered; and drawing closer, alive and masterful, he seized her hand, held it; and she did not resist.

"I too have been unfaithful. I have longed for you, Constance; I have longed for you!" he whispered.

* * * *

"We will not live in your home," she said, a half-hour later; "there are always those portraits. I could not live with them."

"They are gone," said he; and though he was lying, he knew that they would go, and perhaps but one or two remain, modestly, and in its proper place.



I Can Bear So Many Things!

By A. Newberry Choyce

I CAN bear so many things . . Cruelty, wrong;
But not when another sings
Your song.

I can suffer so much pain . . . Cold words, whips;
But never in my life again
A woman's lips.

I can stand any test . . .
Death and the sod;
But another's child at your breast—
Dear God!



The Sunshine of Gloom

By T. F. Mitchell

A MAN differs from the brutes not in the possession of reason but in the possession of cheerfulness. A tiger looks sinister, a lion disdainful, a cat inscrutable, a horse patient. None of the beasts has a cheerful countenance. Even in the look of the laughing hyena there is more menace than cheer. Only man looks cheerful and idiotic.



How Far Away Is April?

By A. W. Cresson

MY heart must swing to April Though April's far away; My heart must swing to April And run the fields with May!

What can you give me, Winter, To take the place of these, The rain upon the violets, Leaf shadows under trees?

The naked branches of the elm,
The chilly skirts of snow,
A river with a silent mouth ...
I would not have it so.

How far away is April?

I think my heart must run

Down at all the frozen, wind blown miles

To meet the turning sun!



Art for Art's Sake

By Richmond Brooks Barrett

I

N Wednesday evenings, Mrs. William Dent and Thomas Edgeworth dined with their mother. Old Mrs. Edgeworth always made a point, on these occasions, of wearing stiffly brocaded gowns and an extravagant array of jewels. Sargent had painted a merciless portrait of her in just such a costume; she had chuckled drily over it, christened herself a "Holbein hag" and despatched the canvas to Mrs. Dent as a birthday gift. Grimly filial, Mrs. Dent had hung the thing in her drawing-room; by way of eloquent comment, however, she had placed a sepia print of Whistler's mother nearby.

Mrs. Edgeworth never failed to enjoy her daughter's Wednesday evening mood of suppressed irritability. Mrs. Dent was always dignified and polite in her treatment of the old woman. She was a stout maternal creature who boasted of the fact that not once in her useful life had she consciously wounded another. If her eyebrows criticized, her words were consistent in their forbearing sweetness.

"It's rather too bad, Charlotte, that you never had any children," Mrs. Edgeworth sometimes commented. "This being a mother to the whole world is a large order—even for your great nature." Her words would have a satiric bite.

"There are certain tragedies one would prefer not to talk about." Charlotte's patient gaze would be fixed on one of Mrs. Edgeworth's celebrated Madonnas as she spoke. She would be careful, at such times, to avoid her

mother's sharp eyes. The old woman had her opinion as to the glowingly healthy Charlotte's childless state. Her obvious skepticism on the subject was a perpetual cross to the younger woman.

"By the way, Mother," Mrs. Dent remarked gently one Wednesday evening, "I'm afraid you haven't noticed my new

gown."

"New gown?" Mrs. Edgeworth showed surprise. As a matter of fact, she had already taken in with amused thoroughness the aggressively simple severity of Charlotte's costume. "I thought you never had one."

Charlotte smiled.

"I don't wonder you thought so," she acknowledged, with ill-concealed pride. "But when one has to appear on the platform, one mustn't be out at the elbows."

Charlotte's conversation was ever rich in "ones"; she avoided the vulgar

"I" whenever possible.

Mrs. Edgeworth busied herself with her lobster. She was aware that her daughter had thrown out two hints that required development. The new gown was to serve as a tactful point of departure for a lesson in economy; the modest mention of the "platform" would be enlarged to show forth Mrs. Dent's theory of one's duty to the public. Ever since her husband's death she had devoted herself to the spiritual elevation of the masses.

Charlotte, waiting to be pressed for particulars, cleared her throat. Mrs. Edgeworth was still occupied in picking at her lobster.

"I have discovered a splendid little seamstress." It was characteristic of Mrs. Dent to employ the epithet "little" in connection with any woman who worked for a living. "She is very reasonable and doesn't waste the cloth." She was addressing her brother Thomas, hoping to draw her mother's attention by thus pointedly turning away from her.

Thomas showed intense interest in the communication. It was his way of conveying a rebuke to the frivolous old

woman.

"I see!" he exclaimed with knitted brows, as if he had seized upon the meaning of words that, in their subtlety, would have baffled a less clever man.

Mrs. Edgeworth laughed.

"No, she doesn't waste the cloth," she murmured. "The waist's indecently

tight in front."

It was Mrs. Dent's opportunity now to change the subject and thus prevent her mother from indulging in further vulgar remarks of a personal nature.

She leaned forward, her eyes dwell-

ing tenderly on Thomas.

"Our drive starts tomorrow morning," she said, enunciating with as great distinctness as if her brother were deaf.

"Another drive!" Mrs. Edgeworth, with her beady eyes on her plate, seemed to be confiding in her maimed lobster. "Good Lord, how can there be a soul still left to be saved after all these years of aggressive campaigning?"

Thomas and his sister ignored their

mother's mumbled comment.

"If there's anything I can do for you, don't hesitate to call on me, Charlotte," Thomas urged.

Mrs. Dent laughed.

"I may have to take you up on that, Thomas," she warned him archly. "I must give a little talk every evening for the next fortnight. My voice may desert me." She lowered it at once, as if to safeguard it for her public. "These lecture-halls! The dust seems to sift into one's lungs. But you know how it is." That last statement, soldering brother and sister in a bond of martyrdom, delicately excluded their ribald mother.

"I have prepared careful notes for

each lecture," Mrs. Dent pursued. "If I do fall by the way, you and I could go over the outlines together and you could take my place. My understudy, so to speak." She acknowledged her irrepressible sense of humor by shaking her head in apology for the quaint witticism.

"I must send you a check in the morning," Thomas murmured. "To whom shall I make it payable?" He had taken out a little note-book and had the pencil poised.

"To me—as President." Charlotte lowered her eyes in elaborate humility.

Then Thomas spoke to his mother in a tone that was full of staunch championship of his sister's cause. "And you'll of *course* send your check also, Mother?"

"And who's to be given a leg up out of the mire this time?" the old woman

wanted to know.

Her children exchanged pained glances.

"Evidently you don't read the

papers." Thomas was stern.

"Only the murders on the front page," Mrs. Edgeworth confessed.

Charlotte at that took up the cudgels for herself. "Tomorrow morning the drive for the Girl Scouts of America will be launched," she announced dramatically. "I believe—indeed I hope—that you are the only mother in the United States who has known nothing of it till this late hour."

"I daresay." Mrs. Edgeworth didn't sound contrite, however. "As to sending a check in the morning—I'll do nothing of the kind. Thomas. I don't approve of your Girl Scouts; I have no desire to see a seething mass of Gene Stratton Porters taking twittering possession of our land."

"Ah!" Charlotte's monosyllable had the quality of a distressed sigh. She closed her lips tight, and, sending a glance of mute appeal in her brother's direction, bowed her head.

"Besides, I can't afford to give a cent to anything just now," the old woman

pursued.

"Sometimes I don't wonder there are

socialists in this world," Thomas informed her sharply. "When a wealthy woman like you refuses to acknowledge any duty in the disposal of that wealth—"

"But think of all I've done for people," Mrs. Edgeworth protested. "Bernard Berenson and the Duveens, for example!"

She wagged her head maliciously at her son and in her twinkling eyes there was a gleam of derisive scorn.

"Why did God give me such chil-

dren, I wonder?" she cried.

"You say you can't afford to give anything." Thomas's air now resembled that of a criminal lawyer intent on wresting the truth from his victim. "May I ask why that is, Mother?"

Mrs. Edgeworth, however, was quite willing to admit the facts at once; she had no intention of humoring her son in his third-degree tactics. "I purchased a Botticelli Madonna this morning—that's why, Thomas."

Charlotte indulged in a slight shudder and pushed her plate from her. Her mother's statement had evidently had the effect of taking away her appetite.

"One does feel the sinfulness of extravagance at a time like this," she murmured. "The money paid for a small piece of canvas would have given hundreds of delicate young girls, with weak lungs, a fortnight in some mountain camp. But one doesn't think of that till it's too late." With great generosity, she was implying that her mother had been just rash and thoughtless, not consciously stony-hearted.

"How touching, Charlotte!" Mrs. Edgeworth cried. "But I may as well confess that I've been deliberating all day about another picture—an 'Epiphany' of Gentile da Fabriano's." This news was received in grim silence by Mrs. Dent and her brother. "Yes—fancy it! Did you ever hear of such

luck?"

The old woman seemed to be taking for granted her children's boisterous enthusiasm on the subject.

"I don't wonder you're amazed," she went on slyly. "I really can't afford it at present; but I've decided to snatch it up anyhow. You know how it is; there are certain chances one can't let go by—"

Thomas interrupted his mother's

ecstasy.

"I think," he remarked to Charlotte, "that, provided I steel myself to some drastic skimping in the next few months, I shall be able to send you a check for five thousand dollars."

"One likes best the donations that entail sacrifice," his sister returned with

dignity.

II

"OF course, in a way I'm as much of a fanatic as my son and daughter. But then, I'm eighty years old and an octogenarian is always a bit insane about one thing or another." Mrs. Edgeworth, leaning heavily on the arm of Dennis, her stalwart English maid, was going the daily rounds of her magnificent house with young Gregory Sanborn.

Though the man was thirty-five, he was always called "young Sanborn," or "the boy that trails around after Mrs. Tom Edgeworth." He was slim and blond and rather bashful; certainly he didn't look his age. Besides, he had never learned to control his enthusiasms. Art and Mrs. Edgeworth—these were his altars of adoration.

His worship of the old woman and her treasures combined joyful exultation and downright awe. He knelt with reverence at his shrines, but his eyes had at the same time an irrepressible beam of romantic ardor. Worshipper and knightly champion was Sanborn. He thought the sardonic bedizened old woman the most wonderful creature that had ever been born; he would have obeyed any outlandish command from her. The two had been staunch friends for five years.

Mrs. Edgeworth had a complete knowledge of the ridicule that was dealt out to them in their queer intimacy. It didn't bother her in the least. She enjoyed the company of her "Sancho Panza," as she called Sanborn. With him she had a stimulating time; he was the only person who relished her every shaft of satire and therefore she found to her own satisfaction that her wit was at its sharpest when directed into his ears. He was a dear boy and the fact that he let himself be overshadowed by her didn't harm him. Though he tried to be a painter, his success could never be more than a mediocre one. Hero worship was his true vocation. Mrs. Edgeworth had soon decided she had as substantial a claim to his devotion as anybody else. So she had allowed him to tag about after her whenever he liked.

They had paused today, as usual, beneath Titian's superb portrait of a

Venetian nobleman.

"I hate to think, Gregory, that after I'm dead this fine old roué will be sold and that the proceeds will take a giggling crowd of Girl Scouts—members of the Easter-Lily or Tube-Rose troop—out into God's pure air. It isn't right, now is it?" she put it up to him.

Sanborn laughed heartily.

"No, he wasn't cut out to help poor

girls," he admitted.

"But, you see, that will be his fate," she pressed. "All my wicked possessions will be put to some charitable end. Even my disreputable Leda over there will go at auction and the price she fetches will buy gymnasium fixtures—dumb-bells and Indian clubs—for the Young Men's Christian Association. And this house, Gregory! What's to become of this house? Will it be utilized as the Supreme Temple for the thirty-second degree members of the Girl Scouts?"

"Dear Mrs. Edgeworth," he returned with gravity, "rather than permit that sort of thing, you'd really better leave

it to the City of New York."

"A public museum!" She shuddered. "That would be desecration, too. The solemn tramp of schoolmarms through my rooms would reach me in the tomb, Gregory. If the place weren't fireproof, I'd burn it down, make a funeral-pyre of it!"

She was silent for a moment.

Then, "Ah, well!" she sighed at length, "I'm abominably tired. When my legs shake under me at a time like this, it shows I'm going downhill at breakneck speed. Six months ago I could stand in front of that splendid fellow"—she waved her hand at Titian's grandee—"and not be aware that I had legs. Come along!" She poked her stolid maid into motion. "We'll have some tea, Gregory. I'll try to be less lugubrious."

By the time they reached the drawing-room the old woman was gasping. She threw herself into her chair.

"I'll have to come to a decision soon, my dear fellow," she panted. "Every campaign my children go in for drives a bright new nail into my coffin. Rage is bad for octogenarians. I think, when I die, I'll have myself mummified and wrapped in gaudy cerements and sent around to my son's house for a souvenir."

She wagged her head in grim amusement.

Sanborn, with commendable tact,

gave the conversation a veer.

"I lunched with some of the Metropolitan Museum crowd yesterday," he announced. "We agreed that the new Botticelli was the finest in the country. He never did a thing of more exquisite distinction. It has all the mastery of line, all the strange chilliness of the Uffizi Venus. And those few marvelous frost-bitten roses in the Virgin's hand!"

His eyes glowed with enthusiasm. The man's true character came out only when he was discussing some work of art that he loved.

"I can't explain the effect it has on me, you know. It—well," he gave a rather apologetic laugh at his clumsy attempt to put his state of mind into figurative speech, "it almost makes my lungs sting, the way an awfully cold winter day does. It rarefies the air, if you know what I'm trying to get at—"
"That's exactly it." The old woman

"That's exactly it." The old woman nodded with decision and her haggard face took on a new animation. "It's

like a wind that's come over miles of dazzling snow. You've got just the quality of that picture, Gregory. Now the Gentile—that's so different. That's all joy and melting softness—a real Italian spring's in the air there—"

So they talked, eager, incoherent, fascinated. They groped with an intense earnestness for the proper words to express the elusive charm of this or that picture, and, at last tracking down the right phrase, pounced on it gleefully. In their intense excitement, they drew closer together until in the end Mrs. Edgeworth was accompanying her statements with quick taps on the man's knee.

Then Mrs. Dent was announced.

Mrs. Edgeworth shrugged her shoulders impatiently and settled back in her

great chair.

"Upon my word, Gregory," she exclaimed, "I don't know what I should do without you! I should have been dead five years ago if you hadn't ap-

peared on the scene."

Charlotte, on the threshold, inclined her head in Sanborn's direction with sweet civility; she made it apparent, however, that her cordiality had been achieved only after a supreme effort. In the presence of an artist, Mrs. Dent always appeared a bit distrustful; it was as if she feared that men with such queer natures might at any moment take it into their heads to visit a lewd, Satyr-like embrace upon her. Holding herself very erect, she glided across the room to her mother and placed a tender kiss on her wrinkled and rouged left cheek.

"How do you do, Dennis?" Mrs. Dent believed that all menials adored her; she therefore made her greetings to them in a tone of humility—just to show them that she felt herself un-

worthy of being worshipped.

"May I have some tea?" she asked. "I am excessively tired. One determines to hoard one's strength at a time like this," she remarked to her mother, "and then suddenly it's gone—one's forgotten one's staunch resolution."

Polite as ever, she smiled at Sanborn.

"Don't train your batteries on Gregory," Mrs. Edgeworth warned her. "He's got no money to give to your drive, Charlotte."

Mrs. Dent brought her thin lips together disapprovingly and said nothing.

"What have you come for? It's not Wednesday, my child." The old woman was rude.

"I had something of importance to tell you." Mrs. Dent opened her lips for this statement, then closed them

again with an air of finality.

"Indeed!" Mrs. Edgeworth showed intense interest. "Tell me at once, Charlotte. Don't keep me in this nerveracking suspense. Poor Gregory is on tenter-hooks, too. So speak right up. Don't be shy."

Mrs. Dent's lifted eyebrows witnessed her dislike of sharing confidences with servants and artists.

Sanborn got to his feet.

"Sit down, Gregory," Mrs. Edgeworth commanded peremptorily. "If my daughter's news isn't fit for your ears, it's not fit for mine."

Charlotte coloured at this vulgar innuendo. She retained her matronly dignity, however, despite the old woman's malicious chuckle.

"Very well, Mother," she murmured. "It was my thought to spare you—that was all."

"Dear me!" Mrs. Edgeworth mused for a moment. Then, "Don't tell me, Charlotte, that you and the other Scout Mothers are planning to wear khaki breeches in future!" she cried.

Sanborn and Dennis exchanged surreptitious grins at this bit of shameless

buffoonery.

Mrs. Dent drew herself up majesti-

cally.

"I didn't come here to listen to jokes, Mother," she murmured. "I haven't time for that sort of—er—relaxation."

"Forgive me!" the old woman begged. "We ancients do run on so. Even you will lose your deadly conciseness when you're eighty, my darling."

Charlotte cleared her throat in true public-platform style and her gaze, shifting from one to another of her audience, drew them to attention as deftly as the rap of a chairman's hammer.

"I ran in this afternoon," she elucidated, her eyes focussed now on her mother, "to tell you of a little scheme that I worked out in my own head—a plot, I suppose, it might be called, to raise money for our drive."

Mrs. Edgeworth took advantage of her daughter's impressive pause to exclaim "Hear! Hear!" in a high treble.

Charlotte saw fit to ignore the derisive applause. She turned her attention squarely on Gregory Sanborn.

"The point is, Mr. Sanborn," she announced, "my mother was unable to contribute to the cause. She was rather strapped, to put it baldly. When one buys art treasures one is apt to find it difficult to aid charitable organizations—"

"How true that is!" was the old

woman's sly comment.

"Of course," Mrs. Dent forged ahead doggedly, "one realized that mother would have liked to help. It was just an unfortunate mischance—her having purchased certain canvases at a certain time." Her tone was one of sorrowful indulgence for the aged culprit. "So I've sprung a little surprise!" This rather archly. "At three this afternoon, a few of my friends gathered in my drawing-room. Mr. Tomlinson Jones—a very fine man whose heart is in the Girl Scout movement—acted as master of ceremonies."

"And what has Mr. Tomlinson Jones got to do with me, pray?" Mrs. Edge-

worth wanted to know.

"Ah, you'd never guess!" Charlotte

was playfully mysterious.

"I don't care to guess," the old woman snapped. "Do get on with your story, Charlotte."

Mrs. Dent looked hurt.

"Thanks to Mr. Jones, Mother," she said with a touch of asperity, "we have put you on our list as donating five thousand dollars to the Girl Scouts of America."

Mrs. Edgeworth threw up her hands in mock horror.

"Perfidy!" she cried. "Sheer per-

fidy!

"In my drawing-room there hung a certain canvas." Charlotte intoned the words, as if they composed the first line of a poem.

"Hung!" her mother interrupted. "I

begin to see light."

"It was a canvas"—Mrs. Dent always called a painting a "canvas"—"that I never liked. From the start, I have considered it a most cruel caricature. To me, old age is a very beautiful thing." This last confession was directed at the bewildered Sanborn.

"To me, old age is a hideous joke!" Mrs. Edgeworth protested venomously. "Don't look so thunderstruck, Gregory. My daughter is speaking of John Sargent's portrait of me, that masterpiece

of unblushing realism."

"As you wish!" Mrs. Dent was polite. "Our opinions differ. I consider it an insult. Every time I have looked at it it has made me unhappy. I could stand it no longer. Mr. Jones auctioned it off for me today. It was bought by Mrs. Petherby; I believe she plans to place it in the Boston Museum of Fine Arts. But the main point is that the five thousand dollars has been entered as your very generous donation, Mother."

"Upon my word, Charlotte, I congratulate you!" Mrs. Edgeworth flung herself back in her chair and burst into uncontrollable merriment. "It's the first time in your life you've ever done anything I could genuinely admire you for. But this was bold, this was admirable, this was heroic! You've played a magnificent joke on me, my child. It was worthy of me at my most diabolical, I swear!"

Charlotte, during this outburst, had

risen with dignity to her feet.

"Please, Mother!" she protested with great distinctness; apparently she felt that she was dealing with a fit of hysteria.

Bending over, she stroked one of the old woman's hands. "It was not my idea to play a joke on you, believe me.

I thought my little surprise would delight you. If I have hurt you—ah, I

am sorry."

"But you haven't hurt me; you've tickled me to death," the old woman blithely assured her. "Here am I, hoist with my own petard into the front ranks of the Scout contributors. John Sargent and I! Good Lord, I take off my hat to you, my child!"

"You're quite all right? You're sure you're quite all right?" Mrs. Dent's voice was vibrant with emotion.

"Of course—don't be a goose and spoil your pretty trick." Her mother was sharp. "Now do run off to your next lecture, Charlotte. I've something I want to say to Gregory."

After Mrs. Dent had glided from the room, Mrs. Edgeworth fixed Sanborn with a bright, piercing glance. She nodded her head at him wisely three

or four times.

Then she announced:

"You see, Gregory! Didn't I tell you how it would be? The battle has begun—righteousness against beauty. Draw up your chair, my dear fellow, while I tell you my nefanious scheme. Leave the room, Dennis! You seem an honorable old thing, but you're human, after all, and these Scout Mothers wouldn't be above bribing you—"

III

THE following Wednesday, Mrs. Edgeworth, supported on one side by the dauntless Dennis and on the other by an old and trusted manservant, emerged from the train at the Williamstown railroad-station. She was tremulous and gaspingly out of breath, but her black eyes twinkled with amusement.

"Ah, there you are, my dear fellow!" She pushed her attendants away with her elbows and held out both hands to Gregory Sanborn, who had just hurried along the platform to her side. "You're proving yourself the great martyr for the cause of beauty." She examined him shrewdly. "But you do show the strain; you look absurdly woebegone." She gave a dry chuckle of satisfaction.

"What a sell on us it would have been if I'd dropped dead in the train!"

Sanborn's polite smile was a trifle strained. "I have the motor here," he murmured.

"You haven't neglected a single necessary vulgarity?" she asked. "You've done everything in the proper style?"

He nodded.

"Everything is according to the storybooks," he told her.

Mrs. Edgeworth patted his sleeve in offhand friendliness.

"Poor boy!" she exclaimed. "It's a tragic moment for you—I know that. Thank God, I'm old enough and coarse enough to take it as a lark. But you won't be under a cloud for long, Gregory. Why, two years from now people will have forgotten that I ever existed."

"You're tired, Mrs. Edgeworth—and there's a damnable chill in the air here!" Sanborn's voice had lost its furtive, guilty note and his face had brightened. There was no question about it—the old woman had a tonic quality. "Let's get into the motor."

"Let's get the whole dreadful business over with, you mean!" she contradicted him. "I must be in bed by seven, Dennis tells me, with piles of hot-water bottles dotted about my person. Does that strike you as in accordance with the story-books, Gregory?"

She shrugged.

"Well, it's a grim little adventure, no one can deny that," she commented. "A funeral couldn't have less rosy tints."

She grasped his arm and beckoned Dennis to her.

"But there's no point in hastening my end by catching cold in this miserable station," she exclaimed, "Come ahead!"

In the motor, Mrs. Edgeworth put her head on her maid's shoulder.

"How long a drive is it?" she asked Sanborn.

"Two hours," he returned.

"Very well, I shall nap a while," she mumbled and in a few moments was asleep.

"The sheer barbarity of it! What one's children will drive one to!" Mrs.

Edgeworth was dragging her stiff old legs up the porch steps of a dingy little cottage in a Vermont town. Sanborn had a firm grip of her arm. Behind them walked in gloomy silence Dennis and the manservant.

"You've warned this long-suffering divine what to expect, Gregory?" the old woman asked. "If not, we'd better

have restoratives ready."

Sanborn achieved a rueful smile. "I've told him the truth, Mrs. Edgeworth," he returned.

"That's—fortunate," she panted.

Suddenly she burst out laughing and nodded in the direction of the servants.

"Dennis and Parker are about to break into three rousing cheers, I believe!" she cried. "Ah—the door is opening. The heroine entered the parsonage on the arm of her greatgrandson. Upon my word, the vulgarity of this business is almost too much for me! As for you, poor boy—"

IV

THEY were sitting, the newly married pair, in front of the open fire in their drawing-room at the Vermont Inn. Dennis and Parker had been sent off to celebrate "the nuptial wake," as their mistress humorously dubbed it. The old woman was leaning back in her chair. She was very weary, now the business was settled, and made no effort to combat the fit of yawning that had her in its grip; but she still could chuckle sardonically at the grim farce they had enacted and her eyes had a merry snap.

"Now, then, Gregory!" she told the man. "It was very sweet of you to leave all the actual sordid financial details to me. I brought a copy of the new will along with me—just to prove

I didn't betray the trust."

She fumbled about in the bag she always carried and located the document.

"There, my dear fellow." She pointed out a clause with a gnarled fore-finger. "You see, my New York house and all it contains go to you, with sufficient income to keep the place going.

Everything else will be my children's. They've no cause for complaint. I have a disgracefgul lot of money, you know. Thomas and Charlotte can contribute in most orgiastic fashion to their drives and things. But my treasure—my real children—are yours by right of your exquisite martyrdom."

"But, my dear Mrs. Edgeworth!" the

man burst out.

"Mrs. Sanborn, if you please," she contradicted him with a wag of her head.

He laughed, but made no attempt to incorporate the correction into his discourse. "I—I honestly wish you wouldn't call this business my 'martyrdom.' As a matter of fact, you are the best friend I've ever had. I'm glad to have done this for you. I haven't a single regret as to the actual—er—arrangement; it was only the method that rather—well, hurt, if you know what I mean."

"Ah—I understand perfectly, perfectly," she assured him. "But we couldn't go at it in decent fashion. My children wouldn't have been properly stumped unless we'd made romantic fools of ourselves. But it will all blow over soon enough—and there you'll be, with Titians and Giorgiones and Botticellis to soothe your poor wounded sensibilities. The method was unavoidable, granted my dreadful offspring—"

She was silent for a moment.

Then, sitting up quite straight of a

sudden, she announced:

"Mind, Gregory, your responsibility isn't over at my death. You've got to marry again with all speed and have children of your own. We've done this abominable deed in order to safeguard my collection—and not for one paltry generation, either. You must promise me to fall in love with some kindred spirit and do your duty by posterity. And before I die I'll coach you how not to bring up children; I'll set my Charlotte and Thomas up before you as deplorable warnings. But good Lord!" she sighed. "I have an idea that, when I get to Heaven, I shall have to begin at once fighting celestial Girl Scout movements and empyrean Y. M. C. A. drives. God will never let me have peace after this blasphemous marriage. So, when I look down over my gold bar, at least let me hear your infants lisping of the glories of the Quatrocento in Sienna and such-like academic matters."

"To tell the truth, dear Mrs. Edgeworth," Sanborn murmured with a timid laugh, "the—the woman's already picked. She's with us in our plot. She'll wait for me, though I can't understand what she sees in me, if you get what I mean—"

"Ah—I'm overjoyed!" The old woman leaned forward and patted him on the arm. "That simplifies things at once. Now I can die in peace."

After a moment she remarked:
"My old bones tell me it's nearly

seven, Gregory. Dennis will be here soon. I want you to send off a wire to Charlotte. It's Wednesday, so address it to my house. She and Thomas will

be reporting there for dinner. And lay it on thick, poor boy! Elopement, drive in dusk to quaint old parsonage, ecstatic happiness in the dear little inn, etc., etc. They've got to be fed a bitter dose. They mustn't think our motives are anything but disgracefully amatory. We're not to give them a loophole for pity. And you'll despatch the sentimental tidings to the New York papers also—and be sure you do make the messages sentimental. Our noble purpose we shall keep to ourselves. If Charlotte guessed the truth, she might weep over us in our pitiful damnation. Heavens, should she scent out a 'cause' she'd be unbearable. In that case, we might just as well have spared ourselves this jaunt and got the matter off our minds in New York."

There came a knock at the door.

"Dennis and the hot-water bottles!" the old woman announced. "The story-book details are finished. Good night, Gregory. You are a dear boy—"



MARRIAGES are divided into happy ones and those in which the man is not making as much money as the wife thought he was.



A MAN'S gentility is determined by whether he wipes his mouth or his lips with the napkin.



A MAN loses his sense of direction after the fourth drink. A woman, after the fourth kiss.



LOVE should be like good matches. No after-glow.



The Difference

By Charles G. Shaw

IT was the best show he had ever seen.

The music was enchanting, the scenery effective, the humor sparkling, the girls ravishing. And it was to be all arranged with the little blonde, second from the left. He had written her a note to join him for supper.

During the entr'acte he wended his way to the stage door for an answer.

Her reply was that she would be unable to meet him.

It was the rottenest show he had ever seen.



Cherry-Bloom

By Edna Valentine Trapnell

OH, one remembers little things and lets the big things go,
And I have thought of cherry-bloom that fell like summer snow,
I have thought of petals falling on a lad's dark hair,
Of laughing eyes and nearing lips and a ring he bade me wear.

Seven sons I bore my lord—golden-haired and bold— The oldest's name I have forgot—I am grown so old, But in the night I wake and weep; before my eyes I see The baby girl they laid to sleep beneath the cherry tree.

My sons come in and chat with me of lambs and colts and corn—I mind a little lamb I had or ever they were born; I sit and knit beside the fire, alone and old and blind—The days drift by like cherry petals falling in the wind.



Eva Bianca's Faithful Lover

By L. M. Hussey

I

Now that we saw him again, happy at last, and contented, and living within limits of his natural emotions, we reviewed together the term

of his long dementia.

It seized him, like a true neurosis, when he was a boy and Eva, whom you all know, was still a little girl. She was a lovely little thing, lovely with jet curls and jetty eyes and a way of assurance that was older than her years. He aspired to her, yet even then he sensed the disproportion between his timid soul and his aspiration. As a boy, he was afraid of her. The other boys, under no precocious spell of love, were familiar with her, teased her as they would any girl, pulled her black curls and laughed with crude shouts when she scolded them. But Wilson was never familiar.

At school he used to wait on the corner to watch her pass; he would follow behind her like an odoring dog, but he seldom had the courage to talk with her. "Moggs," a tomboy girl, to whom he confided his miseries, used to carry little gifts to Eva that he was afraid to give with his own hand. He often sent her a rose or two; he used to buy these flowers at a florist's, paying for them from the money he earned, in the grafting way boys earn money at home.

Of course, Eva despised him. She despised him because he was different from the other boys, because he was plainly afraid of her and because he was in love with her. He did not understand the reasons for her contempt and so he searched for his own defects in

order to explain the enigma. He used to stand in front of the mirror and gaze at his face, examining it minutely, like a naturalist looking at a bug. Was he an ugly boy, a boy no girl could like? He almost believed he was.

But Wilson was not, in fact, a badlooking boy, although you would not call him handsome. There were both timidity and placidity blended in his face; it lacked energy of expression. His eyes were blue, mild eyes, somewhat round and pathetic. He had straw-colored hair with an intractable cowlick, so that his hair was always mussed, no matter how much he brushed it. It used to stick up particularly in the back, like a little bundle of wires. Of this defect Wilson was ashamed.

Of course in the early days of his adoration the other boys used to deride him. This made him suffer, and it may have confirmed him, to a degree, in his adoring. I think he had, fundamental to his character, a sort of martyr's disposition; I think he was one of the sort that enjoys pain like a masochist, that finds a secret, perverted pleasure in enduring ridicule and abuse.

After a time the boys ceased to inconvenience him, they did not yell after him on the street and shout shrill derisions for all the world to hear. For one thing, the joke grew old and lost its savor; for another we ourselves were

growing older.

Wilson was wearing long trousers now and attending the high school. There was a snobbish kind of social life in the high school; if you were a "regular" fellow you belonged to one of the high school fraternities, you knew something about women, and you were beginning to drink. In these activities Wilson had no part. He was not what we called a regular fellow; he thought it was wrong to drink and even learned some curious, physiological data concerning alcohol, things from the mendacities of the school physiology books about the liver and the arteries and the kidneys—and as for women, he was hopelessly in love with Eva, chaste et pure.

Eva, then, was awakening to sex, and she was immensely popular with the boys. She was easily more vivacious than any other girl we knew; she seemed older, and wore a luring thereby; she danced better, she had more confiding ways. Her curls were coiled up on her head now, her eyes had acquired languorous moments and her ambitions stirred our imagina-

tions.

She said she intended to be an actress. She said she would be a prima donna of musical comedy. She used to sing every current popular song with a great exaggeration of expression, but her singing had warmth, it was alive, it was not in the common way. She was the star in all our school theatricals. Young Randolph, who afterward became a bad novelist and who has made a great deal of money from his books and photoplay scenarios, wrote our plays, heroic, sentimental plays; they had long, romantic speeches, and great triumphs and reunions of the lovers. Eva, rouged, mysterious, and elated, played the heroine rôles with a genuine passion; her voice could throb; she could muster real tears in her eyes.

I remember Wilson as one of the audience at these pieces. He watched Eva on the stage like a famished man looking through a window at a company long at dinner, and a tortured distress came into his blue eyes when he saw her lingering in the arms of her stage lover. Entirely outside of her thoughts, and having no part in her social life, one might imagine him, in

those days, wholly out of touch with her. But he had devised a means of meeting her, if not with any intimacy, at least with more intimacy than a passing look on the street, a chance

passing by.

He had formed a kind of friendship with her brother. It was not a friendship of any mutual sympathy, but one based upon mutual advantage. White was a boy who gave very little time to his studies, whereas Wilson followed his faithfully. He used to help Roy with his school problems, make his translations, write up the book reports of the literature class. Wilson had bonus bona bonum on the tip of his tongue; he could read straight through "Cranford" or "Sense and Sensibility" and make a report acceptable to the professor of dead letters. He was useful to Roy.

Through this relationship he saw Eva in her own home. She could not entirely ignore him. Furthermore, he must have interested her a little, for his romantic adoration was still an affair of common knowledge, and when he looked at her it looked out of his eyes. She was too absorbed in life to pause with many thoughts about him, yet, nevertheless, he stirred her curiosity. Sometimes, meeting him in the house, she would stop a moment and speak to him. He was always shy, his expressions were always stammering. She thought him silly and stupid. Still, there was the look in his eyes, there

was the mystery of him.

I think his thoughts of Eva tormented him greatly in those days. Surely, he saw her passing farther and farther away from him, as if he stood fixed upon a shore and she sailed out and out upon a sea toward an indistinguishable horizon. Even the few meetings with her were approaching their end. It was the last high school year for us and from her brother Wilson knew that Eva was leaving our town after graduation. She was going to New York to live with her aunt; she was going to study the ambitions were being voice; her realized!

H

During those days, in the lively stir of her anticipations, Eva probably thought less upon Wilson than at any other time in her life, before or after. She was electrified with enthusiasm, with gaiety, with vivid dreams. The boy, with his blue, vague eyes, his astonishing, pathetic looks, was surely no more than an immaterial shadow across her path. She was busied with a thousand plans, a hundred preparations. She no longer troubled to speak with him. When she discovered him with Roy she nodded and passed through the room with the detachment of a queen.

His avowal then, considering him so slightly, must have astonished her. He came to her one evening, when she was alone in the house, and he came par-

ticularly to see her.

It was the first time he had ventured so far. He did not grow bold; he grew only desperate. It was, you might say, a gesture of self-preservation; he saw her going; he had to speak.

She met him at the door. He stood in the shadow of the porch, holding his

hat in his hands.

"Roy is not at home this evening," she told him.

He hesitated, and then he said, in a very low voice:

"I didn't come to see Roy. I want to see you."

"What do you want?" she asked. "Let me come in," he said.

She stood aside, curious, even a little afraid; his manner was so strange.

Then he followed behind her into the little parlor, where she had been sitting alone, at work upon the embroideries of a dress.

She sat down and he sat near her, without speaking. She looked at him, his eyes were cast down, he fumbled at the edges of his coat with nervous fingers, and as he said nothing a flush of irritation warmed her and she spoke harshly.

"Tell me," she said, "what is it you want? I'm busy this evening. I have

lots of things to do!"

Then he sprang up from his chair and fell on his knees at her side. Before she could escape him, he seized her hand and pressed it tightly against his lips. He began to sob; he still held her hand tightly, and she felt a tear drop down and trickle away between her

fingers. "You're going away from me," he "And I'm in love with you. Doesn't that mean anything to you? Doesn't every girl want to be loved? No one is ever going to love you more

than I do!"

An immoderately romantic girl, Eva must have been stirred by the boy's confession. She must have felt a start of emotion, like a sudden beat of the heart, at the sight of his tears, at the sound of his voice. But too many circumstances and associations were adverse to her complete response. There was nothing heroic in Wilson, nothing that could gild his words to an adequate glamor. He was an old joke; he was like a tune that has been played a thousand times, over and over. And he was too sincere. At that moment he was older than his years, older than Eva; he passed beyond the limits of her sophistication, and beyond the capacity of her response. Emotionally she shrank away from him, and she protected herself by laughter.

She began to laugh as if he had told her a funny story, and hearing her laughter all his timidities rushed upon him and vanquished him like an overwhelming host. There was no assurance in his character, that was his lack. His sense of martyrdom was dominating. That was his rôle, the martyr's rôle, played in a little, comic way, but he had the fundamental quality of martyrs more celebrated and esteemed, the

sense of personal deficiency.

He arose from his supplicating knees and walked straight out of the room. And it was six years before he saw Eva again.

III

By that time Eva White had disappeared, but you heard a great deal

of Eva Bianca. You remember her when she made her debut in "Zaza," that valueless opera so valuable to her personality. For a month you had heard of her with all the energy and superlatives of the press-agents. The curtain rose with many a skeptical one in the audience, but this Zaza convinced them. Eva realized the character; she was, from the first act, the complete show girl, an authentic demimondaine, a tricky, charming mistress. And Eva

Bianca could sing.

She was a woman now, but you could trace the girl of an earlier time in the woman. Life was giving her her desires, the extravagances and glamor she craved. Of course she talked considerably about art, and spoke of herself, in a grand manner, as an artist, but that was only an essential part of the glamor. Eva had no ascetic and austere love of the beautiful; she loved the passion in the tunes she sang, the paint and brightness of the stage, the handclapping, the applause, the exalting words they wrote of her "art," the great gesture of extravagance in the way she lived, the lovers that sought her constantly.

She wanted emotion and she indulged emotion with a large abandon. But, being a great romanticist, she wanted a superlative, devouring emotion, a supreme lover, a supreme love, and that, she persuaded herself, came to her when

she met Carlos Velutini.

He was, as you know, a favorite in the cinema. When his popularity was at its zenith they say he dispensed, to the women who wrote for them, several hundred signed photographs daily. He was, of the motion pictures, handsome. He had those tricks of expression, a smile, a way to shrug the shoulders, a masterful air, a passional glance that compelled the women as valerian compels cats.

Eva met Velutini when she was in Los Angeles, momentarily divorced from the opera, and laying the foundation for a wider popularity in the preparation of her first moving picture. She did not, of course, yield herself to the popular adulation. When he faced

her, he faced an equal, one with an

equal ego.

She held him aloof; interested in him, she avoided him. He tried the whole repertory of his tricks; she remained unmoved. Since she was not easy of attainment he wanted her. The great scene was enacted one evening at her cottage. He mastered her by brutality. He seized her suddenly, and lifting her up from her feet, whirled her about in his arms and then covered her face with innumerable harsh kisses. She struggled, she cried out; he defied her. This, at last, was Eva's long desire. The engagement of this celebrated pair was announced to the world.

Before they were married Eva Bianca returned to New York for the opera season. She opened, on her first night, with "Louise," and that night, in the

audience, sat Wilson.

A shy one in that brilliant and vulgar audience, how remote she must have seemed to him then! She sang out to him from the remote stage; she vested him as in a raiment of impossible desire. Each moment must have been a pain and a fabulous, romantic wanting. Probably he spoke within to himself: I still love her, I love her better than she will ever be loved; it is hopeless! The martyr sense was in his blood; it made him humble.

But he ached to see her, not in the way he saw her then, displayed to a thousand eyes, and fully as much for them as for him, but in just one, intimate moment, as in the old days. The curtain rose on the final act; Louise was again in her little home; the old father drew her to his knee; he sang to her as a child. Wilson scarcely heard.

He hurried out when the curtain fell and walked, not with a definite purpose but as by instinct, to the stage door. A little crowd was pressing about, and among these he waited.

The singers, the supernumeraries, began to emerge. And, finally, Eva.

He did not press forward; he made no sign to her; and it was strange that she saw him; it was strange that she recognized him. It was chance that brought her eyes to his and then, frowning a little, she stared at him a moment. Suddenly she smiled. A little, gracious instinct prevailed in her mood. She suddenly remembered her last sight of him, and the unkindness of her laughter. It seemed to her that she could atone for that.

So, while his heart beat hard with amazement, she walked straight toward

him and smiled into his face.

"I knew you at once," she said.
"Come with me. Let us have a talk about the old times. Where have you been? Why haven't I seen you before?"

He said something, he mumbled out some words, but his tongue then was only an instrument of incoherencies. This gracious reception numbed and astounded him. He had not hoped for this; wanting it, he had not dared to hope it! Never, in the old days, had she treated him with this kindness. It brought the tears into his eyes.

She took his arm and he followed her into her motor-car. They drove to her apartment and there he sat down to supper with her. He listened while she talked. He watched her with his hungry eyes; he listened to each word as if each of her words were the jewels of a pro-

foundly wise utterance.

She was speaking of their home town, and the old events. It was a monologue and, to a certain extent, she forgot him, neglected his identity, in the egotistic pleasure of drawing a contrast. She was recalling herself as she was, at another time, in order to enhance the splendor of her immediate estate.

Then, tiring of this, she looked at him curiously. She met his mild, sad eyes an instant; she swept his face with a glance; she passed to his strawcolored hair that here and there broke out in little stiff tufts all over his head.

"And how about you?" she asked.
"Are you settled in life yet? Are you

married?"
He dropped his eyes, he shook his

"No," he said, in a low voice.

"You know that I'm to be married soon?"

He nodded.

"I'm surprised about you," she went on, half banteringly. "You were such a romantic boy. I imagined you a married man and with a family by now!"

Wilson raised his face. It was white, the color had gone out of it entirely, and so his eyes were less pale; they seemed to glow now in his white face.

"I will never marry," he said. "That

is impossible."

"What do you mean?"

"I mean that there is only one woman in the world that I have ever loved. Once you laughed when I confessed it to you; you've more reason to laugh now. But I can't help it. My feelings never change."

She stared at him.

This time she did not laugh. She was moved and she even understood a little of his hopelessness. It appealed to her, to all her sentimental instincts. She accepted his love as a tribute, yet she did not understand him.

Under her fixed gaze his eyes fell

again.

He slowly arose, pushed back his

chair.

"I didn't mean to say that tonight," he murmured.

Before she could hold him with a word, he was gone.

IV

A good part of the world knows now the tragi-comedy of Eva Bianca's married life with Carlos Velutini. As might have been foreseen, their association was a clash of superlative egotisms. It was a competition of vanities. One had to prevail.

Eva, being the more clever, was easily the master in the beginning. She had ten suitable words to each one on Velutini's tongue. She swiftly divined the weak links in the armor of his vanity and the successful thrust to prod him. But he mastered her, much as he had mastered her before. One day he seized her by the hair and beat her.

Consider her supreme humiliation. The physical hurt was little; she suffered in her psyche. For the first time she found herself helpless. It was her first defeat, the first battle decisively

Somehow, she could not regain her aplomb. They separated, of course, but when the next opera season approached, Eva Bianca canceled her engagements. It was declared by many that her voice had gone, but actually she suffered from a strange faltering in her assurance. Her experiences with Velutini had made her, for the first time in her life, afraid. She dreaded a failure; she experienced a terrible reluctance to face a crowd, to try to win them as she had won them before.

It must have been in one of the ebb moments of her despair that she thought of Wilson. It may have been that just the thought of him assured her a little. She wanted to see him and, by seeing him, to strengthen her assurance. She wanted to witness again the dumb wanting in his eyes, to think of the long term of his adoration, to realize the potence

of her charm in seeing this.

It took her a little while to find him, but in the end she discovered his whereabouts and wrote him a little note. She asked him to call. She prepared for him as for a lover, engaging all the tricks of charm that she had learned. She coiled her black hair smoothly about her head; she accentuated her eyes with just a touch of carbon, her lips with a streak of red. She wore a frock cut low, so that her slim throat seemed to rise like a flower-stem from her bosom. She burned a little incense in the room where she was to receive him.

Wilson answered her summons with surprise, and the old pain. He expected nothing. He had no hope. He had not the courage of hope and, in his force of dementia, hopelessness was half a pleasure.

All this time he had been living in New York, very obscurely. He earned his living working in a bank; now and then one of us saw him there. Surely, he would have been happier at home, in our home town. New York, the city, held nothing for him; he found nothing to fascinate him in its streets, nor in the variety of faces, nor in the plenitude of incident. But Eva Bianca came there, and that was suffi-

cient to retain him.

A nature strongly endowed emotionally would have shaken off her spell in the entertainment of other attractions, but his emotions were like a dissonant interval in what should have been a commonplace chord. Strictly speaking, these poetic sentimentalities should have been outside the range of his nature, but, existing like the fibre of an extraordinary stuff woven into his fustian soul, they unbalanced his life. He was a melancholy poet; a poet without the dignity of rhythm or lovely phrase.

All the virtues common to a man of his class centered themselves in his attitude toward La Bianca. The expression of their little souls found by ordinary men in their adherence to lodges and secret orders, to popular salvations, to politicians; their civic virtue, their church-going, their patriotism-these diverse lode-stars became for him a single, superlative constellation; his Eva. Toward her he was meek, he was faithful, he was sacrificial, he was loyal, he was enduring.

The year of her marriage with Velutini must have been for him a term of exquisite martyrdom. He read of Velutini's brutalities; he compared his own gentle adoration. His heart was filled with a sense of worth. Now she had summoned him; he would go to her; she had suffered. Once more he could spread, like a cloak, his innermost emotions for the tread of her careless feet!

She received him, in her apartment, with a warmth of greeting that almost suffocated him. She received him as an intimate, an old counsellor. made him sit near her while she related her misfortunes; her lovely voice brought tears to his transparent eyes.

"It is a calamity," she said. "You see me here, seeming almost the same, but actually my life is ruined. He took my art from me! He took away the thing I loved most! I can't sing any more; the voice is gone, the art is dead!"

Her histrionics overwhelmed him. Almost without thought of his boldness he seized her hand, pressing it tight with his understanding of her pain. She raised her face and her eyes dwelt upon his bowed head. Little tufts of hair stood up all over it like stiff inserts of broom straw.

"Tell me," she said, tenderly, "what is it you've seen in me, so long? You cared for me as a little girl, didn't you? I have been cruel to you; I've been so little worthy of your goodness! Isn't there a way I can make amends?"

She stretched out her hand and stroked his cheek; in amazed emotion he found her kissing him. For him this was less a crimson passional moment than a vindication of the right, a proof of eternal justice. It was, in short, a supremely religious hour. He had prevailed at last; goodness, faith, loyalty had prevailed! Probably he breathed a prayer. . .

And Eva Bianca? She entered with a returned zest into a new affair. She had discovered something unique, a fresh stimulation. The assured and masterful lover was to her well known, but in Wilson she found something so meek and shy and strange that it stirred her with its newness.

At least, this is my opinion of her prank. At the time, of course, I was scarcely less astonished than the rest of us. During those several months we used to gape at Wilson riding with Eva down the Avenue; we saw him dining with her in restaurants, entering with her into the opera house, emerging again after the performance.

Of course she began to sing again. He was no longer a remote one in the audience; he was close to her. He followed all her activities, and was a partner in all her vagaries. How she must have shocked him! Even the lesser devices of her exuberant femininity were probably too bold for his

proper soul. Previously he had worshipped from a far place, and she presented herself then to his eye in an ensemble picture, not as a succession of intimate details.

Now he witnessed the source of her blushing cheeks, he watched her streak rouge across her lips and outline her eyes with a black pencil. When she was angry she swore, she vainly took the name of God; it frightened him. And her emotions were too gusty; she disconcerted him.

In these great days of his attainment he wanted to be solemn, he wanted Eva grave, silent, and awed. Her laughter, her jokes clattered in his moods like beaten tinware. Her gaiety gave him a sense of sin. He did not find the solemnity that would have justified their affair to his morals. It was wanton to be glad.

V

At the end of Eva Bianca's most successful season she was still finding a novel delight in her relation with I believe her return to the stage kept alive her interest in him. She had won back all the glitter and artificiality of her former life—the extravagant emotions of her songs, the costumery of the stage, the thousand faces watching hers, the uproar of applause, and amid these things, as a background, she found her faithful lover, curious and strange among them. His solemnities amused her, his sincerities surprised her. The season closed, and she had still to fathom all of him.

So she planned a holiday then. She told him they would go away to Europe. She talked to him of the Europe she proposed, and it was so little like the guide-book Europe toward which, of course, he had aspired that it frightened him.

She was stretched out on a couch heaped up with a great number of gaudy cushions while she talked to him of this adventure. Her slim arm emerged white, yet warm, from her brocaded peignoir; she rested her chin

in a curved palm.

"There is no life here," she said.
"Now that I think of it, it seems impossible that I have gone through this long winter season. In spite of my singing, I've been in hibernation like some kind of a disgusting animal! I haven't even given you the chance to know me, after you've waited all these years."

The flush of a profound consternation mottled his cheeks, but she did not

observe it.

"Think of a whole summer, with nothing to do but play! At Monte Carlo I'll show you a system that will win money for you. You disregard the numbers; they pay well if you win, but you don't win. You must play high or low only, or you play one of the two colors; you play, let us say, only on the red. The ball drops; it is not red. Then you double your stake. It drops again and again it's not the red. You double once more. In three or four spins it must show red and you win. They all stare at you as you take up your money; you make a sensation!"

She laughed. Her eyes were reminiscent with memories; she was recalling the scenes she described and the lovers who attended her at another time. She was not looking at Wilson's face, which had grown white now with a curious despair. All she described was solely an adventure of gaiety and joy, and from that he shrank as from the sulphur

of the inferno.

He saw, at last, his soul in peril.

Whence had departed the Eva of his boyhood? He had longed for a solemn communion in her white arms, alone together in some silent, quiet place, where they would gaze, one into the eyes of the other, like doves, and be content with a wondering silence. Emphatically, this woman was never the Eva of his insistent dreams! She was wild and wanton with extravagance. All winter long he had followed at her heels, shocked by her moods, her words, her acts. As she talked now, it seemed to him she spoke as an authentic temp-

tress, luring him to the destruction of his soul. She was to take him away with her into he knew not what defilements; to sing, to drink, to gamble, to laugh at jokes! He did not want to laugh!

"Then Paris!" she continued.
"Nothing but the French of Paris
spoken into your ears for weeks and

weeks. . . ."

"But," he cried, "I won't understand it. I don't understand French. I don't understand any of the foreign tongues!"

It was a cry of genuine fear and timidity. Her words had illumined a prospect only vaguely fearful before. He could see himself plainly now, walking in bewilderment through outlandish streets, surrounded like a lamb among wolves by foreigners, practitioners of he knew not what vices, speaking in uncomprehended tongues! She, the woman speaking, was one of them, and he, separated from all the solidities he admired, would be alone. . . .

Conceive his struggle with his sentimentalities! It was not easy to rid himself of this old, old illusion. It must have been, indeed, a profound sacrifice. He had been constant through many years; he derived a sense of nobility from his constancy. He had suffered scorn and indifference while others less worthy enjoyed her lips; that was his martyrdom. In going away from her he must lose both his nobility and his martyrdom. He must erase a very bold

writing from his spirit.

But Wilson was a truly moral man, and I believe, through his morality, he discovered for himself a new nobility, a new constancy. Before he ran away from the lure of Eva Bianca, I think he persuaded himself that she was still the woman of his soul's desire, but smirched and, alas, earthly. There was, he perceived, even something higher than faith to a great love, such as his own, and that was constancy in the *Right!* It was his resolution to endure even heartbreak, and follow that higher thing.

He did not go to her and speak some last, parting word. Instead, he fled,

like one escaping a plague. He went away without a good-bye. He left romance behind him because, at bottom, he was more firm as a good man than as a lover.

VI

THE storm went out of his life and left him serene. He became and grew as other honorable men. He went back to our town and made a name for him-

self as a citizen. He married a good girl and has children now.

I saw him on my last trip home. He greeted me with clear eyes. He was walking along High Street with his little boy. The little boy has blue eyes and straw colored hair with a difficult cowlick; he resembles his father. When I looked at Wilson I perceived the light of a proud father in his face. He is proud at last; he has perpetuated himself.



From the Sky-Places

By Leslie Nelson Jennings

TOO long, dear heart, too long Have I been fitting words To wandering winds, the song Of pilgrim birds

Roses and dreams and stars— Can such concern the strings Of idly-plucked guitars, Or flute-playings?

Come, let us close the book
Of tunes antique and vain;
Let us go out and look
For stars again!

Oh, let the frets and keys
Be let to Time, unplayed—
Remote and mute as these
Light airs we made!

What balladry have I
Fit to endure an hour
When larks go up the sky,
And dusk 's a flower!



Love

By Jay Jarrod

KNOW two women.

One is cultured, gentle, kind, generous, educated, sincere, charitable.

I cannot tolerate her.

The other is ignorant, lazy, selfish, self-centered, luxury-loving, deceitful, mercenary.

I am madly in love with her.



I Was a King

By R. Lynn Riggs

I WAS a king in the old days
Behind a castle gate,
With minstrels gathered round to praise
My high estate.

I was a scornful prince of men, Imperious, and dull: Song was nothing to me then Or things most beautiful.

Until my castle fell,
And of that singing train
Not one was left to tell
My magnitude again.

But I laughed at my dismay
At being rid of bars
And sang twelve songs a day
To the astounded stars!



The Nietzschean Follies

IV

Feminine Fiction

By Arthur Symons

I

MONG the mob of ladies who wrote with ease, John Oliver Hobbes was conspicuous as a lady who wrote with ease, and with a sense of style which is so considerable that it is sometimes left entirely to its own support. The author of "Some Emotions and a Moral" had a remarkable talent for finding the rememberable if not the right word, and a scarcely less noticeable skill in presenting the effective, if not the inevitable, situation. Like most women who think in the abstract about the life which is generally needful for them to refrain from actually living, she was intensely cynical; cynicism being a form of crying over sour grapes which a woman who is clever and not emotional finds a very comfortable one.

As a rule, cynicism does not go with a very human sort of nature; and John Oliver Hobbes, as a writer, was singularly inhuman. She created clever and malicious abstractions, who can be intensely diverting to us, and over whose mimic joys and sorrows we see her smile with delicate contempt. seemed, indeed, to have had a contempt for human nature; the contempt of the head for the heart, of the intellect for the virtues. Her characters were generally in a state of suspended impropriety, full of bad intentions, but a little uneasy at the thought of carrying them out. It is not that they have a conscience, but that they know there are conventions. They do not wish to do good, but they do not want to get into scrapes. They have not the courage

of their lack of conviction. Such a theory of life makes it impossible to create a character, a solid, sincere human being, because it makes it impossible to believe in such a character.

The immortal irony of Cervantes was suffused with love and pity, and it is for this reason that "Don Quixote" remains one of the Bibles of humanity. But the narrow, feminine contempt for the disagreeableness of people, which is like the fashionable woman's contempt for the people who are not in her set, is, as in art, a sterilizing quality, amusing and sufficient, indeed, for one's "afternoons," but, however amusing, not quite adequate for the finer kind of literature. "To see life steadily and see it whole," remains, above all things, the duty of the creative artist. To see character through epigrams is a form of literary preparation which is not likely to lead far on the road to truth.

But the aim of such art as that of John Oliver Hobbes, so typically feminine in its discreet *décolletage*, is not truth but effect, and effect of the immediate kind. To be clever and cruel in one's treatment of character, to shock just enough and not too much in one's handling of situations, to sting with sufficient lightness in dialogue and to break off the thread with sufficient abruptness, when it has got too hopelessly tangled: these are the *procédés* of an art which seems to be the mode of the moment, and which is certainly for its moment amusing.

Oscar Wilde had much to answer for; "The Green Carnation" glittered for an hour; there were several literary

ladies, of recent origin, who tried to come up to the society ideal; but John Oliver Hobbes was by far the best writer of fiction, by far the most capable artiste of these women-writers. If she was rarely like life, she was often much more amusing; if she saw character through epigrams, at all events her epigrams were very cruelly close to character. Indeed, she had great possibilities which she seemed most likely to throw away. But she was clever enough for anything, even, perhaps, to see that it is possible to be too clever. No great writer in fiction has ever been remembered for such a quality. It is so easy to be clever, if one has the mind to. It is so difficult not to write in epigrams. Writing in epigrams saves one the trouble of thinking. And it is flattering to one's personal vanity, for it is the triumph of mental economy, and to have ingeniously done without an idea is a sound way of saving up for the future. It is so gratifying to earn the reputa-tion of the spendthrift, and to retain the reward of the miser. And to be merely clever permits one, as nothing else does, to be a social success.

The ambition to shine is so very feminine. It is that ambition which today sets all the women writing. They are not content with the triumps of the drawing-room. They would conquer a place in literature by the same means, and for the same purposes, that they would conquer a place in society. This is not the aim nor the method of the true artist. Being human, he desires applause; but, so far as he is an artist, he does not work simply in order that he may be admired or envied. He is not always dressing for the drawingroom. Feminine fiction, on the contrary, lives before the mirror; it is like a beautiful low-necked evening dress, worn in order that the wearer may be admired by men and envied by women.

Who of us has not, to a certain extent, admired the bizarre genius of Ouida? Walter Pater did, at one time; only, he also admired "Robert Elsmere" of Mrs. Humphry Ward. "A

chef d'œuvre of that kind of quiet evolution through circumstance," he writes, "introduced into English literature by Jane Austen, and carried to perfection in France by George Sand (who is more to the point, because, like Mrs. Ward, she was not afraid to challenge novel readers to an interest in religious questions), it abounds in sympathy with people as we find them, in aspiration toward something better—toward a certain ideal." Wilde said of it: "The book is of course a masterpiece—a masterpiece of the genre ennuyeut."

I am concerned here partly with Ouida's ideas, which were not in any sense critical; it was the voice of Ouida crying in the wilderness. Do not expect in it any of the qualities of the essavist who is really an essavist: his urbanity, his logic, his gentle persua-siveness, his elasticity of conviction, his mental aloofness. Do not expect careful writing, nor be surprised at such a sentence as this: "Nowhere are the portraiture and analysis of man so ably depicted as in a fine novel." Expect passion, contradiction, many fine furies, much injustice, some ignorance and more prejudice; but expect, for you will find, along with this, love of humanity, love of animals, love of beauty, in nature and in art.

Ouida, said I, is a woman, and, in her way, a woman of letters; she has part of the temperament of the artist, with an impatience too indiscriminate to be really artistic, an uncultured, human impatience which is often mere pettishness. She loves beauty, but she loves it as a savage might love it; she loves humanity, but she cannot stop to understand it. She has her own way of looking at the world, a warm, generous way of feeling what is noble and picturesque in it; but she has never understood that wise little cold word of the observer, that there is only one step from the sublime to the ridiculous. Her novels, which were once thought not quite proper, are really absurdly moral: virtue is always so very white in them and vice so very black. She has never drawn a quite recognizable human

being, because she has never been able to take an impartial view of any action, any emotion, or any temperament. She "spoils" her nice people, as a too affectionate mother spoils her children, by never seeing what would be good for them, only what they would like.

Ah, how lavishly she heaps all the spoils of the world on those nice people; or (it is for the same reason) all the agonies of martyrdom! To be at once Hercules and Adonis, a millionaire and a genius, adorable and adored: to her there is nothing improbable in all that. It ought to be so: therefore it is. And the wicked people have no less genius and no less opportunities for being magnificently wicked. This is idealism, and if idealism is a danger in a novel, it is a delightful quality in a book which is a cry and not an analysis. Writing about d'Annunzio, Ouida shows herself a bad critic, but she says, incidentally, things which are well worth sayingthings which other people are too cool and too balanced and too indifferent to say. And when she comes to write of "The Ugliness of Modern Life," "The Quality of Mercy," she tells the truth in almost every sentence; truth which is needed, bitter truth which will probably do no good, because it is so true.

Ouida's tendency toward exaggeration is so strong that she would exaggerate anything in which exaggeration was possible; but there are facts which cannot be exaggerated. It is part of our social system to deny whatever makes us uneasy; we deny, but we know that we are denying the truth. Here and there someone is courageous enough to say: "I know that I am denying the truth, because I think the truth ought not to be told." But for the most part we prevaricate. There is then no exaggeration in the charges of cruelty, dull materialism, indifference to beauty, indifference to human life, neglect of whatever makes life worth living, which Ouida hurls against the fixed self-satisfaction of the average Englishman and the average Italian. Every one of these people knows that war is a survival of barbarism, that cruelty to an animal is morally worse than cruelty to a human being, because it is a deeper sin against honour, that the destruction of a beautiful thing for the sake of private advantage is a theft from all humankind; but what influence has this knowledge upon action? None. The world may not be any worse than it has usually been, but there is no doubt that it is getting more vulgar.

Now, vulgarity is more harmful than vice, if only because vice may be cured, but not vulgarity. Vulgarity is the state of being dead, and a vulgar person is simply a living body with a dead soul. In Italy, materialism is not less active, because it has only a nation, and not an empire, to ravage. The modern Italian is almost more destitute of the sense of beauty than the modern Englishman: if he is a nobleman he sells his pictures by stealth; if he is a senator, he advocates the damming up of the Calli in Venice; if he is a private citizen he votes for every speculation which will make a little money out of the destruction of a little beauty.

"The chief creation of modern life," says Ouida, "is the Cad; he is an exclusively modern manufacture, and it may safely be said that the poorest slave in Hellas, the meanest fellah in Egypt, the humblest pariah in Asia was a gentleman beside him. The cad is the entire epitome, the complete blossom and fruit in one, of what we are told is the age of

culture."

It is against this dominion of the cad that Ouida's voice is heard crying in the wilderness; a somewhat shrill voice, telling necessary and unpleasant truths.

In one of her novels Ouida somewhere recalls an experience of hers; a poor Florentine woman pointing out to her a piece of sculpture in the street. "Our Donatello did that," says the woman. What pride, what affection, what an instinct for the finer moments and influences of life, are in that possessive! "Though," comments Selwyn Image, "we are poor mortals ourselves, immersed in sordid occupations, hurried from post to pillar in the rush of unsympathetic surroundings, twisted out of shape by the gales of adversity; what a thing to have had bred and born in our blood, to possess as an irretrievable and ineradicable instinct this tradition of the gods; this claim to fellowship or communion with them."

II

THE letters of Alfred de Musset and those of George Sand reveal the woman's duplicity, the artist's dependence on her, who seems to have been indiscriminate in the choice of her loversthe Pagello of Venice, Musset had * every reason to hate and to be jealous of; Chopin in Majorca, where his nerves, which were part of the passion of his genius, preyed on him more than ever, having to endure the unavoidable presence and the persistent interference of the "woman with the sombre eyes" he disliked before he had met herthese lovers, who meant no more to her than her novels. It appears from Mericonfessions, and mée's others, that she had very little in the way of sexual feeling, a fact explained in "Les Marges": "C'est le témpérament de George Sand, une particularité plutôt de ce tempérament, une infirmité, qui explique son œuvre, sa vie et même ses idées."

This is Reny de Gourmont's definition: "Avec sa tête innocente de brebis berichonne, George Sand était une créature fortement sexuée; nul mâle ne lui était indifférent, mais elle préferait ceux qui, aux larges épaules, joignaient le talent d'unir leurs soupirs à son bêle-

ment sentimental."

How can these two definitions be reconciled? In any case, Swinburne says cynically: "Few probably will admit the suggestion that this was a simple case of moral outrage perpetrated by George Lovelace upon Clarissa de Musset. Not a very lovable woman—but assuredly not a very admirable man. I cannot think that M. George behaved like the gentleman he usually showed himself to be in his affair with poor, misguided Mile. Elfrida. And surely, when the unhappy girl was

dead, it was unmanly on the part of the old Keeper to revive the memory of her frailties." "Surely," he goes on, "the immolation of Chopin at the shrine of 'Lucrezia Floriani' might have satiated any not immoderate appetite for posthumous homicide or massacre of men's memories."

It is a curious point to note, after what I have said of her unsexual nature, that Alexandre Dumas said with accuracy, "que son admirable génie était hermaphrodite comme la 'Fragoletta' de son ma tre." Her sentimental education might have done without Musset; we might have had one "Elle et Lui" the less, but we should have had one "Lucrezia Floriani" the more. That is one reason why Baudelaire, who hated her and her novels, called her "Prudhomme de l'immoralité." "Aussi elle n'a jamais été artiste. La Sand est pour le 'Dieu des bonnes gens,' le dieu des concierges et des domestiques filous."

It is with rage in his heart that he cries in two of his most famous sen-

tences:

"I cannot think of this stupid creature without a certain shiver of horror. Were I to meet her, I could not hinder myself from flinging a holy-water vessel at her head."

In the only letter she sent him she made a mistake in French, which Baudelaire corrected.

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III

The really fine critic is differentiated from the critic who is only second-rate exactly as the really fine poet is differentiated from the second-rate poet. Of the poet we all agree in saying that he must be born, not made. Some of us are apt to forget, that the critic, too, must be a born critic, or else all the self-help in the world will avail him but little. He must have, if he is to do fine things, a special kind of intuition, which can be no more acquired by much reading than the poetical gifts can be acquired by much study of poetical technique. The finer sense is either born or it is not; it is as far beyond

one's control as the colour of one's hair or eyes. You may have it and you may squander it; you may have only a variable power over it; you may, by grace of original Sin, violently distort and misdirect it.

Take, for instance, a critic who confesses he has been reading Verlaine for nearly a quarter of a century without suspecting that there should be anything very remarkable about him. Now that other people, who have not had the advantage of a quarter of a century to read in, have discovered that France possesses in Verlaine a great poet, this critic, too, joins in the chorus, like other people, not wisely, but with a comically quick appreciation of a discovery that has once been made.

The same critic refers to the connection there is between the novel and the newspaper, which is certainly absurd; the novel being the only prose vehicle, besides the drama, of imagination and creative work. The novel is concerned

with human nature as it is, not less essentially than in its contemporary manifestations; while the romance is concerned, not so much with human nature in itself as with certain attractive aspects of human nature, as they work themselves out, delightfully or fantastically, in incident.

Again, in reference to the always burning question of the young person, this entire standpoint is a very peculiar Write as you will, he says with an air of authority, if only you produce a masterpiece, but if you produce no masterpieces surely you shall be tabooed. We must have either liberty or not liberty; we must, if we are to have the chance of producing our masterpieces, be allowed the opportunity for plenty of preliminary failures. As for the critic in question, his arguments, such as they are, are a marking of the time of day by the record of a clock that stopped the better part of thirty years ago.



THERE are two kinds of girls; the kind papa married and the kind mama has in mind when papa is late for dinner.



BEWARE of a girl whose husband does not understand her. He may understand you.



FDUCATION—the process of making numskulls out of idiots.



FIB—a Small Time lie.



Further Reflections

By Walter E. Sagmaster

I

On the Appreciation of Music by Natural Selection

TEW people realize how much greater would be their enjoyment and how much fuller would be their appreciation of a musical composition if they would but devote a little attention to the mood they happen to be in when about to listen to music, and select that type of composition which is most in sympathy with their particular state of mind at the time. There are occasions when even the best of this grandest of all arts makes but mild impression upon us: certainly, a man fresh from a Disarmament editorial by H. G. Wells which he has swallowed whole will not much relish the dynamics of Tschaikowski's "1812" overture; and a man fresh from the incessant wagging of his wife's tongue will hardly find a rendition of Mendelssohn's "Wedding March" engrossing. Indeed, is it not more than possible that we never truly appreciate the intrinsic merit of a composition—never really grow to love the classics as we would like to-until we in some degree approximate within ourselves the emotional state of the composer when he set his thoughts on paper? No one appreciates "Hamlet" as does the fatalist, and you may be sure Shakespeare was a fatalist when he wrote it, if only for the purpose of doing so: after all, it is what we feel and not so much what we think that creates art. The best way to approach the "Midsummer Night's Dream" is by studying several of the illustrations in the latest "Djer Kiss" ads. 128

then, should we expect a man who has just paid his income tax, or been jilted by his best girl, or lost his copy of "Jurgen," to enthuse over the pizzicato from the "Sylvia" ballet music?

Before the invention of the phonograph one was forced to accept whatever the concert programs had to offer, hence there was little or no opportunity for hearing the right music at the right time. Since the advent of canned music, however, one has at one's command a goodly selection of the classics (if one is that kind of person), which, due to the genius of the playboy of Orange, N. J., are, though dimly, yet indeed revealed. Such equipment will enable anyone to follow the suggestions given below.

Elgar's "Pomp and Circumstance" should be heard immediately preceding your marching in the Elks street parade; the adagio from Beethoven's Fourth on the evening before your marriage, and the finale from Tschaikowski's "Pathetique" a year later; the last movement of Haydn's Military upon receiving an offer of a case of hooch at pre-Volstead prices. your best friend, unable to bear it any longer, departs for Paris, you should at once give ear to the allegretto from Beethoven's Eighth. When the next book by Cabell is ruled off the shelves of the McKeesport, Pa., public library listen attentively to "The Star-Spangled Banner" as interpreted by Herr Dr. Sousa—then play it over. doctor affably announces that the first new arrival of its kind in your home is a boy, you are ready for Carpenter's "Perambulator" suite-and when you are later informed by the same gentleman that a party of three, of mixed genre, have made their appearance, the first movement of Beethoven's C Minor will be found particularly effective. After a subway crush followed by a narrow escape from the wheels of a Packard, the "Brook" movement from Ludwig's "Pastoral" is in order. You will be able to admire the wonders of a Debussey suite for orchestra as never before if you will listen to it following a fruitless attempt to solve a quadratic equation, or to tree the integral calculus. I would suggest the finale from Beethoven's Fifth after you have made the eighth hole in one. A person contemplating suicide but lacking the necessary determination to go through with this most laudable project will find the needed impetus in sitting through an evening of Galli-Curci—the only objection to this method being that the auditor may feel constrained, when the performance is finished, to commit a few promiscuous murders on the side.

The above suggestions will give the reader an idea of what may be done with a little effort at introspection and a reasonably large library of phonograph records. However, concerts are still given, and as several people continue to attend them, despite the apparently contradictory fact that canned music is becoming as indispensable in the American home as canned soup, perhaps a suggestion in the way of superinducing a mood to fit the music, instead of selecting the music to fit the mood, may not be wholly amiss. When listening to the Kreutzer Sonata, especially to the second movement, in which that sublime, utterly alluring theme occurs, one should hold fast in mind some particularly tempting scene in one's relations, back in one's 'teens, with the belle of one's native village—preferably the scene where the lady in question lifted her great brown eyes and breathed: "I will go with you, Clement-to the end of the world." In so ruminating, one must keep steadfastly from one's consciousness the fact that the said belle is now the Duchess of The effect, provided in-Cranberry.

structions are followed, will be highly gratifying. Be sure, by the way, to carry extra handkerchiefs. It will also be very helpful if you happen to be of German lineage—the lump in the throat will be at least three times the size of that of the normal American, and sixteen times that of the normal Englishman. Try it.

II

An Inquiry into the Most Popular of All Sports

Until the end of time, no doubt, a certain small portion of the world—the half-educated class—will continue to regard human love as nothing more or less than an instinctive, animal function; and the great majority of humanity-the intellectually still-born classwill continue to regard it as something abstractly and ineffably sublime, originating, progressing and culminating in the human mind. On the whole, those who stick to the former conception are on safer ground, for love is purely and simply a mutually instinctive attraction with intellectual overtones. The natural sexual forces start the business, the mental forces augment, reinforce and elevate it, and Father Time ultimately destroys it-or at least seriously impairs it. Fundamentally and primarily it is, of course, the result of animal magnetism — but only fundamentally and primarily. It is no more entirely animal magnetism than is a man's preference for pâté de foies gras over round steak.

Love is, of course, an art—when it is properly done. Music, too, is an art—but there is jazz. Certainly none will deny the existence—nay, preponderance—of jazz love affairs. Nothing so distinguishes a man as the manner in which he prosecutes an affaire du cœur. There is as much difference between the methods of carrying on an amour as elucidated by a civilized man and a professional baseball player as there is between a lobster supper and a canned salmon supper.

We have mentioned music-let us compare the appreciation of a lovely musical composition with the appreciation of a lovely feminine composition. (What I say, of course, applies to both sexes, vice versa.) Let us take, for instance, a great piece of music such as the César Franck symphony. The rendition of such a work operates, primarily, upon our soul, or instinct, and thrills us according to our individual capacity to be thrilled by great music. To this primal impression upon our soul caused by an agreeable sequence of tones and counter-tones, however, it is necessary for each of us to add our individual interpretation through the medium of our developed intellect, in order to fully appreciate the true value of the work. The music itself is nothing more than the bare groundwork—and it is the same with love. The instinctive attraction, of course, must be therebut it must also be there in the case of amorous guinea pigs. Human love differs from the sexual attraction of the lower animals only in that the former contains an added quality in the form of an intellectual veneer, or amplification, superimposed by the human mind upon the original natural, instinctive attraction.

We thrill, then, to the performance of the Franck symphony, and likewise to the touch of human love—but suppose we were compelled to hear the Franck symphony every day for, say, five years. What would happen? The effect of the music upon our soul, or instinct, would be gradually diminished through the monotony of incessant repetition—one

by one the most beloved passages would grow stale, the most original sections would take on an air of the commonplace, until at last our instinctive reaction to the music would be annihilated. This is precisely what occurs in the case of marriage. No matter how alluring may be the prospect of a life-long ardor between the sexes corresponding in degree and general quality with their original attraction, such a thing is not compatible with natural law, and consequently invariably fails to materialize. The play of the beloved's charm upon the soul of the lover undergoes, with the passage of time and the more or less constant presence of that charm, the identical process that the constant repetition of a single musical composition would cause the effect of that composition to undergo. And when all is over, we have in both instances the spectacle of an instinct anæsthetic, to a great extent, if not entirely, to the outside force, whether that force be a particular piece of music or a particular woman.

In the case of love, as in the case of music, the intellectual stimulation may hang over for quite a while, but it will have lost its original power and fine quality—no longer will it be the sympathetic reaction of a mentality to a soul, or instinct, in the throes of the grande passion; and in the overwhelming majority of cases it will either descend to a mere respect and comradeship labeled "happily married life," or, what is more likely, will help provide limousines and country homes for prosperous divorce lawyers.



Art After 8:30

By George Jean Nathan

I

T is easy to find fault with Lengyel's and Biro's "The Czarina" on every score but its power to provide an exceptionally amusing evening in the theatre. Looking back over one's theatregoing years, one finds it somewhat irritating to one's critical pretensions to recall the considerable number of indifferent plays that have given one excellent entertainment. Surely one would have to work in the dramatic department of the Evening Post to deny that, for all their obvious critical imperfections, such things as Guitry's farces, or Molnar's comedies, or Armont's, Dieudonné's and Schmidt's ironical pastimes provide embarrassingly ingratiating diversion. It would, indeed, take a bravely uneducated man to contend seriously that a critically exact play like Ibsen's "Master Builder" or Hauptmann's "Kollege Crampton" was half as entertaining in the theatre as some such dubious art work as, say, "The School for Cocottes" or "En Route."

Nothing is more senseless and absurd than the criticism of laughter. By laughter I do not, of course, refer to the throat and intestinal violences of stockbrokers, moving picture master-minds, stag dinner party impresarios, Broadway geniuses and hooligans of a stripe, but to the reaction of cultivated and full-lived men and women. It is one of my critical beliefs-whether sound or not, I do not know, and care lessthat anything that can make a cultured and intelligent man laugh has firm merit in it. Show me a play that can awaken the shades of laughter in such a man and I am prepared to argue any skeptic

deaf, dumb and blind on the play's virtue, however much trouble I may have in assuaging certain of my critical doubts in the matter. If you tell me, in the midst of my argument, that I fail to discriminate between this kind of laughter and that, then I simply upset the spittoon and politely reply that any man who discriminates between two hearty laughs is idiotic enough to discriminate between two excellent brands of champagne because the labels are not identical. As I view the matter, George Bickel's fiddle tuning act is not less art of its sort than the most comical line in Shakespeare. When criticism becomes snobbish it becomes imbecile. To say that Georges Feydeau's "On Purge Bébé" is not a good play but a very funny one is, though perhaps defensible on æsthetic grounds, akin to saying that Dempsey, though the world's champion, is not really a good pugilist. If a pun by George Robey succeeds in making some such man as Arthur Schnitzler or Thomas Hardy or Anatole France or Richard Strauss or Arthur Balfour or General von Ludendorff laugh as much as the wittiest mot by Bernard Shaw, then I say that-since the sole object of both is the provoking of laughter—the pun is every bit as respectable as the other and more polished jest.

And so, as I see it, this play, "The Czarina," is a good play whether it is or is not a bad play. Its object is sophisticated amusement, and it provides it. In the providing of it, it violates at least two of Brander Matthews' inflexible rules, three of Augustus Thomas' and perhaps four or five of the dramatic critic for the Journal of

Commerce—to say nothing of all the bylaws of the Methodist church, the ladies' branch of the Los Angeles Vigilant Society, and the Everleigh Club-and no matter. It employs the stale and weak device of the repeated scene; it shifts its mood abruptly and somewhat confoundingly from derisive comedy to Sardou melodrama; its end is all too clearly in sight from the beginning; it jumps to sentimental heroics when one expects, and properly, sardonic banter-it does a dozen such things. And it entertains just the same. I have observed that certain critics say that it is not so good a play as that other comparatively recent play on the same subject, the "Great Catherine" of Shaw. It isn't. It isn't by any means. But it is every bit as amusing. Harry Watson, Jr., is not so good a comedian as Cyril Maude. But he is funnier.

In a comparison of the two plays, it is contended against the Hungarian dramatists that they have somewhat sentimentalized the famous imperial sow and have thus lost much of the humor of Shaw, who went at her with a slapstick. This, rather than lessening the humor, seems to me to increase it. Shaw keeps his Catherine kicking up in the circus ring so assiduously and unremittingly that the cloud of flying sawdust periodically cuts off one's amused view of her altogether. It is well known in the theatre that laughs coming too closely on one another's heels kill themselves. Shaw crowds his laughs too much for their best effect. Lengyel and Biro adroitly space them. Further, the sentimentalization of Catherine serves in another way to accentuate the humor Essentially a character out of burlesque, Shaw piles burlesque upon what is already burlesque. The Hungarian playwrights contrive the more sagacious and appetizing dramatic manœuvre of making of Catherine a sentimental sandwich containing a very thick and unmistakable slice of cheese, and with the bread cut very thin. intrinsic burlesque nature of woman's character thus obtrudes with doubled effect. The dialogue is by turns

audacious, witty, seltzer-siphony. There is in the first act a Jurgen-like passage between Catherine and a young cavalry officer upon whom she has clapped a lewd eve that in comparison makes Cabell's lance, staff and sword seem as innocent as so many peppermint sticks. There is a scene of velvet wooing on the part of the French ambassador in the last act that is as charmingly comic as any scene the Hungarian theatre has given us since the scene of wooing in Molnar's "Gardeofficier." The device of the door slowly and contentfully closed upon the new lovers by the intriguing chancellor-veteran hokum of a hundred plays—remains as smileable as it ever was. The second act is a sharp drop from the excellent initial act, but the third act pulls back again into the current. All in all, a pleasant evening: the popular theatre at its best.

Miss Doris Keane plays Catherine in what seems to me to be a slightly too Episcopalian manner. There are moments when she is undeniably effective. but there are other moments when her Catherine is less Catherine of Russia than Catherine of Braganza. She is at her best in the quiet moods of the play. When she is called upon for fire, she produces it with safety matches. Basil Rathbone, Frederick Kerr and Miss Lois Meredith are the best members of the supporting company. Mr. Gilbert Miller's production is an admirable one: tactful, tasteful and at times brilliant with color. The one flaw is the crude handling of the melodrama at the conclusion of the middle act.

II

Mr. J. Hartley Manners' "The National Anthem" is not content to be merely a bad play; it must needs also be a peculiarly irritating one. Its particular irritations, true enough, should have nothing to do with a critical appraisal of it, but I find it impossible on this occasion to keep my personal prejudices and extrinsic reactions out of a review of it. Thus, with due apologies to the author for introducing elements

foreign to direct criticism. I confess that I cannot stomach a play in which an Englishman like himself cheaply capitalizes American patriotic speeches, or one in which a playwright of eminently inferior rank like himself achieves a smugly virtuous face and alludes bitingly to the kind of dramatist who writes plays that are not "clean and wholesome." Since this allusion comes in the third act, the scene of which is Paris, and since the theatre specifically mentioned as the home of this despised species of dramatist is the Vaudeville, it is amusing to consider that the great Mr. Manners' superior slings and arrows were directed—at the time he discharged them-against Sacha Guitry and Henri Bataille. The circumstance that this disparagement may not have been intentional only makes the

whole thing more jocund. Nor does the irritating aspect of Mr. Manners' play rest here, although in the matter of these subsequent irritations we leave personal prejudice and come into the proper field of criticism. A propaganda play is at its best dubious going. If there is an exception to the rule, the only one that I can think of at the moment is "The Weavers," and "The Weavers" may be the exception it is because it happens to have been written by a master-dramatist. When a third-rate playwright attempts propaganda drama, the result may be imagined. This result is less propaganda and drama than Sunday newspaper supplement sensationalism spoken by a small number of actors instead of read by a large number of morons. Thus we find "The National Anthem" a New York Sunday American ululation over the disaster that follows in the wake of jazz, minus only the familiar twenty-year-old photographs of Della Fox and May Yohe recaptioned respectively "The Countess Minna von Pschorrbräu Who Lost a Duchy Through Love of Jazz" and "Mrs. E. Terningham-Brooke-Foster of London Who Has Spurned \$2,000,000 Left Her by a South African Millionaire Provided She Forsook the Fox-trot." Mr.

Manners goes at his theme with all the heavy seriousness of a small boy. The thought that jazz dancing and the coincidental imbibing of schnapps are ruining the young generation of Americans gets him worked up to a point where he is as indignant as a mustard plaster. He has become so excited, so alarmed at the thought, indeed, that he has forgotten to write his play. For what one engages in the Henry Miller Theatre is not so much a play as a sermon by the Rev. Dr. John Roach Straton spoken to the accompaniment of a back-stage jazz band. This secreted jazz band plays an obbligato to the stage doings from 8:30 to 11. The explanations that the playwright periodically makes as to the relevance of its presence provide the comic relief of the evening. Thus, the last act is laid in Paris. Through the window one catches a glimpse of what is surely the Hotel des Invalides. The time is morning. The band is hot at it. This the irrepressible Mons. Manners' solution of the mystery: The hero has rented an apartment directly next to a private dance room! Some of us evidently don't know our Paris as well as we thought we did.

What value as a yokel theatre-show the play has is due solely to the performance of the talented and engaging Miss Laurette Taylor in the leading role. Take Miss Taylor away, and all that is left is the impressionistic picture of a playwright with a very red face jumping wildly into the air, waving his arms, and coming down with a thud upon his own foot.

TTT

Mention of Mr. Manners' indignation over what he alludes to as the dirtiness of French plays brings up the curious misconception that persists in this quarter. The belief that the modern French drama is essentially an immoral drama, that it represents most greatly a departure from moral standard and purpose, is actually very far from true. There are, of course, examples in proof of their contention readily to be seized upon by the believers in the theory, but

one cannot judge French drama by them any more than one can judge American drama by "Getting Gertie's Garter," "The Demi-Virgin" or "Ladies' Night." For one such so-called immoral French play as Guitry's "Veilleur du Nuit" or Coolus' "Mirette à Ses Raisons" or Valmonca's "Notre Femme et Cie" there are fifty such virginal plays as Guitry's "Pasteur," Verneuil's "Daniel" and Zamacois' "Dame du Second." When one leaves the popular plays and ascends to a higher level, one finds the situation even more true. Nine-tenths of Donnay, Bataille, Hervieu, Capus, Brieux, de Curel and, above all, Rostand, is fundamentally moral enough to satisfy even Mr. John S. Sumner. What play of these dramatists would Mr. Sumner even think of suppressing on the ground of immorality? I should like to hear its title. It is true, of course, that there are certain things in certain boulevard comedies and farces that, to the Anglo-Saxon mind, are not au fait, but so do we find the same sort of thing occasionally in our own Broadway comedies and farces. I have seen or read most of the Paris boulevard comedies and farces of the last twenty years and in none of them have I ever encountered dirtier lines than those in the American "Getting Gertie's Garter" or a scene more deliberately dirty than that in the second act of the American "Please Get Married." The rawest allusion in Guitry's "Wife, Husband and Lover" pales into insignificance before a certain allusion in Avery Hopwood's "Ladies' Night." And the bed scene in "Le Sacrifice" has its match in the American "Girl in the Limousine."

The so-called immoral popular drama of the later years—comparatively speaking—is not the French, but the German. (In the German, I here include the Austro-Hungarian.) The French playwright may begin from what the Anglo-Saxon knows as an immoral premise, but he generally ends upon a moral conclusion. Not so the German. The German playwright, and the Austro-Hungarian with him, brings up where he begins. Catalogues are tiresome, so

a few examples will suffice to suggest a long train of others: Schnitzler and "Reigen," Herczeg and "The Blue Fox," Rittner and "En Route," Paul and "Tobacco Smoke," Misch and "The Little Prince," Schmidt and "Only a Dream," Wedekind and "In Full Cry" (to say nothing of a half dozen other longer plays, notably "Pandora's Box"), Holm and "Mary's Big Heart," Jennings and "The Spanish Fly," together with the plays of R. Göring, Max Pulver, Paul Kornfeld, R. Lauchner, Földes, Georg Prinz, von Schmitz, Frank and Geyer (who wrote "A Charming Person," played here in expurgated form), Lajos Biro, and, on occasion, Franz Molnar. For every modern French play that seems to the Anglo-Saxon critic to be immoral, one has no difficulty in naming three Germano-Austro-Hungarian plays that are equally, if not more, immoral. The French drama, for all its detail of immorality, is in its entirety a moral drama. Its wages of sin is, pretty generally, death or marriage. For one play by Pierre Veber that ends with a mistress, there are a dozen by such dramatists as Capus that end with a wife. For one play by de Caillavet and de Flers that ends with wayward love triumphant, there are a dozen by such as Lavedan that end with tragedy. And for one prefatorily immoral, but finally very moral, comedy like "The Rubicon" of Edouard Bourdet, there are a dozen like the consistently sentimental and proper "Silver Wedding" of Paul Géraldy.

The two last named plays are on view in New York as I write. About the former I have written several times in the past. An audacious and amusing boulevard piece containing an ample dose of chuckles and belly laughs. A certain stiffness in the local casting and staging of the play contrives to take some of the easy electricity out of the manuscript humors, but enough remains to lift the corners of the mouth. Mr. Henry Baron, the producer, has handled the original manuscript with uncommon preliminary intelligence.

The Géraldy play, here called "The Nest," is a restrained, well-written and interesting variation of the familiar theme of children who, upon growing up, become indifferent to their parents. Careless staging has, in the instance of the local disclosure, gone far toward deleting the manuscript of some of its virtues; yet through the fog of direction and production the comparative quality of the play is easily discernible. The translation by Miss Grace George is a satisfactory one. The play was worth doing.

IV

Two other recently produced French plays are Pierre Frondaie's "Montmartre" and Brieux's excellent ironic comedy, "Les Hannetons," here called "Madame Pierre." On the occasion of H. B. Irving's revelation of the latter play a number of years ago I reviewed it at considerable length, and have since frequently commented upon it. A thing apart from the main channel of Brieux's work, it is in many respects the best thing that he has written. It is, indeed, difficult to reconcile this brilliantly sardonic and worldly little manuscript with the peasant-like indignations that compose the major portion of his dramatic canon. There are flashes of the same cast of mind in his "Faith" and "The Three Daughters of M. Dupont," but even in these plays the case-hardened peasant rises up periodically to smite the reflective and cosmopolitan man. "The Red Robe," "The Woman On Her Own," "Damaged Goods," "Maternity" and the like have nothing of the artist-dramatist in them. They are mere journalism in terms of Sardou, Upton Sinclair and Alf Ringling. As for the rest of Brieux's work, it is, save in minor detail, obvious stuff. But "Les Hannetons" (Mr. Harris, the producer, arrived at a magnificent free translation of the title which only A. H. Woods would have dared to use) is Brieux with a trick personality, a Brieux with the blood of Schnitzler, Bahr, Guitry, Maugham and Giacosa dancing in his veins. A gay satire, piercing, smiling, witty, wise. The translation used on the present occasion is somewhat hard and shows little feeling for the graces of word and phrase. And the presenting company is very feeble. But here once again a manuscript triumphantly fingers its nose at those who would disconcert it. The result of these nose fingerings I commend to your august notice.

The Frondaie play fails to shake up these old bones. An attempt to desentimentalize "Camille," it presents nothing but the ancient claptrap of the showshop. When the average French playwright sets himself sedulously to be anti-sentimental he usually winds up by being more sentimental than ever. has happened again in the case of Frondaie. The intention of "Montmartre" was to picture the career of a pretty harlot without the tears and sighs of Dumas fils; the accomplishment of "Montmartre" is to picture the career of a pretty harlot with the tears and sighs of Frondaie exchanged for those of Dumas fils. Camille was sorry for herself: Frondaie is sorry for Marie-Claire. That is the only secondary shade of difference.

The play is far outdated. Its language is of the theatre of twenty years ago. A single touch would be sufficient to convert it into loud burlesque. The production has been made by a group of some fifty actors and actresses operating independently and calling themselves The Players' Assembly. For many years the favorite jest of a certain critical school has been centered upon the illiteracy of the American theatrical manager. Whether the American theatrical manager is or is not illiterate I do not know, but I notice—and without exception—that whenever a number of actors bravely break away from these illiterate producers and produce a play by themselves the result is five times as illiterate as before. The production of "Montmartre," with its barrage of mispronunciation, absurd misplacement of emphasis, blurred diction and erroneous reading of line, is an illuminating case in point.

"DESERT SANDS," by Wilson Collison, is "The Sheik" in white face, minus the hot stuff. It is a poorly written yellowback without merit of any kind. "The Cat and the Canary," by John Willard, is a spook opus after the general style of the Goddard-Dickey "The Ghost Breaker." Directed solely at the boxoffice, it is not a bad specimen of the thrill and shudder school. "The Law Breaker," by Jules Eckert Goodman, is a crook play of the vintage of 1908. The author has attempted to inject a timely note into his masterpiece in the shape of a disguisition on the relation of the malefactor to society and on the relation of society to the malefactor, said disquisition being, in turn, of the vintage of 1898.

Of the more recent music shows. "Marjolaine," fashioned from Louis N. Parker's "Pomander Walk" and with a listenable score by Hugo Felix, is by long odds the best. The staging is in good taste; the humor is polished; little Miss Mary Hay is a droll and fetching soubrette; the tunes fall pleasantly upon the ear. "Pins and Needles" is a London effort to do the Ziegfeld sort of thing. It falls very far short of achieving its aim. Frank Fay's "Fables" is weak in all departments. It lacks music, humor, legs, movement and color. is the mere skeleton of a show. "The Blushing Bride" has only one good joke to recommend it. Tom Lewis, a funny man, is vouchsafed no opportunity by the librettist to demonstrate his humors. The stars of the occasion, Mr. Cecil Lean and Miss Cleo Mayfield, are of the old Chicago La Salle Theatre show aspect.

VI

NIKITA BALIEFF'S Théâtre de la Chauve-Souris, imported from Moscow via Paris via London by Mr. Morris Gest. liaison officer of the Russian-American stage, is the victim of its press-agents. A popular vaudeville show of varying degree of merit, it has been made ridiculous through an attempt to exalt it out of all proportion to its intrinsic qualities. "Its programs," thus its local sponsors, "have a definite form and style, and yet a tremendous catholicity; they indicate research, a profound scholarship(!), daring and delicate artistry, all brought into perfect harmony. All the resources of æstheticism are drawn upon-the cultured human voice, pictorial art, music, dancing, mimicry-in an endeavor to attain the supreme in art. The Théâtre de la Chauve-Souris is Russian; but it claims its heritage of literature and art from the universe." Mr. Walter Kingsley himself has never been so voluptuous-not even in his advertisements of Doraldina the cooch dancer

or Loval's Trained Dogs.

This "art" nonsense has gone so far in the theatre that nothing is presently more gratifying than the exhibition of something without a false-face, whether it be a nigger music show, a Fourteenth Street burlesque show or—one might even go so far as to say-a play staged by Mr. William A. Brady. Everything is "art" of one kind or another. "The Greenwich Village Follies" has "art" scenery. "Swords" is "artistic" drama "artistically" staged. All the younger producers are eloquently working in the interests of the "art" of the theatre. The only actor who admits that he is not an artist is Ed Wynn. There is not an actress who will admit anything of the sort. All the new theatres are of "artistic" décor and design. The stage of the new Earl Carroll playhouse is so full of new art appliances that there is hardly enough space left for the actors to dress in. The composer of "Good Morning Dearie" writes a letter to the newspapers proving that the score of that splendid opera is not jazz, but art. The theatrical magazines print long articles on "The Art of Stage Lighting," "The Art of Sam Bernard," "The Art of Costume Designing," "The Art of J. J. Shubert" and "The Art of Thomas A. Dixon" in place of the old half-tones of Lotta Faust with a rose in her mouth. Mazie Follette leaning on a pedestal, and Bonnie Maginn in strip tights. The one manager who says that he is not an artistic producer is A. H. Woods, and he makes his press-agent contradict him the next day. The only thing that has taken place in the Town Hall in the last year that has not been described as art of one sort or another was the debate on birth control, and that was raided by the police. Miss Ruth Draper's monologues are announced as "sheer art." Anything in a diaper with a violin off-stage is "æsthetic dancing." Mr. Owen Davis writes "The Detour" and the next morning becomes an artist-dramatist. The ushers are dressed like Watteau shepherdesses or Gainsborough duchesses. The entr'-acte orchestras play selections from the art nouveau score of Serge Prokofieff. Archie Selwyn affects the dress of a Latin Quarter

The Chauve-Souris, for all the screen of art smoke adroitly contrived by its managers, is, as I have said, nothing more than a simon-pure vaudeville show with a Russian flavor. I use the word vaudeville in its American meaning and with its American implications. Consider a few items on its bill. No. I is called "Porcelaine de Saxe" and is the familiar tableau of the two porcelain figures that presently come to life, embrace, pirouette, and stiffen again upon the striking of the clock—a favorite bit in the Lilliputians' "Magic Doll," produced in the early '90's. No. II is "Songs by Glinka." No. III is "The Parade of the Wooden Soldiers." Fred Walton's old act and, unless my memory is bad, once done in much the same manner at the Hippodrome, to say nothing, about ten years before, in a Princeton

Triangle Club show for which Kenneth Clark wrote the accompanying melody, "My Toy Soldier Love." No. IV is "Souvenir of the Far Past," the venerable number out of a score of musical comedies wherein a gray haired old man and a gray haired old lady slowly and sentimentally dance one of the old-time dances to the strains of a wistful tune. No. V is a quartette. No. VI is an amateurish little vaudeville sketch, the chief feature of which is a horse with two actors serving as the legs. It is not in any sense so amusing as the same sort of thing in the Lew Fields "About Town" act, the Bert Williams "Follies of 1912" act, or the Raymond Hitchcock "Hitchy-Koo 1920" sketch. No. VII is, in effect, a crude version of the beautiful music box number in John Murray Anderson's revue, "What's In Name?" Other numbers are "Under the Eye of the Ancestors," substantially a duplication of an act made familiar to Americans in the Marigny revue in Paris in 1913 (in the same revue, incidentally, there was a "Tanagra" scene like the Chauve-Souris' "Porcelaine de Saxe"), some gypsy songs and the familiar "La Grande Opera Italiana" act out of countless vaudeville bills.

What virtues the Chauve-Souris possesses lie in its agreeable air of intimacy, the humors of its compère, the comical Balieff, and its droll manner of staging. The Chauve-Souris of Moscow is an echo of the "Zum Klimperkasten" of the Berlin of the first years of the present century, an echo of the Überbrettl' of the antecedent years—a very, very,

very faint echo.



The Niagara of Novels

By H. L. Mencken

Hergesheimer

C OME time ago, writing in the estimable New Republic, a grammarian attacked Joseph Hergesheimer on the ground that his use of English was in contempt of Lindley Murray. A number of his offending locutions were cited, all of them, it must be admitted, instantly recognizable as pathological and against God by any suburban The plain truth is that schoolmarm. Hergesheimer, when it comes to the ultimate delicacies of English grammar, is an ignoramus, as he is when it comes to the niceties of Baptist theology. doubt that he could tell a noun in the nominative case from a noun in the objective. But neither could any other man who writes as well as he does. Such esoteric knowledge is the exclusive possession of grammarians, whose pride in it runs in direct ratio to its inaccuracy, unimportance and imbecility. English grammar as a science thus takes its place with phrenology and the New Thought: the more a grammarian knows of it, the less he is worth listening to. In other words, mastering such blowsy nonsense is one thing, and writing sound English is quite another thing. and the two achievements seem to be impossible to the same man. As Anatole France lately remarked, nearly all first-rate writers write "bad French"— or "bad English." Joseph Conrad does. Henry James Dreiser does. Dickens did. Shakespeare did. Hergesheimer need not repine. He is sinful, but in good company. He writes English that is "bad," but also English that is curiously musical, fluent, chromatic, various and lovely. There is in even the worst of his Saturday Evening Post novelettes for Main Street a fine feeling for the inner savor of words-a keen ear for their subtler and more fragile harmonies. In "Cytherea" (Knopf), a work of his major canon, they are handled in so adept and ingenious a way, with so much delicacy and originality, that it is no wonder they offer

an affront to pedagogues.

This novel, indeed, seems to me to be the best that the author has yet done, both as a piece of writing and as a study of human beings under civilization. What interests Hergesheimer fundamentally, as every reader of his stories must have observed, is the conflict between the impulses of man and the conventions of the society that he is a part of. The struggles he depicts are not between heroes and villains, dukes and peasants, patriots and spies, but those between the desire to be happy and the desire to be respected. It is, perhaps, a tribute to the sly humor of God that whichever way the battle goes, the result is bound to be disastrous to the man himself. If, seeking happiness in a world that is jealous of it and so frowns upon it, he sacrifices the good will of his fellow men, he always finds in the end that happiness is not happiness at all without it. And if, grabbing the other horn of the dilemma, he sacrifices the free play of his instincts to the respect of those fellow men, he finds that he has also sacrificed his respect for himself. Hergesheimer is no seer. He does not presume to solve the problem; he merely states it with agreeable variations and in the light of a compassionate In "Cytherea" it takes the irony.

ancient form of the sexual triangle—old material, but here treated, despite the underlying skepticism, with a new illumination. What we are asked to observe is a marriage in which all the customary causes follow instead of precede their customary effects. To the eye of the world, and even, perhaps, to the eye of the secondary figures in it, the Randon-Grove affair is no more than a standard-model adultery, orthodox in its origin and in its course. Lee Randon, with an amiable and faithful wife, Fanny, at home in Eastlake, and two charming children at her knee, goes to New York, falls in love with the sinister Mrs. Savina Grove, and forthwith bolts with her to Cuba, there to encounter a just retribution in the form of her premature death. But that is precisely what does not happen—that is, interiorly. Savina actually has little more to do with the flight of Randon than the Pullman Company which hauls him southward. It is already inevitable when he leaves Eastlake for New York, almost unaware of her existence. Its springs are to be sought in the very normalcy that it so profoundly outrages. He is the victim, like Fanny, his wife, of a marriage that has turned upon and devoured itself.

Hergesheimer was never more convincing than in his anatomizing of this débâcle. He is too impatient, and perhaps too fine an artist, to do it in the conventional realistic manner of piling up small detail. Instead he launches into it with a bold sagittal section, and at once the play of forces becomes comprehensible. What ails Randon, in brief, is that he has a wife who is a shade too good. Beautiful, dutiful, amiable, virtuous, yes. But not provocative enough -not sufficiently the lady of scarlet in the chemise of snowy white. Worse, a touch of stupid blindness is in her; she can see the honest business man, but she can't see the romantic lurking within him. When Randon, at a country-club dance, sits out a hoe-down with some flashy houri on the stairs, all that Fanny can see in it is a vulgar matter, like kissing a chambermaid behind the door. Even when Randon brings home the doll, Cytherea, and gives it a place of honor in their house, and begins mooning over it strangely, she is unable to account for the business in any terms save those of transient silliness. The truth is that Cytherea is to Randon what La Belle Ettarre is to Cabell's Felix Kennaston-his altar-flame in a dun world, his visualization of the unattainable, his symbol of what might have been. In her presence he communes secretly with the outlaw hidden beneath the chairman of executive committees, the gypsy concealed in the sound Americano. One day, bent upon God's work (specifically, upon breaking up a nefarious affair between a neighboring Rotarian and a moving-picture hussy), he encounters the aforesaid Savina Grove, accidentally brushes her patella with his own, gets an incandescent glare in return, discovers to his horror that she is the living image of Cytherea—and ten days later is aboard the Key West Express with her, bound for San Cristobal de la Habaña, and hell eternal.

A matter, fundamentally, of coincidence. Savina, too, has her Cytherea, though not projected into a doll. She too has toiled up the long slope of a flabby marriage, and come at last to the high crags where the air is thin, and a sudden giddiness may be looked for. To call the thing a love affair, in the ordinary sense, is rather fantastic; its very endearments are forced and mawkish. What Randon wants is not more love, but an escape from the bonds and penalties of love—a leap into pure adventure. And what Savina wants, as she very frankly confesses, is practically the same thing. If a concrete lover must go with it, then that lover must be everything that the decorous William Lovd Grove is not-violent, exigent, savage, inordinate, even a bit gross. I doubt that Savina gets her wish any more than Randon gets his. Good business men make but indifferent Grand Turks, even when they are in revolt: it is the tragedy of Western civilization. And there is no deliverance from the

bonds of habit and appearance, even with a mistress. Ten days after he reaches Havana, Randon is almost as securely married as he was at Eastlake. Worse, Eastlake itself reaches out its long arm and begins to punish him, and Savina with him. The conventions of Christendom, alas, are not to be spat upon. Far back in the Cuban hinterland, in a squalid little sugar town, it is a photograph of Fanny that gives a final touch of grewsomeness to the drama of Randon and Savina. There, overtaken in her sin by that banal likeness of the enemy she has never seen, she dies her miserable death. An ending profoundly ironical. A curtain that gives a final touch of macabre humor to a tale that, from first to last, is full of the spirit of high comedy. Hergesheimer never devised one more sardonically amusing, and he never told one

with greater skill.

The newspaper reviewers, I note, seem to be somewhat shocked by what may be called his hedonism in trivialities —his unctuous manner of recording the flavor of a drink, the sheen of a fabric, the set of a skirt, the furnishings of a room. In it, I suppose, they see something Babylonish, and against the Constitution. But this hedonism is as essential a part of Hergesheimer as moral purpose is part of a Puritan. He looks upon the world, not as a trial of virtue, but as a beautiful experience—in part, indeed, as a downright sensuous experience. If it is elevating to the soul to observe the fine colors of a sunset, then why is it not quite as elevating to observe the fine colors of a woman's hair, the silk of her frock, a piece of old mahogany, a Jack Rose cocktail? Here it is not actually Hergesheimer's delight in beauty that gives offense, but his inability to differentiate between the beauty that is also the good and the true, and the beauty that is simply beauty. As for me, I incline to go with him in his heresy. It constitutes a valuable antidote to the moral obsession which still hangs over American letters, despite the collapse of Puritan Kultur. It still seems a bit foreign and bizarre, but

that is because we have yet to achieve a complete emancipation from the International Sunday-school Lessons. In "Cytherea" it gives a warm and exotic glow to the narrative. That narrative is recounted, not by a moralist, but by an artist. He knows how to give an episode color and reality by the artful use of words and the images that they bring up—how to manage the tempo, the play of light, the surrounding harmonies. This investiture is as much a part of his story as the tale itself. So is his English style, so abhorrent to grammarians. When he writes a sentence that is a bit artificial and complex, it is because he is describing something that is itself a bit artificial and complex. When he varies his rhythms suddenly and sharply, it is not because he is unable to write in the monotonous sing-song of a rhetoric professor, but because he doesn't want to write that way. Whatever such a man writes is ipso facto good English. It is not for pedagogues to criticise it, but to try to comprehend it and teach it. The delusion to the contrary is the cause of much folly.

II Fitzgerald and Others

F. Scott Fitzgerald's "The Beautiful and the Damned" (Scribner) is an adagio following the scherzo of "This Side of Paradise." It starts off ingratiatingly and disarmingly, with brilliant variations upon the theme of the scherzo, but pretty soon a more sombre tune is heard in the bull-fiddles, and toward the end there is very solemn music, indeed-music that will probably give a shock to all the fluffier and more flapperish Fitzgeraldistas. In brief, a disconcerting peep into the future of a pair of the amiable children dealt with in "This Side of Paradise." Here we have Gloria Gilbert, the prom angel, graduating into a star of hotel dances in New York, and then into a wife, and then into the scared spectator of her husband's disintegration, and then, at the end, into a pathetic trembler on the brink of middle age. And here we have Anthony Patch, the gallant young

Harvard man, sliding hopelessly down the hill of idleness, incompetence, extravagance and drunkenness. It is, in the main, Anthony's story, not Gloria's, His reactions to her, of course-to her somewhat florid charm, her acrid feminine cynicism, her love of hollow show and hollower gayety, her fear of inconvenient facts-are integral parts of the intricate machinery of his decay, but one feels that he would have decayed quite as rapidly without her, whatever may be said for the notion that a wife of another sort might have saved him. There is little that is vicious about Anthony; he is simply silly—the fearful end-product of ill-assorted marriages, a quite typical American of the third generation from shirt-sleeves. The forthright competence of his old grandfather. Adam J. Patch, the millionaire moralist, has been bred out of the strain. Into it have come dilutions from a New England blue-stocking and worse. He is

hopeless from birth.

The waters into which this essentially serious and even tragic story bring Fitzgerald seemed quite beyond the ken of the author of "This Side of Paradise." It is thus not surprising to find him navigating, at times, rather cautiously and ineptly. The vast plausibility that Dreiser got into the similar chronicle of Hurstwood is not there; one often encounters shakiness, both in the imagining and the telling. Worse, the thing is botched at the end by the introduction of a god from the machine: Anthony is saved from the inexorable logic of his life by a court decision which gives him, most unexpectedly and improbably, his grandfather's millions. But allowing for all that, it must be said for Fitzgerald that he discharges his unaccustomed and difficult business with ingenuity and dignity. Opportunity beckoned him toward very facile jobs; he might have gone on rewriting the charming romance of "This Side of Paradise" for ten or fifteen years, and made a lot of money out of it, and got a great deal of uncritical praise for it. Instead, he tried something much more difficult, and if the result is not a

complete success, it is nevertheless near enough to success to be worthy of respect. There is fine observation in it, and much penetrating detail, and the writing is solid and sound. After "This Side of Paradise" the future of Fitzgerald seemed extremely uncertain. There was an air about that book which suggested a fortunate accident. The shabby stuff collected in "Flappers and Philosophers" converted uncertainty into something worse. But "The Beautiful and the Damned" delivers the author from all those doubts. There are a hundred signs in it of serious purpose and unquestionable skill. Even in its defects there is proof of hard striving. Fitzgerald ceases to be a Wunderkind, and begins to come into his maturity.

Thomas Beer's "The Fair Rewards" (Knopf), a first novel, seems to me to be bad, but nevertheless I carry away from it a strong conviction that Beer will do a better. The causes of that badness lie partly in the subject matter, and partly, perhaps—for I am no more able than you are to distinguish between my bad and a universal bad—in my own psyche. Set up an actor-manager as the principal personage in a piece of fiction, and I can imagine him only as a low comedian. Whenever I think of such a man I think irresistibly of Beerbohm Tree, Richard Mansfield, and other buffoons of that kidney. Well, here Mr. Beer loads my dice against himself still further by converting the nascent Mansfield into a sort of Belasco —that is, an "artistic" fellow—and then treating him, at least now and then, quite seriously. Thus I fly to arms as the minute men did at Lexington, and attack the whole thing as an infamy. But in the manner, as opposed to the matter, there is a great deal to admire. Mr. Beer not only writes with great skill; he is also full of sly observations and illuminating speculations. In other words, he has precisely the equipment that the average American novelist lacks. I shall look forward to his next composition with the highest expectations. But let him avoid Broadway next time, and concern himself with Americanos of a more

typical and instructive variety. I suggest a subject for him: the gradual emergence of a rising American family from the Methodism of the hinterland. All the tales of social climbing that I know of-and every truly American story shows some social climbing-overlook the basic fact that an American family which aspires to rise must somehow rid itself, not only of the crayon portraits in the parlor, the uncle who drives an ice-wagon and the custom of having Tillie, the maid, in to meals, but also of its original faith. The way lies through Christian Science to the Church of England, the goal of all pushers. I am acquainted with several Protestant Episcopal ecclesiastics whose flocks are of fashionable pretension. For years I have tantalized these holy men by offering to give a keg of beer to any one of them who can produce a vestryman whose father was of the Anglican rite. The beer is safe. All of the vestrymen are actually ex-Baptists, ex-Methodists, ex-Presbyterians, ex-United Brethren, or something worse. One and all, they were brought up in the bizarre and bucolic faiths that get the trade of Presidents of the United States.

Robert Nathan's "Autumn" (Mc-Bride) suggests Thomas Moult's "Snow Over Eldon," and lies equally beyond my customary curiosities. An idyllic piece about an ancient country schoolmaster in Vermont, and his cheerful struggle with destiny. Slow in tempo, a bit sweet, and very charmingly writ-Such stuff, as I say, does not ordinarily interest me. When I think of a yokel, it is not his philosophy that engages me, but his politics and theology. By what process do human beings arrive at a belief in Prohibition, Bryanism, Wilsonian idealism, the doctrine of total immersion, and that of infant damnation? Is the thing caused by too close an association with the lower fauna, or by eating too much hogmeat, or by mere cultural aridity? Would the introduction of the string quartette into Iowa civilize the inhabitants? Would the muzhiks of Vermont forget Dwight L. Moody if some missionary were to penetrate to their upland pastures and tell them about Nietzsche? Is it malaria or Christianity that has converted Arkansas into a wreck worse than Carthage? These and all like questions lie outside the range of Mr. Nathan's inquiry. What he essays to show us is an elderly yokel in the rôle of a sage. His purpose, in other words, is precisely that of the pastoral poets of the Eighteenth Century, and it must be said for him that, allowing for the probable fallaciousness of his primary assumption, he carries off the business with great competence. As a poem, indeed, "Autumn" is much better than any set of undisguised dithyrambs that I know-that is, upon the same subject. There may be such rustic Tolstois, for all I know. And among them there may be one wise enough to precipitate the good things of life into the simple catalogue: "Love, peace, the quiet of the heart, the work of one's hands." Add the pursuit of the truth, and even Thomas Henry Huxley could say aye. But what is the true?

III Other Works of Fiction

Exotic fires glow in "Caravans by Night," by Harry Hervey, Jr. (Century); "Night Drums," by Achmed Abdullah (McCann), and "Ghitza," by Konrad Bercovici (Boni). All three authors, it seems to me, have the True Romance firmly by the tail, and particularly Hervey. He is a young American with a truly astonishing gift for conjuring up gaudy and fantastic images. Lovely Circassian princesses, Indian rajahs with diamonds as large as baseballs. sinister Chinese conspirators, fearful Mohammedan ecclesiastics of high rank, Russian generals disguised as Malay pirates, Assamese murderers, Thibetan bandits, African cannibals, South Sea houris-of such sort are the dramatis personæ of his singularly dramatic and thrilling visions. More, he knows how to tell a tale. The combination should take him very far in a country that dotes upon romance. He is, in that department, the most promising neophyte for many years. If you sicken of psychology and would immerse yourself for a space in very wild doings under distant and chromatic skies, then I commend "Caravans by Night" to your attention. It will give your vertebræ a salubrious rattling.

Abdullah and Bercovici are older and more sober fellows, but both know how to tell a thumping tale. Abdullah's field is Africa the dark and bloody, and in his "Night Drums" he conjures up a fine picture of it—a picture shadowy, mysterious, and yet undoubtedly convincing. The conflict in the story is between the old barbarism and the new civilization that menaces it. It is a tale full of dramatic moments, and one handled with much skill. I leave it, alas, sympathizing with the poor blacks. Do they practise voodoo in their jungles, and dine upon one another? Then why not let them go on doing it in peace? Arts almost as revolting are practised in Kansas. They themselves have no desire to become pseudo-Kansans. Why, then, force a strange and no doubt disgusting Kultur upon them? Abdullah depicts them getting the worst of it, and they inevitably must, but I suspect that his sympathies are on their side. . . . Bercovici deals with the half-civilized peasants of his native Rumania, and with the gypsies and Tartars who live among them. His stories are very uneven in quality, but in the best of them there is a barbaric splendor that is irresistible. The title story, "Ghitza," is one such. In its machinery it leans upon Kipling, but its materials are entirely new to English. But what of the Rumanians of the towns? Why not a book about them? There they roost upon the hinges of hell, half way between Europe and Asia Minor. But all we hear about them is an occasional cryptic dispatch to the effect that the cabinet in Bucharest has fallen, or that the Bulgarian envoy has asked for his passports, or that some unpronounceable general of some forgotten Balkan war has gone down the eternal chute.

The Princess Bibesco, author of "I Have Only Myself to Blame" (Doran),

is a Rumanian by nationality, for her husband, the Prince, is Rumanian minister at Washington, but biologically and spiritually she is a daughter of Mrs. Asquith, whose memoirs lately scandalized the rural women's clubs. Unluckily, the short stories in her book are silent about Rumania; instead, they deal with life in London, and particularly with those phases of it which precede and issue from the sacrament of holy matrimony. There is a great deal of freshness in these very brief tales, and much evidence of a nascent gift for narration, but it would be absurd to rate them as of the first quality. The plain fact is that they would never have gotten between covers had the author been Miss Bessie Snodgrass, of Bucyrus, Ohio. Worse, they have been treated by the newspapers, not as literature, but as sensational news. The two things do the author a disservice. She would have done better had she waited a year or two before venturing upon the book-counters. Soon or late, if she keeps on, she will probably do work worthy of serious examination. But this first volume is little more than a promise.

The principles upon which Edward J. O'Brien selects the tales reprinted in his annual volume of "Best Short Stories" (Small-Maynard) continue to elude me. His selections are put forth in a very pontifical manner, and without any timorous qualifications. What Mr. O'Brien regards as the best, it appears, is the best. But what is one to think of the qualifications of a critic who puts Charles Hanson Towne's "Shelby" above Sherwood Anderson's "Unlighted Lamps"? I here confine myself to short stories printed in THE SMART SET. If the rest of the learned anthologist's selections are as ill-advised, then his anthology is certainly of very small value.

The rest of the novels fail to interest me.

IV

Brief Notices

ANCIENT BRITAIN, CRADLE OF CIVILIZATION, by Capt. George H. Cooper (Privately

printed). Massive and overwhelming proofs that the Garden of Eden was on Salisbury Plain. A masterpiece of archeological New Thought by a San José, Cal., savant.

Twelve Essays on Sex and Psycho-Analysis, by Wilhelm Stekel, translated by S. A. Tannenbaum (Critic and Guide). An effective counterblast to the nambypamby books on sex hygiene now so extensively circulated. A copy should be deposited in every Y. M. C. A. lamissary in the Republic.

THE GLANDS REGULATING PERSONALITY, by Louis Berman (Macmillan). A book containing a great deal of sound information, but marred by some rather fanciful speculations and by frequent descents to journalese.

PSYCHOANALYSIS OF THE "REFORMER," by Joel Rinaldo (Lee). An examination of the psychology of the tin-pot messiahs, male and female, who now make a Methodist shambles of the United States, showing that much of their pious energy is due to a repressed sexuality. A curiously original and plain-spoken little book. Give a copy to your pastor, and another to the chief Dogberry of your local court.

What Next in Europe? by Frank A. Vanderlip (Harcourt). A financier's discussion of the fearful mess left by the Versailles Treaty. Full of the sad Katzenjammer of a man who once believed in the colossal imbecilities of the late Woodrow.

MASTERPIECES OF MODERN SPANISH DRAMA, edited by Barrett H. Clark (Stewart). Echegaray's "The Great Galeoto," Pérez-Goldós' "The Duchess of San Quentin" and Guimerá's "Daniela," competently translated and with elaborate historical and critical notes.

A REVISION OF THE TREATY, by John Maynard Keynes (Harcourt). The author of "The Economic Consequences of the Peace" says "I told you so."

THE SECOND PERSON SINGULAR, by Alice Meynell (Oxford). Mild and chiefly dull literary essays by the well-known poetess.

Through the Torii, by Yoke Noguchi (Four Seas). Charming prose pieces by the Japanese poet and critic. The book, printed in Japan, is beautifully turned out.

IRELAND AND THE MAKING OF BRITAIN, by
Benedict Fitzpatrick (Funk). An elaborate
and extremely well-written treatise upon
the part played by Irish monks and scholars
in the gradual civilizing of Europe, and
particularly of England, in the Middle
Ages. A chapter of history that has been
strangely neglected.

Essays and Poems of Emerson, edited by Stuart P. Sherman (Harcourt). All the chief prose of the Concord soothsayer, with his poems added, in a convenient form. Prefaced by an elaborate treatise upon him by the Iowa patriot-critic. Later on, if the auguries are well, I may attempt a discourse upon the volume.

Reigen, by Arthur Schnitzler, with etchings by Stefan Eggeler (Frisch). Schnitzler's famous dialogues, beautifully printed in two colors, with ten capital illustrations. The book, long suppressed, has now been liberated by a decision of the German

courts.

LITTLE ESSAYS OF LOVE AND VIRTUE, by Havelock Ellis (Doran). A small but extremely shrewd book upon the eternal sex question by one of the wisest Englishmen now living. It is full of sound information and hard common sense. I recommend it unreservedly.

Books in General, by "Solomon Eagle" (Doran). The third and last volume of literary essays by J. C. Squire, reprinted from the New Statesman. Some of them are hollow journalism, but in others there is some stuff of a much better quality. Altogether, it is the best of the three volumes.

CHROME YELLOW, by Aldous Huxley (Doran).
A capital piece of fooling, received too late for review this month. I shall probably return to it later.

THE EVOLUTION OF MODERN MEDICINE, by William Osler, Bart (Yale). A reprint of a series of lectures delivered at Yale on the Silliman Foundation in 1911. All of Osler's curiously wide learning is in them, and all of his old charm.

Hugo Stinnes, by Hermann Brinckmeyer (Huebsch). The first detailed account in English of the origins and ideas of the celebrated German entrepreneur and amateur politician.



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- 18 Idle Thoughts of an Idle Fel-
- low, Jerome,
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 166 English as She Is Spo
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 187 Whistler's Humor, Spoke.

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